



**RAILWAY
BOOK OF FUN.**





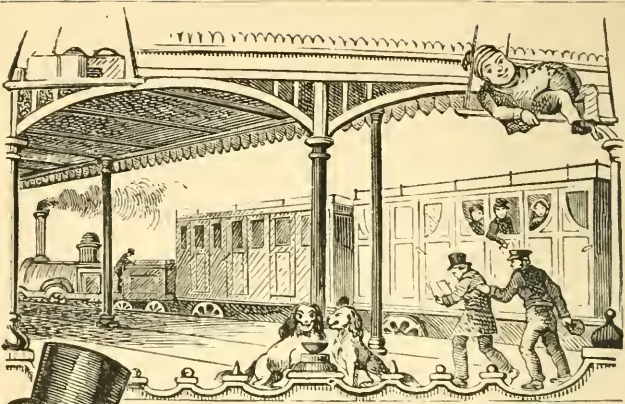
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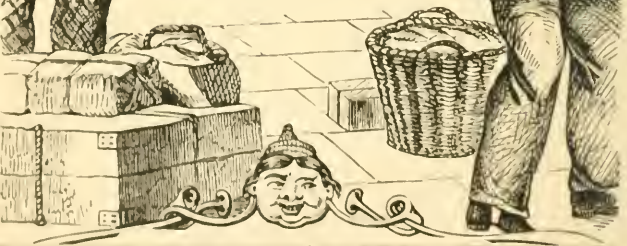
THE BOOK OF FUN.



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LAUGH
AND
GROW FAT.



THE RAILWAY BOOK OF FUN;

UNIQUE SPECIMENS OF

Wit, Humour, Repartee, Anecdote,
FUN, LAUGHABLE INCIDENTS, BURLESQUE,
MIRTHFUL AND COMICAL POETRY, DROLL SAYINGS, &c.,
PARTLY ORIGINAL,
Designed to Amuse, Sharpen Wit, Dispel Melancholy.

BY RICHARD BRISK, ESQ.



"A Merry Heart doth good like Medicine."—SOLOMON.

LONDON:

WILLIAM NICHOLSON AND SONS,
20, WARWICK SQUARE, PATERNOSTER ROW,
AND ALBION WORKS, WAKEFIELD.



THE BOOK OF FUN AND AMUSEMENT.

CHEERFULNESS.

“Use all proper means to maintain mental Hilarity. This you will do, if you value health and comfort.”—*Chesterfield*.

“And your experience makes you sad ! I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad.”—*Shakspeare*.

“——— He made her melaneholy, sad, and heavy,
And so she died: had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might have been a grandam ere she died;
And so may you: for a light heart lives long.”

Shakspeare.

Cheerfulness is a Christian duty, as well as a politic philosophy. The reasons of cultivating it are innumerable. The influence over the body is great. The Sacred Scriptures inform us that tranquillity and cheerfulness of mind contribute in no trifling degree to health and longevity. Thus Solomon says, (Prov. xv. 13.) “A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance, but by sorrow of the heart the spirit is broken.” And in verse 15, he says again, “He that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast;” the same as if he had said, A man is far happier in the possession of a contented mind, than in the enjoyment of the most delicious luxuries. In ch. xvii. 22, “A merry heart doeth good like a medicine: but a broken spirit drieth the bones,” that is, it is as useful as any medicine to preserve the body from sickness or premature death. We may add to these, the words of Ecclesiasticus, ch. xxx. 22, “Gladness of heart is the life of man, and the joyfulness of a man prolongeth his days.” Therefore whoever desires to enjoy health, should preserve cheerfulness. This state of mind creates an easy and a gentle motion of the animal spirits: hence comes a right motion of the heart and arteries, and a proper tone of the parts by which the fluids are preserved in a constant and brisk circulation, and from the equable circulation of the fluids,

health is derived. It is proved by incontrovertible experience, that men who are blessed with a tranquil and cheerful disposition, seldom suffer under any diseases though ever so epidemical, and although they may happen to be seized therewith, yet they do not suffer much, notwithstanding they may be highly prejudicial to others. In diseases which are not free from dangers, it is well known that medical men conceive high hopes of their patient's recovery when they do not yield to despondency.

Therefore read the following pages, and

"LAUGH AND GROW FAT."

Advantages of Fraternity.—A man with a harsh voice was reading the Koran in a loud tone. A sage passed by, and asked, "What is thy monthly stipend?" He replied, "Nothing." "Wherefore then," asked the sage, "dost thou give thyself this trouble?" He replied, "I read for the sake of God." "Then," said the sage, "for God's sake! read not."

If in this fashion the Koran you read,
You'll mar the loveliness of Islam's creed.

AN UNEXPECTED FORTUNE.

One morning a poor old soldier called at the shop of a hairdresser, who was busy with his customers, and asked relief, stating that he had stayed beyond his leave of absence, and, unless he could get a lift on the coach, fatigue and severe punishment awaited him. The hairdresser listened to his story respectfully, and gave him a guinea. "God bless you, sir!" said the veteran, astonished at the amount. "How can I repay you? I have nothing in the world but this," pulling out a dirty piece of paper from his pocket; "it is a recipe for making blacking; the best that ever was seen; many a half-guinea I have had from the officers, and many bottles I have sold; may you be able to get something for it to repay you for your kindness to the poor soldier!" That dirty piece of paper was the recipe for the renowned Day and Martin's blacking; and that hairdresser was the late wealthy Mr. Day, whose manufactory is one of the ornaments of London, and whose palace in Regent's Park rivalled in magnificence the mansions of the nobility.

Curran and Chancellor Clare.--Lord Chancellor Clare, on one occasion, while Curran was addressing him in a most important case, occupied himself with a favourite spaniel, or Newfoundland dog, seated by him; and all the world will remember the rebuke administered to him by that rarely-gifted man. Curran having ceased speaking, through indignation, or malice propense, Lord Clare, raised his head, and asked: "Why don't you proceed, Mr. Curran?" "I thought your lordships were in consultation," replied Curran.

The following epitaph is by Moore, on an attorney named Shaw.

Here lies John Shaw,
Attorney at Law,
And when he died,
The devil cried,
"Give us your paw,
John Shaw,
Attorney at Law!"—*Russell's Life of Moore.*

THE TALL GENTLEMAN'S APOLOGY.

UPBRAID me not;—I never swore eternal love to thee,
For thou art only five feet high, and I am six feet three;
I wonder, dear, how you supposed that I could look so low,
There's many a one can tie a knot, who cannot fix a beau.

Besides you must confess, my love, the bargain scarcely fair,
For never could we make a match, altho' we made a pair;
Marriage, I know, makes one of two; but here's the horrid bore,
My friends declare, if *you* are one, that *I* at least am four.

'Tis true the moralists have said, that Love has got no eyes,
But why should all my sighs be heaved for one who has no size?
And on our wedding-day, I'm sure I'd leave you in the lurch,
For you never saw a steeple, dear, in the inside of a church.

'Tis usual for a wife to take her husband by the arm,
But pray excuse me should I hint a sort of fond alarm,
That when I offered you my arm, that happiness to beg,
Your highest effort, dear, would be to take me by the leg.

I do admit I wear a glass, because my sight's not good,
But were I always quizzing you, it might be counted rude:
And tho' I use a concave lens,—by all the gods! I hope
My wife will ne'er look up to me through a Herschel's telescope.

Then fare thee well, my gentle one ! I ask no parting kiss,
 I must not break my back to gain so exquisite a bliss ;
 Nor will I weep lest I should hurt so delicate a flower,—
 The tears that fall from such a height, would be a thunder-shower.

Farewell ! and pray don't drown yourself in a bason or a tub
 For that would be a sore disgrace to all the Six-Foot Club ;
 But if you ever love again, love on a smaller plan,
 For why extend to six feet three, a life that's but a span !

Height of Gallantry.—At the late “fair for the blind,” in Boston, a sailor was strolling past a table kept by a most lovely woman. Jack stopped, looked for a moment in breathless admiration, then took a ten-dollar note from his pocket, laid it on the table, and was passing on. “My good friend,” said the lady, “won't you take something for your money?” “I thank you, madam,” replied the tar, with another shy look ; “I've had more than my money's worth already.”

A YANKEE PREACHER'S NOTICE.

“I beg the audience to be seated a moment. Rumour has come to my ears that a large quid of tobacco was dropped into the Contribution Box last Sabbath. The man who committed that outrage would do well to pause in his career. He is sliding down a greased plank to perdition.—To-night there will be preaching in most of the churches.—The Public Gardens, I am desired to give notice, are also open. On Tuesday night there will be a fire, Providence permitting.—On Thursday Evening the gates of the Battery will be thrown open for all strollers and ardent lovers.—There will be a *distracted* Meeting held at Tammany Hall, on Saturday Evening, to commence at early candle lighting. Admission gratis ; on going out, one shilling will be received by the keeper at the door for the benefit of the Manual Labour Society for the education of indolent young men for the A. B. F. Mission at Nootka Sound.—I would observe, that one Millar is preaching up the doctrine that the world is to be destroyed in 1854, but don't you believe it. The earth is just as good as new, and will last for 100 years, at the least calculation.—Those persons who are in the habit of coming late to church, taking advantage of the proverb, “Better late than never,” would confer a particular favour upon me, and the audience generally, if they would wear pumps. The clanking of the iron-heeled boots does not accord with the place, and it also disturbs those who may be taking a comfortable snooze

at the time.—My friends are particularly requested not to hang round the door after the service is over, as it not only gives the house the appearance of a Grog Shop, but it is extremely annoying to many ladies.—It will be proper here for me to state that a part of the receipts arising from the circulation of the Saturday Morning Mercury, in which my Sermons are printed, are appropriated to my benefit; and I wish you all to patronize that interesting little paper for my sake, and your own especial good.

SYMPATHY.

A KNIGHT and a lady once met in a grove,
While each was in quest of a fugitive love;
A river ran mournfully murmuring by,
And they wept in its waters for sympathy.

"O never was knight such a sorrow that bore!"—
"O never was maid so deserted before!"—
"From life and its woes let us instantly fly,
And jump in together for company!"—

They searched for an eddy that suited the deed—
But here was a bramble, and there was a weed;
"How tiresome it is," said the fair, with a sigh;
So they sat down to rest them in company.

They gazed on each other, the maid and the knight;
How fair was her form, and how goodly his height;
"One mournful embrace!" sobb'd the youth, "ere we die!"
So kissing and crying kept company.

"O had I but loved such an angel as you!"—
"O had but my swain been a quarter as true!"—
"To miss such perfection how blinded was I!"—
Sure now they were excellent company!

At length spoke the lass, 'twixt a smile and a tear—
"The weather is cold for a watery bier;
When summer returns we may easily die—
Till then let us sorrow in company."

Classical Cons.—How would you address an avaricious man? *Ah miser*—HOR. How would a Cockney describe a young man who studies in the evening? *Intent at a nites*—HOR. To avoid an act of offence? *Eludet*—TER. Lucinda is told to welcome her brothers; *Cum Luce salut'm.*—MART. A thing is mislaid? *No-tandi*—HOR. Slang for a bow. *A dig at me*—VIR.

Awkward Candour.—"What are you about, my dear?" said his grandmother to a little boy who was sidling about the room and casting furtive glances at a gentleman who was paying a visit. "I am trying, grandmamma, to steel papa's hat out of the room, without letting that gentleman see it; for papa wants him to think that he is out."

A COMPARISON.

Man is the rugged lofty pine,
 Who frowns on many a wave-beat shore;
 Woman's the slender graceful vine,
 Whose curling tendrils round it twine,
 And deck its rough bark sweetly o'er.

Man's the rock whose towering crest,
 Frowns o'er the mountain's barren side;
 Woman's the soft and mossy vest,
 That loves to clasp his sterile breast,
 And deck his brow with verdant pride.

Man is the cloud of coming storm,
 Dark as the raven's murky plume,
 Save where the sunbeam bright and warm,
 Of woman's soul, and woman's form,
 Gleams sweetly o'er the gathering gloom.

Yes, lovely sex! to you 'tis given,
 To rule our hearts with angel's sway,—
 Blend with each woe a blissful leaven
 Change earth into an embryo heaven,
 And gently smile our cares away!

A correspondent of the *Dublin Warder*, writing upon the budget, says with much candour:—"As for myself, I was born with a distaste for taxes; and my grandmother—the heavens be her bed!—used often to tell the story, how I settled a crooked pin in the chair that I expected Dunlop, the hearth money collector, to sit down in; and if it didn't take a lively hop out o' the same man, when he dhropt down on it with a mingled air o'weariness and dogin-office assurance, it's a quare thing. I wasn't six months in corduroys at the time, and I only wonder I didn't get a piece o' plate from some of the family's old acquaintances, they felt so pleased at this early development of the organ of passive resistance."

Gi veh imb utro peen oug han dhe' llha nghi mse lf.

AN EFFECTUAL CURE FOR LOVE.

Recommended to the attention of M

By a Member of the Humane Society.—J. Ketch Esq. *President.*

The one end of a rope fasten over a beam,
And make a slip noose at the other extreme;
Then just underneath let a cricket be set,
On which let the lover most manfully get:
Then over his head the snecket be got,
And under one ear be well settled the knot;
The ericket kick'd down, let him take a fair swing,
And leave all the rest of the work to the string.

Heth atli cksh one yfro mtho rnsf ayst oode arf orit.

AN ANATHEMA.

Jean Paul Richter having observed that a Lady officer, if she wanted to give the word "halt," would do it in this train;—"You soldiers, all of you, now mind, I order you, as soon as I have finished speaking, to stand still, every one of you, on the spot where you happen to be, don't you hear me? Halt, I say, all of you." Upon this a strong-minded woman, in an American paper, makes the following comment:—"Now, Monsieur Jean, it was an unlucky day you wrote that sentence. May you never hear anything but that little concise word, 'No,' from every rosy lip you meet. May you 'halt' wifeless through life; may your buttons be snap-pish, your strings knotty, and your stockings full of holes. May your boot-jack be missing, your feet corned, your shaving water be cold, your razor dull, your hair stand up, and your collar lie down; may your beard be porcupiny, your whiskers thinly settled, and your moustaches curl the wrong way; may your coffee be muddy, your toast smooky, and your tea water bewitched. And with a never dying desire for affection, may you erawl through creation a weak, miserable, nasty, folorn, fidgetty, fussy, ridiculous, ruined, dejected, ragged old bachelor. AMEN."

"Here you little rascal, walk up and give an account of yourself. Where have you been?"—"After the girls, father."—"After the girls! Did you ever know me to do so when I was a boy?"
"No, sir, but mother did."

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

THE only practical joke in which Mr. Barham was ever personally engaged was as a boy at Canterbury, when, with a schoolfellow, now a gallant major "famed for deeds of arms," he entered a Quakers' meeting-house; and, looking around at the grave assembly, the latter held up a penny tart, and said, solemnly, "Whoever speaks first shall have this pie." "Go thy way (answered a drab-coloured gentleman, rising)—go thy way and——." "The pie's yours, sir," exclaimed Barham, and placing it before the astonished speaker, he hastily effected his escape.

BUSINESS AND RELIGION.

A layman in Providence, who occasionally exhorted at evening meetings, thus explained his belief in the existence of a Deity: "Brethren, I am just as confident that there is a Supreme Being, as I am that there is flour in Alexandria: and that I know for certain, as I yesterday received from there a lot of three hundred barrels of fresh superfine, which I will sell as low as any other person in town."

THE HASTINGS MILKMAN.

JINKS, the Hastings milkman, one morning forgot to water his milk. In the hall of the first customer in his round, the sad omission, flashed upon Jink's wounded feelings. A large tub of fine clear water stood on the floor by his side, no eye was upon him, and thrice did Jinks dilute his milk with a large measure filled from the tub, before the maid brought up her jugs. Jinks served her, and went on. While he was bellowing down the next area, his first customer's footman beckoned to him from the door. Jinks returned and was immediately ushered into the library. There sat my lord, who had just tasted the milk. "Jinks," said his lordship, "My lord!" replied Jinks. "Jinks," continued his lordship, "I should feel particularly obliged if you would henceforth bring me the milk and water separately, and allow me the favour of mixing them myself." "Well, my lord, it's useless to deny the thing, for I suppose your lordship watched me while——" "No," interrupted the nobleman; "the fact is, that my children bathe at home, Jinks, and the tub in the hall was full of sea water, Jinks."

JUVENILE PRECOCITY.

Boys are nearly an extinct race. There is scarcely an intermediate stage between childhood and desperadoism. The rowdy infant is no sooner out of his long clothes than he exhibits the incipient traits of the dandy "loafer," and by the time he is fairly jacketed he wants a tobacco-pouch, a pack of cards, and learns to swear like a pirate. At the age of ten he begins to run with the "*masheen*," and his mother generally knows he is out, because he is very seldom in. At the age of twelve he smokes, drinks, and speaks of his parents as "the old man and old woman." At fifteen he wants a gold watch and revolver, and talks about "*lamming*" every body that don't keep out of his way. At eighteen he is the "fastest" youth about town, talks of setting up for himself, scribbles love-letters, and becomes a perfect adept in games of chance; can drink more champagne and eat more raw oysters than any man of his inches. About this time, his father withholds his spending-money, and the young hopeful thinks it a capital idea to run away where he can enjoy his "liberty;" and after sowing his "wild oats" abroad, returns home, satisfied that the "old folks" are not such great fools after all.—*Oswego Journal*.

A FRIGHTFUL CONTINGENCY.

A farmer from the neighbourhood of Galston took his wife to see the wonders of the microscope, which happened to be exhibiting in Kilmarnock. The various curiosities seemed to please the good woman very well, till the animalculæ contained in a drop of water came to be shown off. These seemed to poor Janet not so very pleasant a sight as the others. She sat patiently, however, till the "water tigers," magnified to the size of twelve feet, appeared on the sheet, fighting with their usual ferocity. Janet now rose in great trepidation, and cried to her husband, "For gudesake, come awa, John." "Sit still, woman," said John, "and see the show." "See the show!—gude keep us a'man, what wad come o' us if the awfu'-like brutes wad break oot 'o the water?"

Shaking Hands at a Duel.—At a recent duel near Vicksburgh, the parties discharged their pistols without effect, whereupon one of the seconds interfered and proposed that the combatants should shake hands. To this the other second objected as unnecessary. "Their hands," said he, "have been shaking this half-hour."

A MAN WITHOUT MONEY.

A man without money is a body without a soul—a walking death—a spectre that frightens every one. His countenance is sorrowful, and his conversation languishing and tedious. If he calls upon an acquaintance he never finds him at home, and if he opens his mouth to speak, he is interrupted every moment, so that he may not have a chance to finish his discourse, which, it is feared, will end with asking for money. He is avoided like a person infected with disease, and is regarded as an incumbrance to the earth. Want wakes him up in the morning, and misery accompanies him to his bed at night. The ladies discover that he is an awkward booby—landlords believe that he lives upon air, and if he wants any thing from a tradesman, he is asked for cash before delivery.

Sir Walter Raleigh, when on a visit at the country-house of a nobleman, overheard, early in the morning, the lady of the house inquiring whether the pigs had had their breakfast. When she came down stairs, Sir Walter, after the first compliments, jocosely asked her, whether the pigs had breakfasted. No, replied the lady, not all of them, for **YOU** have not had yours yet.

SAM SLICK'S DESCRIPTION OF A TEE-TOTALLER.

I once travelled through all the States of Maine with one of them ar chaps. He was as thin as a whippin post. His skin looked like a blown bladder after some of the air has leaked out, kinder wrinkled and rumpled like, and his eye as dim as a lamp that's livin on a short allowance of ile. He put me in mind of a pair of kitchen tongs, all legs, shaft, and head, and no belly: real gander-gutted lookin critter, as hollar as a bamboo walking cane, and twice as yaller. He actilly looked as if he had been pickled off a rack at sea, and dragged through a gimlet hole. He was a lawyer. Thinks I, Lor a massy on your clients, you mawky, half-starved, hungry looking critter you; you'll eat 'em up alive as sure as I'm born. You are just the chap to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel, tank, shank, and flank, all at a gulp.

DEATHS OF KINGS.

William the Conqueror died from enormous fat, from drink, and from the violence of his passions.

William Rufus died the death of those poor stags that he hunted.

Henry the First died of gluttony, having eaten too much of a dish of lampreys.

Stephen died in a few days of what was called iliac passion, which we may suppose may be a Royal word for prussic acid, or something like it.

Henry the Second died of a broken heart, occasioned by the bad conduct of his children. A broken heart is a very odd complaint for a monarch to die of. Perhaps "ratsbane in his porridge" meant the same thing as a broken heart.

Richard Cœur de Lion died, like the animal from which his heart was named, by an arrow from an archer.

John died nobody knows how, but, it is said, of chagrin, which we suppose is another term for a dose of hellebore.

Henry the Third is said to have died a "natural death," which with kings and in palaces, means the most unnatural death by which a mortal can shuffle off this "mortal coil."

Edward the First is likewise said to have died of a "natural sickness," which it would puzzle all the Colleges of Physicians to denominate.

Edward the Second was most barbarously, indecently murdered, by ruffians employed by his own mother and her paramour.

Edward the Third died of dotage, and Richard the Second of starvation, the very reverse of George the Fourth.

Henry the Fourth is said to have died of fits caused by uneasiness, and uneasiness in palaces, at those times, was a very common complaint.

Henry the Fifth is said to have died "of a painful affliction prematurely." This is a courtly phrase for getting rid of a king.

Henry the Sixth died in prison, by means known then only to his gaoler, and known only by Heaven.

Edward the Fifth was strangled in the Tower by his uncle Richard the Third, whom Hume declares to have possessed every quality for government. This Richard the Third was killed in a battle; fairly, of course, for all kings were either killed fairly, or died naturally, according to the court circulars of those days.

Henry the Seventh wasted away, as a miser ought to do, and Henry the Eighth died of carbuncles, fat, and fury, while Edward the Sixth died of a decline.

Queen Mary is said to have died of "a broken heart," whereas

she died of a surfeit from eating too much black-puddings, her sanguinary nature being prone to blood of any sort.

Old Queen Bess is said to have died of melancholy from having sacrificed Essex to his enemies.

James the First died from drinking and the effects of a nameless vice.

Charles the First died a "righteous" death on the scaffold, and Charles the Second died suddenly it is said of apoplexy.

William the Third died from a consumptive habit of the body and from the stumbling of his horse.

Queen Ann died from her attachment to "strong water," or, in other words, from drunkenness, which the physicians politely called the dropsy.

George the First died of drunkenness, which his physicians as politely called an apoplectic fit.

George the Second died of a rupture of the heart, which the periodicals of the day termed a visitation of God.

George the Third died as he had lived—a madman. Throughout life he was at least a consistent monarch.

George the Fourth died of gluttony and drunkenness.

William the Fourth died amidst the sympathies of his subjects
American Paper.

Inquiring Boy.—"Father, it speaks here about illuminated manuscripts. What were they lighted with?" The father hesitated, and when the question was repeated, answered desperately, "With the light of other days, my son!"

One Scotchman complained that he had got a ringing in his head. "Do you ken the reason of that?" asked his worthy crony. "No." "I'll tell you—it's because it's empty." "And have ye never a ringing in your head?" "No, never." "And do ye ken the reason?—it's because it's crackit."

When the late Lord Erskine, then going the circuit, was asked by his landlord how he had slept, he replied, "Union is strength—a fact of which your inmates seem to be unaware; for, had the fleas been unanimous last night, they might have pushed me out of bed." "Fleas!" exclaimed Boniface, affecting great astonishment, "I was not aware that I had a single one in the house." "I don't believe you have," retorted his Lordship, "they are all married, and have uncommonly large families!"

AN Irishman having arrived from Dublin at the house of a respectable merchant in the borough, and having left Ireland *three weeks* before, brought with him a basket of eggs; his friend asked him why he took the trouble to bring eggs from Ireland to England? "*Because,*" said he, "*I am fond of them new laid, and I knew these to be so.*"

THE ROBBER ROBB'D.

A certain priest had hoarded up
A mass of secret gold ;
And where he might bestow it safe,
He knew not to behold.

At last it came into his thoughts
To lock it in a chest,
Within the chancel ; and he wrote
Thercon, Hic Deus est.

A merry grig, whose greedy mind
Did long for such a prey,
Respecting not the sacred words
That on the casket lay.

Took out the gold ; and blotting out
The priest's inscript thereon,
Wrote, Resurrexit, non est hic ;
Your god is rose and gone.

PROVERBS.

Bakein it neet macks doafy bread.
A full belly macks regs donce.
Scouldin wives macks drucken husbands.
Jest we a monkey an il bite ye if he can.
A red nose costs more keepin e repair then a brass rapper.
A man wethaght brass iz leetly look't on.
Before yo go tut draper's shop look twice in tut pantry,
Keep company we a sweep an yor sure to get dab'd we sooit.
A wise man on hiz head iz better than a fooil on hiz legs,
Its better ta be lame it heel then it head.

A lazy tellow, named Jack Hole, living near Covington Kentucky, wants to throw Fonotype clear into the shade. He makes a big "J" and then jabs his pen through the paper for the "Hole."

MISGIVINGS OF AN OLD BACHELOR.

AGED 30. Looked back through a vista of 10 years—remembered that at 20 I looked upon a man of 30 as a middle aged man—wondered at my error and protracted the middle age to 40—said to myself “40 is the age of wisdom”—reflected generally upon my past life—wished myself 20 again, and exclaimed “if I were but 20 what a scholar I could be by 30! but it’s too late now”—looked in the glass—still youthful but getting rather fat—Smellfungus says “A fool at 40 is a fool indeed”—40 therefore must be the age of wisdom.

31. Read in the Morning Chronicle that a watchmaker in Paris aged 31 had shot himself for love! more fool the watchmaker—agreed that nobody fell in love after 20—Quoted Sterne—The expression *fall* in love, evidently shows love to be beneath a man—went to Drury Lane—Saw Miss Incumpips in a side box—fell in love with her—received her ultimatum—was three months making up my mind (a long time for making up so small a parcel) when I learnt that she had eloped with a title—pretended to be devilish glad—took three turns up and down the library and looked in glass—getting rather fat and florid—Met a friend in Gray’s Inn who said I was evidently in rude health—thought the compliment much ruder.

32. Passion for dancing rather on the decline—voted sitting out play and farce, one of the impossibilities—still in stage box three nights per week—sympathized with the public in their vexation at my non-attendance the other three—can’t please every body—began to wonder at the pleasure of kicking one’s heels on a chalked floor ’till four in the morning—sold bay mare who reared at three carriages and shook me out of the saddle—thought saddle making rather worse than formerly—hair growing thin, bought a bottle of trocosian fluid—mem. ‘a flattering unction.’

33. Hair thinner—serious thoughts of a wig—met on old collegian who wears one—devil in a bush—serious thoughts of letting it alone—met a fellow Etonian in the Mall, who told me I wore well! wondered what he could mean—gave up cricket club on account of the bad air about Paddington—could not run in without being out of breath.

34. Measured for a new coat—tailor proposed fresh measure, hinted something about bulk—old measure too short—parchment shrinks—shortened my morning ride to Hampstead and Highgate, and wondered what people could see at Hendon—determined never to marry—means dubious and expensive—counted eighteen bald heads in the pit at the opera—so much the better—the more the merrier.

35. Tried on an old great coat and found it an old little one—cloth shrinks as well as parchment—red face in putting on shoes, bought a shoe horn—Remember quizzing uncle George for using one—then young and foolish—brother Charles’s wife lay-in of her eighth child!—served him right for marrying so young as 21—age of discretion

too!—hunting belts for gentlemen hung up in glovers' windows—longed to buy one but saw two ladies in shop cheapening elastic ties—three grey hairs in eye-brows.

36. Several grey hairs in whiskers—all owing to carelessness in manufacturing shaving soap—remember thinking father an old man at 36—settled the point—men aged sooner in former days—laid blame on flapped waistcoats and tie wigs—skaited on Serpentine—gout—very foolish exercise, only fit for boys—gave skaits to Charles's eldest boy.

37. Fell in love again—rather pleased to find myself not too old for the passion—Emma only 19—what then? women require protectors—day settled—devilishly frightened—too late to get off—luckily jilted, Emma married cousin James one day before me—again determined never to marry—turned off old tailor, and took to a new one in Bond street—some of those fellows make a man look ten years younger—not that that was the reason.

38. Stuck rather more to dinner parties—gave up country dancing—money musk rather more fatiguing than formerly—fiddlers play too quick—quadrilles stealing hither over the channel—thoughts of adding to "grown gentlemen taught to dance"—a friend dubbed me one of the over-grows—very impertinent and utterly untrue.

39. Quadrilles rising—wondered sober mistresses of families would allow their carpets to be beat after that fashion. Dinner parties increasing—found myself gradually tontineing it towards the top of the table—dreaded *ultima thule* of Hostesses elbow—good place for cutting turkeys—bad for cutting jokes—wondered why I was always desired to walk up—met two school-fellows at Pimlico—both fat and red-faced—used to say at school they were both of my age—what lies boys tell!

40. Looked back ten years—remember at thirty thinking forty a middle aged man—must have meant fifty. Fifty certainly the age of wisdom—determined to be wise in ten years—wished to learn music and Italian. Tried logics—'twould not do—no defect in capacity—but those things should be learnt in childhood.

41. New furnished chambers—looked in new glass—chin still double—art of glass making on the decline—sold my horse, and wondered people could find any pleasure in being bumped—what were legs made for?

42. Gout again—that disease certainly attacks young people more than formerly—caught myself at a rubber of whist, and blushed—tried my hand at original composition, and found a hankering after epigram and satire—wondered I could never write love sonnets—imitated Horace's Ode, *Ne sit Anulla*—didn't mean any thing serious—thought Susan certainly civil and attentive.

43. Bought a hunting belt—braced myself 'till ready to burst—corpulency not to be trifled with—threw it aside—young men, now a day, are much too small in the waist—read in the Morning Post—"A never failing specific"—bought it—never the thinner though much the thicker.

44. Met Fanny Stapylton, (now Mrs. Meadows,) at Bullock's Museum—twenty-five years ago wanted to marry her—what an escape!—women certainly age much sooner than men—Charles's eldest son begins to think himself a man—starched cravat and a cane!—what presumption—at his years I was a child—suppose he will soon be thinking of a wife—hinted my apprehension to brother Charles, but didn't like his knowing look when he asked what benefit I had derived from prudent delay—thought of his eight children, but spared his feelings.

45. A few wrinkles about the eyes, commonly termed crows' feet—must have caught cold—began to talk politics, and shirk the drawing room—eulogized Garrick—saw nothing in Kean—talked of Lord North—wondered at the licentiousness of the modern press—why can't people be civil, like Junius and John Wilkes, in the good old times?

46. Rather on the decline, but still handsome and interesting—growing dislike to the company of young men—all of them talk too much or too little—began to call chambermaids at inns “my dear”—listened to a homily from a married friend, about family expenses—price of bread, and butcher's meat—didn't care a jot if bread was a shilling a roll, and meat fifty pounds a calf—hugged myself in “single blessedness”—and wished him good morning.

47. Top of head quite bald—pleaded Lord Grey in justification—shook it on reflecting I was but three years removed from the age of wisdom—teeth sound, but not so white as heretofore—something the matter with the dentifrice—began to be cautious in chronology—bad thing to remember too far back—had serious thoughts of not remembering Miss Farrer.

48. Quite settled not to remember Miss Farrer—told Laura Willis that Palmer, (who died when I was nineteen,) certainly did not look forty-three.

49. Resolved never to marry for any thing but money or rank.

50. Age of wisdom—married my cook! It would be tedious to pursue them beyond this critical period. May this brief chronicle of my dear bought experience prove abundantly useful.

Extraordinary Dispatch.—The editor of an American paper, in describing the rapid sale of his journal, assures those who choose to believe him that it goes off like *greased lightning*.

Booth, the tragedian, had the misfortune to have his nose broken by Tom Flynn, some years since. A lady once said to him, “I like your acting and beautiful reading, Mr. Booth; but I cannot get over your nose.” “No wonder, madam,” replied he, “the bridge is gone”

BOOTS versus STOCKINGS.

A commercial gentleman going into the Traveller's room at one of the inns at Barnsley, inquired for the boots. In a few minutes a shrimp of a lad presented himself. "Well," said the traveller, "*are you the boots?*" The youth, supposing, no doubt, that the gentleman was up to sport, replied, "No, I'm the *stockings*, Sur." The traveller, not exactly pleased with the answer, asked him what he meant by such a reply? "Wha," repeated the boy, in a sort of simple laugh, "I'm the stockings, Sur." "Stockings, what do you mean by stockings, you impertinent snapper, you?" "Wha, Sur," said the boy, with an unaltered countenance, "a'm *under boots*, so ha must be *stockings*, Sur." The gentleman turned round to the window, and laughed heartily, and the rogue of a lad walked gravely away.

RIDDLE.

A word by grammarians used in our tongue,
Of such a construction is seen,
That if from five syllables you take away one,
No syllable then will remain.

TO KEEP AWAY CREDITORS.

Creditors are a species of parasite, infesting the human race, and usually brought on by luxurious living. Persons who are troubled with them may free themselves by the Bankrupt treatment; but this always leaves an unpleasant irritation behind, and spots that are never wholly effaced. Take water instead of beer, or beer instead of wine and spirits; toss the cigar-case into the fire-place; eat mutton instead of venison, and mutton broth instead of turtle soup; if needs be, clean your own boots and shoes, and brush your own clothes. Employ time profitably. Never borrow, seldom lend. Avoid betting and gaming. Keep regular accounts, and examine your position from day to day, determining to eat nothing that is unpaid for, nor to allow your tailor or dressmaker to say that your garments are not your own. By this process you will soon get rid of the annoyance, and your mental and bodily health will wonderfully improve.

Very Witty.—Burke remarked, "Strip majesty of its exteriors (the first and last letters,) and it becomes *a jest*."

Lov ean dpr ides to ckbe dlam.

A CURE FOR LOVE!

Recommended to the attention of M

By a Member of the R. C. S., for the cure of Mental Aberrations.

Take an ounce of *sense*, a grain of *prudence*, a dram of *understanding*, an ounce of *patience*, a pound of *resolution*, and a handful of *dislike*; mix them all together, fold them up in your heart for twenty-four hours, set them on the slow fire of *hatred*, then steam them clear from the dregs of *melancholy*, sweeten them with *forgetfulness*, put them in the bottle of your heart, stopping them down with the *cork of sound judgment*, and let them stand fourteen days in the water of *co'd affection*. This recipe, rightly made, and properly applied, was never known to fail. The ingredients may be obtained at the *House of Understanding*, in *Constancy*, by going up the hill of *Self-denial*, in the *Town of Forgetfulness*, and in the *County of LOVE-NO-MORE*.

Whow edser ehe bewi sesha lldie er eheth rives.

LITTER-ARY CHARACTER.

One day, as a boy was gathering horse litter, on the new road leading from Halifax to Bradford, a gentleman who was walking slowly by, asked, "Where does this road go to, my boy?" "Go to," said the lad, "ha doant naw at it goaze onny were, for its allas *here wen ime gethering muck*." The gentleman gave the lad sixpence for his wit.

Tom Treddlehoyle's

Description of Crispin Cannon-noaze, of Bairnsla.

This excentrick looking charaeter wor born withaght ears; hiz noaze wor soa long, he wor foarst ta wauk it middle at street, an hav a little lad ta goa before it ta keep foaks through runnin agean it; he could smell a red herrin three miles off. Once, when id gotten a bad cond, he brack fifty squares a glass an split a watter barril we sneezin; an for fear a doin owt at soart agean, he whent and liv'd at aghside at taane, an gat a livin be gettin nuts, cher-rys, an pillint bark of a oak trees we hiz noaze; when he deed thay wor foarst to mack a spaght to put hiz noaze in, but wot wor more singular then that, t'saxton diddant dig hiz grave deep enuf, and thear hiz beak stuek agh at graand ivver so far; haiver, it cum in useful, for't parson put a sun dial at top on it for't good at inhabitants.—1670

To make Leeches Bite.—If the leech will not bite, bind him apprentice to a broker for a week, and his teeth will become so sharp that he will bite through the bottom of a brass kettle.

CLERICAL WIT

The facetious Watty Morrison, as he was commonly called, was entreating the commanding officer of a regiment, at Fort George, to pardon a poor fellow sent to the halberds. The officer granted his petition, on condition that Mr. Morrison should accord with the first favour he asked; the favour was to perform the ceremony of baptism for a young puppy. A merry party of gentlemen were invited to the christening. Mr. Morrison desired Major——to hold up the dog. "As I am a minister of the Kirk of Scotland," said Mr. Morrison, "I must proceed accordingly." Major——said he asked no more. "Well then, Major, I begin with the usual question, *'you acknowledge yourself the father of this puppy.'*" The Major understood the joke, and threw away the animal. Thus did Mr. Morrison turn the laugh against the ensnarer, who intended to deride a sacred ordinance.—On another occasion, a young officer scoffed at the parade of study to which Clergymen assigned their right to remuneration for labour, and he offered to take a bet, he would preach half an hour upon any verse or section of a verse in the Old or New Testament. Mr. Morrison took the bet, and pointed out, *"And the Ass opened his mouth, and he spoke."* The officer declined employing his eloquence on that text. Mr. Morrison won the wager, and silenced the scorner.

Old Bachelors.—At the ladies' celebration of the 4th July, at Barre, Massachusetts, there were nine hundred of the fairest portions of creation present. Among the toasts were—"Old Bachelors! may they lie alone in a bed of nettles, sit alone on a wooden stool, eat alone on a wooden trencher, and be their own kitchen maids!" "Industry of the young ladies of Barre, who always want to be engaged." "The old bachelor, like the thorn hedge, neither blossoms nor fruits to render it useful or ornamental, but is a scourge to all creatures." "Matrimony, the truth and essence of life." "Love at home, utility abroad, and consistency at all times, and in all conditions."

Noses in Danger.—The 'Washington Metropolitan' announces the following curious fact:—"The new Russian minister to the United States, is called Somonosoff (saw my nose off). An attache of the same legation in Washington, Blownanozorf (blow my nose off); besides which we have Colonel Kutmanozof (cut my nose off), of the Imperial Guard; Marshall Pollmanosoff (pull my nose off), General Nozebegon (nose begun), and many others."

FLATTERY.

Gentlemen make themselves exceedingly ridiculous by the absurd flattery with which they attempt to win the ladies, and sometimes they meet their match. "Dear me, *Miss Brightside*, what an exquisitely fine *contralto* voice you have! Pon my honour, I never remember a professional to have sung with half such refinement of feeling and fulness of power." "Indeed, sir." "Yes, oh, yes! it's true, I assure you; and in dancing, nobody equals you. You dance like an angel!" "I should scarcely suppose that you had been privileged to see angels dance, Mr. Mopstick." "Oh, yes! ha! Are not all women angels, my pretty one? Of course they are, there's no denying it. It is they that make the world the paradise it is, of course it is: don't you think so, *Miss Brightside*?" "I have never thought much about it, sir." "Ah, my pretty one, that's your modesty, of course it is! And what a lovely Spanish head you've got! small as a cocoa-nut. That's beauty, don't you know, true beauty. And those eyes! I've never seen such eyes as yours, never. They are so large and languishing. Tell me now, pray, is your sight at all weak? I have heard that such large eyes become weak from excess of light." "I think I could distinguish a *goose* from among a flock of other birds, Mr. Mopstick." "Oh! ha! ha! ha! good! By the way, who's that muff of a fellow across the way there, watching you and me? it's like his impudence!" "That's my HUSBAND, sir, and AT YOUR SERVICE!"

Of folly, vice, disease, men proud we see,
And (stranger still!) of blockheads' flattery,
Whose praise defames: as if a fool should mean
By spitting on your face, to make it clean.

YOUNG

American Love Letters.—A young lady, about to sue for a breach of promise, placed the love-letters she had received in a bag, for the purpose of producing in court; when sad to relate, their own natural warmth caused spontaneous combustion, and ashes alone remained!

Love Defined.—The following dialogue between two negroes, was overheard by a friend of ours in Philadelphia. "Cæsar, wot him call lub?" "Why, Massa Sip, um like too much drinke; um tink ob young gal till um head go round like um big wheel; den him make old fool ob himself"

A Capital Preserve.—The production of this excellent dish requires considerable time and patience, but it will amply repay all the care bestowed upon it. Take equal parts of industry and economy, and exercise them daily for a series of years. Take the proceeds of industry as fast as they accumulate through the effect of economy, and invest them partly in a Building Society, and partly in a Life Policy, payable at death, or upon attaining a certain age. Let the surplus be devoted to the purchase of good books, which will supply an intellectual store richer than the mere "material." You may share your intellectual gains with your neighbours, without becoming poorer thereby. For whilst you may impart without loss, you are almost sure to receive something in exchange, and thus your treasures will be increased even by your generosity. When you have attained mature age, and you gather the fruits of your labours, you will find yourself out of debt, in your own house, and with a treasury of some hundreds of pounds to comfort your old age. Try this, and you will pronounce it a "capital preserve!"

Carus Wilson of the West.—Among the *lusus naturee* of the Western World is a man, who is described as being so remarkably tall, that he requires a ladder to shave himself! The same individual never troubles his servant to sit up for him when he is out late at night, for he can, with the most perfect ease, put his arm down the chimney and unbolt the street door.

"Whom did Barney buckle to? he deserved a good wife."—"Yes, and he did deserve it, but didn't get it; he's married to the devil's own daughter sure."—Ay, ay; well, its so, is it? then he's married into an old ancient family."

"Fellow sinners," said a preacher, "if you were told that by going to the top of those stairs yonder (pointing to a rickety pair at one end of the church,) you might secure your eternal salvation, I really believe hardly any of you would try it. But let any man proclaim that there were a hundred sovereigns up there for you, and I'll be bound there would be such a getting up stairs as *you never did see.*"

"Ma! how is it, think you, that so many marriages take place at the Church of the Rev. Mr. Carpenter?"—"La! girl, what a question."—"Well, I think it's because being a carpenter, the people naturally suppose him to be a good joiner."

HOPE—BEFORE and AFTER MARRIAGE.

Boys and gals fall in love. The boy is all attention and devotion, and the gal is all smiles, and airs, and graces, and pratty little winnin' ways, and they bil and coo, and get married because they hope. Well, what do they hope? Oh, they hope they will love all the days of their lives, and they hope their lives will be ever so long, just to love each other: it's a sweet thing to love. Well, they hope a great deal more I guess. The boy hopes after he's married his wife will smile as sweet as ever, and twice as often, and be just as neat, and twice as neater, her hair lookin like part of the head, so tight, so bright, and glossy, and parted on the top like a little path in the forest. Poor fellow, he ain't spoony at all. Is he? And he hopes that her temper will be as gentle, and as meek, and as mild as ever; in fact, no temper at all—all amiability—an angel in petticoats. Well, she hopes every minnte he has to spare he will fly to her on wings of love—legs ain't fast enough, and runnin' might hurt his lungs—but fly to her, and never leave her, but bill and coo for ever, and will let her will be his law; sartainly won't want her to wait on him, but for him to 'tend on her, the devoted critter, like a heavenly-ministering white he-nigger. Well, don't they hope they may get all this? And do they? Jest go into any house you like, and the last two that talks is these has-been lovers. His dress is ontidy, and he smokes a short black pipe (he didn't even smoke a cigar before he married), and the ashes get on his waistcoat; but who cares? it's only his wife to see it—and he kinder guesses he sees wrinkles, where he never saw 'em afore, on her stocking ankles; and her shoes are a little, just a little, down to heel; and she comes down to breakfast, with her hair and dress lookin' as if it was a little more neater, it would be a little more better. He sits up late with old friends, and he lets her go to bed alone; and she cries, the angel! but it's only because she has a headache. The dashing young gentleman has got awful stingy too, lately. He says housekeepin' costs too much, rips out an ugly word every now and then, she never heerd afore; but she hopes—what does the poor dupe hope? Why, she hopes he ain't swearin'! but it sounds amazin' like it—that's a fact. What is that ugly word “dam,” that he uses so often lately? and she looks it out in the dictionary, and she finds “dam” means the “mother of a colt.” Well, she hopes to be a mother herself, some day, poor critter! So her hopes has ended in her findin' a mare's nest at last.

A Good One.—The ‘Boston Post’ says:—“The reason why cream is so dear is, that milk is risen so high the cream can't reach the top.”

George Robins Outdone.—An auctioneer in Cincinnati has outstripped the most inventive genius (this side the Atlantic) in the art of puffing. He announces, in the 'Cincinnati Evening Post,' that he has so much business, he has recently worn out *two* hammers, and is now on the *second end* of the third!

"MOTHER, why does Pa' call you honey?"—"Because, my dear, he loves me."

"No, Ma', that isn't it."—"It isn't! What is it then?"

"I know." "Well, what is it, then?"

"Why, its because you have so much comb in your head—that's why."

"What on airth ails these 'ere shirt buttons, I wonder? Jest the minnit I puts the needle through 'em to sew 'em on, they splits and flies in tu bits."—"Why, Grandmother, them isn't buttons, they's my peppermints, an' now you've been a spiling them."

Miss Dobbs says the first time a coat sleeve encircled her waist, she seemed to be in a pavilion built of rainbows, the window-sills of which were composed of Æolian harps.

The Cost of an Argument.—Sheridan had been driving out three or four hours in a hackney-coach, when seeing Richardson pass, he hailed him and made him get in. He instantly tried to introduce a topic upon which Richardson (who was the very soul of disputativeness) always differed with him; and, at last, affecting to be mortified at R.'s arguments, "You really are too bad; I cannot bear to listen to such things; I will not stay in the same coach with you;" and accordingly got down and left him, Richardson hallooing out triumphantly after him, "Ah, you're beat, you're beat;" nor was it till the heat of his victory had a little cooled that he found out he was left in the lurch to pay for Sheridan's three hours' coaching.—*Moore's Diary.*

What's in a Name?—"A goose, so far from being a foolish bird, is a very wise one. A flock of geese saved Rome onst."—"I shouldn't wonder," said Master Van, "for a flock of wild ones saved Haive Island onst. They got overloaded with sleet and wet snow and lighted on the clearin' one spring, and was caught there, and actilly saved the folks from starvation."—"Well," says I, "out of gratitude to these birds, the Italians erected a college for 'em at Rome and called it the 'Proper Gander' College."

THE BOOK OF
CROSSING OF PROVERBS,
FROM AN OLD WORK

Prov. The more the merrier.

Cross. Not so ; one hand is enough in a purse.

P. He that runs fastest, gets most ground.

C. Not so ; for then footmen would get more ground than their masters.

P. He runs far that never turns.

C. Not so ; he may break his neck in a short course

P. No man can call again yesterday.

C. Yes ; he may call till his heart ache, tho' it never come.

P. He that goes softly, goes safely.

C. Not among thieves.

P. Nothing hurts the stomach more than surfeiting.

C. Yes, lack of meat.

P. Nothing is hard to a willing mind.

C. Yes, to get money.

P. None so blind as they that will not see.

C. Yes, they that cannot see.

P. There is no creature so like a man as an ape.

C. Yes, a woman.

P. Nothing but is good for something.

C. Not so ; nothing is not good for any thing.

P. Every thing hath an end.

C. Not so ; a ring hath none, for it is round.

P. Money is a great comfort.

C. Not when it brings a thief to the gallows.

P. The world is a long journey.

C. Not so ; the sun goes it every day.

P. It is a great way to the bottom of the sea.

C. Not so ; it is but a stone's cast

P. A friend is best found in adversity.

C. Not so ; for then there's none to be found.

P. The pride of the rich makes the labours of the poor.

C. No, the labours of the poor make the pride of the rich.

P. Virtue is a jewel of great price.

C. Not so ; for then the poor could not come by it.

The Best Investment.—Dr. Franklin, speaking of education, says:—"If a man empties his purse into his head, no man can take it away from him. An investment of knowledge always pays the best interest."

Widows.—They are the very deuce. There's nothing like 'em. If they make up their mind to marry, it's done. I know one that was terribly afraid of thunder and lightning, and every time a storm came on she would run into Mr Smith's house (he was a widower,) and clasp her little hands, and fly around, till the man was half distracted for fear she would be killed, and the consequence was, she was Mrs. John Smith, before three thunder storms rattled over her head. Wasn't that diplomatic?

Which is Preferable.—A prodigal starts with ten thousand pounds, and dies worth nothing; a miser starts with nothing, and dies worth ten thousand pounds. It has been asked, which has had the best of it? I should presume the prodigal; he has spent a fortune—but the miser has only left one; he has lived rich, to die poor; the miser has lived poor to die rich; and if the prodigal quits life in debt to others, the miser quits it, still deeper in debt to himself.

Nahant Nutmegs.—"Which way are you from, Mr. Slick, this hitch?" "Why," says I, "I've been away up south a speculating in nutmegs." "I hope," says the Professor, "they were a good article, the real, right down genuine thing." "No mistake," says I, "no mistake, Professor: they were all prime, first chop; but why do you ax that ar question?" "Why," says he, "that eternal scoundrel, that Captain John *Allspice*, of Nahant, he used to trade to Charlestown, and he carried a cargo once there of fifty barrels of nutmegs: well, he put a half-a-bushel of good ones into each end of the barrel, and the rest he filled up with wooden ones, so like the real thing, no soul could tell the difference until *he bit one* with his teeth, and that he never thought of doing, until he was first *bit himself*."

"ARRAH, Teddy, and wasn't your name Teddy O'Byrne before you left ould Ireland?" "Sure it was, my darlint." "But, my jewel, why then do you add *s*, and call it Teddy O'Byrnes now?" "Why, you spalpeen! haven't I been married since I kem to Liverpool? and are you so ignorant of *grammatics* that you don't know when one thing is added to another it becomes *plural*."

IN what colour is a secret best kept? *In-violet*.

VALUE OF REFLECTION.

THE ignorant have often given credit to the wise, for powers that are permitted to *none*, merely because the wise have made a proper use of those powers that are permitted to *all*. The little Arabian tale of the dervise, shall be the comment of this proposition. A dervise was journeying alone in the desert, when two merchants suddenly met him; "You have lost a camel," said he, to the merchants; "indeed we have," they replied; "was he not blind in his right eye? and lame in his left leg?" said the dervise; "he was," replied the merchants; "had he not lost a front tooth?" said the dervise; "he had," rejoined the merchants; "and was he not loaded with honey on one side, and wheat on the other?" "most certainly he was," they replied, "and as you have seen him so lately, and marked him so particularly, you can in all probability, conduct us unto him." "My friends," said the dervise, "I have never seen your camel, nor ever heard of him, but from you." "A pretty story, truly," said the merchants, "but where are the jewels which formed a part of his cargo." "I have neither seen your camel, nor your jewels," repeated the dervise. On this they seized his person, and forthwith hurried him before the *cadi*, where, on the strictest search, nothing could be found upon him, nor could any evidence whatever be adduced to convict him, either of falsehood, or of theft. They were then about to proceed against him *as a sorcerer*, when the dervise, with great calmness, thus addressed the court: "I have been much amused with your surprise, and own that there has been some ground for your suspicions; but I have lived long, and alone; and I can find ample scope for observation, even in a desert. I knew that I had crossed the track of a camel that had strayed from its owner, because I saw no mark of any human footstep on the same route; I knew that the animal was blind in one eye, because it had cropped the herbage only on one side of its path; and I perceived that it was lame in one leg, from the faint impression which that particular foot had produced upon the sand; I concluded that the animal had lost one tooth, because wherever it had grazed, a small tuft of herbage was left uninjured, in the centre of its bite. As to that which formed the burthen of the beast, the busy ants informed me that it was corn on the one side, and the clustering flies, that it was honey on the other."

The Heart.—It is stated by some wiseacre that the heart of a man weighs about nine ounces—that of a woman eight. As age increases, a man's heart grows heavier, and a woman's lighter, after thirty. Some girls lose theirs altogether at sixteen.

A CHARM FOR THE TOOTH ACHE.

A rustic, who lives at the village of Long Empsall, was distracted for several weeks, day and night, with the toothache; every thing, likely and unlikely, was resorted to to ease the pain, but all proved of no avail; his poor unfortunate cheek continued to swell till it approached in size to a Dutch cheese. Some jokers in the village, who had previously laid their heads together, went to Billy's house, and told him, or rather pretended to read to him from an old book, that if he would rub his cheek with treacle, and then put it against a laithe door, and press it as hard as he could for half an hour, it would charm the tooth, and cause it to give over aching. Poor Billy, who sat in an old arm chair, grinning on the easy side of his unfortunate face, like a monkey chewing pepper-corns, readily consented, and away they went, Billy's mother and all. Now, during all this manœuvring, a roguish blacksmith, unknown to any one but his associates, got secreted inside the laith. He, Billy, according to the direction of his *kind* friends outside, placed his cheek against the *charming* spot, viz. the laith door, in which situation he was to repeat, for five minutes the words, "*Come, charmer, come an eaze me gum.*" This he had scarcely chanted three times, when the blacksmith hit the door where Billy had his cheek a tremendous blow with a sledge hammer, sending poor Billy several yards on the ground flat on his back, and before he could well get on his legs again, the roguish charmers had all fled.

Use is Second Nature.—Major N——, upon being asked whether he was seriously injured when the St. Leonard steamer's boiler exploded, replied, that he was so used to being blown up by his wife that a mere steamer had no effect upon him.

There is an old lady in America who believes it to be Bible doctrine that "for seven years before the end of the world no children are to be born; and that gives her comfort: for, at every fresh birth she hears of, she says to herself, 'Well! the seven years, at least, have not begun yet.'"

How many rods make a furlong? asked a father of his son, a fast urchin, as he came home one night from school.

Well I don't know, was the reply, but I guess you'd think *one* rod made an *acher*, if you got such a training as I did from old vinegar-face this afternoon.

BACHELORISM PORTRAYED.

Bachelor is derived from a Greek word meaning *foolish* ; from the Latin word *Baculus*, a cudgel, for he richly deserves it. A useless appendage of Society ; a poltroon, who would marry, but is intimidated by its expense, want of variety, or his *defectum naturam*.

"*Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth.*"—*Anti-Malthus* chap. i. ver. 28.

"I never cared a farthing about getting married until I attended an Old Bachelor's last sickness and Funeral ! God grant that my last end may not be like his ! Amen and Amen ! !"—*A Repentant Bachelor*.

HIS THERMOMETER.

Years.

16. Impatient palpitations towards the young ladies.
17. Blushing and confusion in conversing with them.
18. Confidence in conversing with them much increased
19. Angry if treated by them as a boy.
20. Very conscious of his own charms and manliness.
21. A looking-glass in his room indispensable—to admire himself.
22. Great dandyism, and insufferable puppyism.
23. Thinks no woman good enough for him.
24. Caught unawares by the snares of Cupid
25. The connexion broken off, through self-conceit on his part.
26. Conducts himself with much superiority towards her.
27. Pays his addresses to another lady, not without hope of mortifying the first.
28. Mortified and frantic at being refused. On the verge of suicide.
29. Rails against the fair sex in general.
30. Morose and out of humour in all conversations on matrimony.
31. Contemplates matrimony more under the influence of interest than formerly.
32. Considers personal beauty in a wife not so indispensable as formerly.
33. Still maintains a high opinion of his own attractions as a husband.
34. Consequently has no idea, but he may still marry a *Chicken*.
35. Falls deeply and violently in love with one of SEVENTEEN.
36. "Au dernier desespoir," another refusal.
37. Indulges in every kind of dissipation.
38. Shuns the best part of the female sex.
39. Suffers much remorse and mortification in so doing.
40. A fresh budding of matrimonial ideas,—*no spring shoots*.
41. A nice young widow perplexes him. Ventures to address her with mixed sensations of love and interest. Interest prevails, which causes much cautious reflection.
42. The widow dissatisfied with his tardiness, caution, and frigidity, jilts him, becoming as cautious as himself.
43. Travels to recover his consequent impaired health, and to regain his accustomed animus.

44. Affects to become every day more averse to the fair sex.
45. Delights more than ever to be in the company of such poltroons as himself, whose heaven on earth is to talk about women, their own feeble attempts at wedlock, their failures, their hopes, and their mortifications.
46. Still fond of reading Sentimental poetry, and Sentimental tales. Grieved even to weeping, to find that gouty and nervous symptoms begin to appear.
47. Fears what may become of him when old and infirm, as he finds himself now gradually less noticed by the feminine tribe.
48. Thinks living alone quite irksome. Speech becomes rather impaired for want of some one to talk to.
49. Resolves to have a prudent *young* woman as housekeeper and companion.
50. A nervous affection about him, and frequent attacks of the gout. Sees and feels the value of having a wife now. He feels so helpless.
51. Much pleased with his own housekeeper as nurse. Begins to feel some attachment to her.
52. His pride revolts at the idea of marrying her, and is in great distress how to act.
53. Transported to excess with another chance. Proposes to a rich old maid, who writes him, "Mind your own business, sir, and prepare for your latter end."
54. In despair turns again to his housekeeper, who is more obliging than ever, but professes great disinterestedness.
55. She begins to give him tangible proofs of her affection. Completely under her influence, she having pryed into all his affairs. His pride still revolts, and makes him miserable.
56. Many painful thoughts about parting with her. Finds matters have gone too far. Cannot arrange it.
57. She refuses to live any longer with him *solo*. Talks about her honour being called in question.
58. Gouty, nervous, and bilious to excess. Finds her utility now. His pride is lowered.
59. Falls very ill. Calls her to his bedside. Begs pardon for his delay. Promises to espouse her.
60. Grows rapidly worse, has his will made in her *favour*, and makes his exit.

Away from the earth, you useless fellow !
 You'd no heart to wed when you were mellow !
 Woe to the man that leads such a life !
 Woe to the man that despises a wife !

HIS PORTRAIT.

The naturalists say these *singular* creatures
 Are alike in their habits, their form, and their features,
 The Benedicts think that their senses are small,

While women affirm "they have no sense at all ;
But are curious compounds of very hard stuff,
Inflexible, hard, and exceedingly tough !

The old ones have wigs, the young ones have hair,
And they curl it, and scent it, and friz it with care,
And turn it to dark, should it chance to be fair.

They are wanderers and ramblers, never at home ;
Making sure of a welcome wherever they roam ;
And every one knows that the Bachelor's den
Is a room set apart for these singular men :
A nook in the clouds perhaps five feet by four,
Though sometimes, perchance, it may be rather more,
With sky-light or no light, ghosts, goblins, and gloom
And everywhere termed "the Bachelor's Room."

These creatures, they say, are not valued at all,
Except when the herd give a Bachelor's ball.
Then dress'd in their best, in their gold-broidered vest,
'Tis known of a fact, that they act with much tact ;
And they lisp out "How do?" and they coo, and they sue,
And they smile for awhile, their guests to beguile,
Condescending and bending, for fear of offending ;
Though inert, they exert to be pert and to flirt ;
And they turn, and they twist, and they e'en play at whist,
And they whirl, and they twirl, and they whisk, and are brisk
And they whiz, and they quiz, and they spy with their eye ;
And they sigh as they fly.

For they meet to be sweet, and be fleet on their feet ;
Pattering, and flattering, and chattering ;
Spluttering, and fluttering, and buttering ;
Advancing, and glancing, and dancing, and prancing ;
And bumping, and jumping, and stumping, and thumping ;
Sounding, and bounding, around and around ;
Sliding and gliding with minuet pace ;
Pirouetting and setting with infinite grace.

They like dashing and flashing, lashing and splashing,
And racing and chasing, pacing and lacing ;
They are frittering, and glittering, gallant and gay
Yawning all morning, and lounging all day ;
Love living in London, life loitering away
At the Club and at Crockford's, the park and the play.

But when the Bachelor boy grows old,
And these butterfly days are past ;
When threescore years their tale have told,
He then repents at last.

When he becomes an odd old man,
With no warmer friend than a warming pan !
He is fidgetty, fretful, and frowzy—in fine,

Loves *self* and his bed, and his dinner and wine ;
 And he rates and he prates, and reads the debates ;
 Abuses the world, and the women he hates ;
 And is prosing, and dozing and cozing all day ;
 And snoring, and boring, and roaring away ;
 And he's snuffy, and puffy, and huffy, and stuffy ;
 And musty, and fusty, and rusty, and crusty ;
 Sneezing, and wheezing, and teasing, and freezing :
 And grumbling, and mumbling, and stumbling, and tumbling !
 Falling, and bawling, and sprawling, and crawling ;
 And withering, and dithering, and quivering, and shivering ;
 Waking, and aching, and quaking and shaking ;
 Ailing, and failing, and always bewailing ;
 Dreary, and weary, and nothing that's cheery ;
 Groaning, and moaning, his selfishness owning ;
 And sighing, and crying, when lying and dying ;
 Grieving and heaving, though nought he is leaving
 But wealth, and ill health, and his self, and his self.
 Then he sends for a doctor, to cure or to kill,
 Who gives him offence, as well as a pill,
 By dropping a hint about making his will,
 And as fretful Antiquity cannot be mended,
 The lonely life of the Bachelor's ended.

Nobody mourns him, and nobody sighs ;

Nobody misses him, nobody cries ;

For nobody grieves when a Bachelor dies.

Now, gentlemen, mark me !—for this is the life

That is led by a man never bless'd with a wife .

And this is the way he yields up his breath,

Attested by all who are in at the death.

Very Wise.—Every industrious man, by his labour, manual or mental, depends upon his personal exertions for fortune and for fame. Every indolent man depends for subsistence upon the labour of others—upon patrimonial resources, or upon trick and fraud. One adds to the common stock of wealth and human enjoyment ; the other adds nothing. The last are like the grain-worms, which consume our crops, without rendering any equivalent to society.

Very Witty.—A barrister in the Common Pleas the other day, in the course of his address to the court, repeatedly made use of the words “ rule nisi,” upon which the witty Serjeant T——was heard to exclaim, that it required a *nice eye* to see the point of his argument.

THE ASS AND THE SLUGGARD.

One morning, as a milk-lad and his ass were going their morning rounds through Barnsley streets, the donkey commenced braying; but before he had finished his enchanting music, a chamber window was hastily thrown open, and out popped a head with a night-cap on, and a voice exclaimed, in a tone almost as loud as the offender, "You rascal! why did you let your ass bray before my door, when I was fast asleep?" The boy, who could not help laughing, cocked up his face at the sleepy gentleman, and replied, "Wha, yo shud a spoken befoar, mestur; cos haw did't donkey naw yo wor asleep?" This was sufficient; down fell the window quicker than it went up, and the boy went about his business.

SOLUTION OF THE RIDDLE, Page 21.

That never can be, quoth I,
Or I can't make it out;
For if one syllable you take from five,
Four will remain, no doubt.
I thought the matter o'er again,
And discovered for my pains,
That if from monosyllable you take M O,
"No syllable" remains.

A Blue Stocking.—A learned young lady once astonished a company by asking for the "loan of a diminutive, argenteous, truncated cone, convex on its summit, and semi-perforated with symmetrical indentations."——She wanted a thimble.

It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles, the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out.

EPIGRAM.

It blew a hard storm, and in utmost confusion,
The sailors all hurried to get absolution,
Which done, and the weight of the sin they confess'd,
Transferr'd, as they thought, from themselves to the priest
To lighten the ship, and conclude the devotion,
They toss'd the old parson souse into the ocean.

Love of Music.—"The man who has no music in his soul" was last week seen listening to a saw-filer while at work. The man seemed highly delighted.

BUCK, the New York comedian, was asked how he came to turn his coat twice. He replied that one good turn deserved another.

A mathematician being asked by a wag, "If a pig weighs two hundred pounds, how much will a large hog weigh?" replied, "Jump into the scale and I will tell you immediately."

SOME *reputed* saints that have been canonized, ought to have been cannonaded; and some *reputed* sinners that have been canonaded, ought to have been canonized.

RECOVERY OF DEBT.

A subscriber to one of the papers being sadly in arrears for the same, promised the editor that if his life was spared to a certain day, he would without fail discharge his bill. The day passed and the bill was not paid. The natural conclusion, therefore, was that the man was dead, absolutely defunct. Proceeding on this conclusion, the editor in his next paper put the name of the delinquent under the obituary head, with the attending circumstances of time and place. Very soon after the announcement, the subject of it appeared to the editor, not with the pale ghastly countenance usually ascribed to apparitions, but with a face as red as scarlet. Neither did it, like other apparitions, wait to be first spoken to, but broke silence—"What do you mean by publishing my death?" "Why, sir, the same that I mean by publishing the death of any other person, that is, to let the world know that you were dead." "Well, but I am not dead!" "Not dead! then it is your own fault, for you told me you would positively discharge the bill by such a day if you lived to that time. The day is past, the bill is not paid, and you positively must be dead, for I will not believe you would forfeit your word—O no." "I see you have got round me, Mr. Editor—but say no more about it, here is the money. And harkee, you wag, just contradict my death next week, will you?" "O certainly, sir, just to please you—though upon my word I can't help thinking you dead at the time specified, and that you have merely come back to pay this bill, on account of your friendship for me."

"THE candles you sold me last were very, very bad," said Snett to a tallow chandler. "Indeed, sir, I am very sorry for that." "Yes, sir, do you know they burnt to the middle, and then would burn no longer." "Goodness! you surprise me; what sir, did they go out?" "No, sir, no—they burnt shorter."

POLLY'S GAON.

I recollect when I wor young, a moast amusing thing;
 'Twill mak the melancholy laf,—the saddest soul to sing.

The thing consarn'd a naybur lass, who wanted a new gaon;
 Said she, "I'll have a bran new one,—the grandest in the taon!"

"There's Mat o' Bob's, and Bet o' Dick's, they swagger like a blade;
 I'll tak the shine aot on 'em both, when my new gaon is made."

"I hae been meanly clad too long, and I hae been despised;
 Fine fethurs mak fine birds indeed;—my gaon will mak me priz'd."

"A farmer's daughter should be drest, better than common lass;
 My gaon shall put 'em all ith shade; good luck! I've got the brass"

"The dress of lasses hereabaots, and those worn in the taon
 Will all be nowt compar'd wi mine,—I'll beat 'em wi' my gaon."

"Next Market-day, if I do live, I'll go to Halifax taon,
 And in the grandest shop I'll buy the grandest print for t' gaon."

The Market-day arriv'd at last, and Polly went tut taon;
 And fun the grandest shop in which to buy herself a gaon.

She said tut maister of the place, "I'm com'd to buy a print,
 And yo mun show me in this shop, the grandest yo have in't."

The shopman show'd her monny a piece, till he had show'd her all;—
 "I think, my lass, you're bad to suit,—please you again to call."

Poll walked out wi' fallen brow, to other shops ith taon,
 But could not find a print to suit for making a new gaon.

Returning by the grandest shop, said she, "I'll call agean,
 To see when a fresh stock they'll get,—a stock fit to be seen."

"I had forgot when you were here," the man to her did say,
 "To show to you a splendid print, magnificent and gay.

It is a lin, the grandest thing, the only piece in town,
 And if your choice should fix on it, you'll have a splendid gown."

The shopman to the lad did wink, he wor a merry blade;
 While Polly said, "This print will do,—my gaon shall soon be made."

"Its t'grandest thing," said t'lad ith shop, who wanted just to fun her;
 "I'd hae it made by a first-rate hand, and then 'twill be a stunner.

And if you call when it is made, and let us see the fit
 A nice new ribbon we will give,—an ornament for it."

When she wor goane, the lad did say, "She'll come in it tut taon;
 I'll watch for her—there will be fun, with that poor lass's gaon."

She show'd her mother what she'd brought from t'Draper's in the taon,
 "I've bought a hansom printed lin, to mak mesen a gaon."

"Thy taste is good," her mother said, "how beautiful to see Those fine green trees, and beasts, and birds, and huntsmen in full glee!"

"I dunnat like those broad green leaves, those branches thick and tall, Burds red and yollow, ducks and geese," her sister Nan did bawl.

"Thah gomeless goby, hold te tongue, tha dusn't know what is grand, I wish thee taste wor like ar Poll's, who gaons can understand."

"Na, Polly, goa and get it made,—thah could not hae a finer ; It mun be dun by Sunday next, and then tha'll be a shiner."

Next Sunday Polly took the gaon, and don'd it on her rig ; Her mother smiled and called it grand, while Nan grin'd like a pig

Her father met her at the door, as she wor goin tut church ; He star'd at t'gaon and muttered low, "Tha'll sooin be in a lurch."

"I've tell'd my wife to curb that lass, and cure her nasty pride ; Yet na she's drest in that faal thing,—burds, wild beasts on her hide."

The nayburs left as shoo went past ;—"My word that gaon dus show, Said Jack o' Bill's, "What colours there ! She's rigg'd with the rainbow.

See wild beasts there, and bonny burds, nearly as large as life ; That pretty gaon will mak that lass reight sooin become a wife."

"I'd have her sooin, but I am wed," said little Bobby Tweezer, "And always be admiring her, and in that gaon I'd squeeze her.

She'll smite the lads of Halifax,—her beauty they'll admire, That gaon will knock their hearts abaot, and set them all o' fire."

And thus they jok'd, and jok'd ageean, till Polly did feel praad ; She toss'd her head and looked heigh, not understanding t'craad.

She travell'd on until she came to Johnny Pindar's cot ; He call'd his wife to see her pass, and what a gaon she'd got.

"Gooid morning, Polly," Mally said, as she went aot to stop her ; "Fine fethurs mak fine birds indeed,—thy gaon it is a topper."

"That gaon will gie thee luck to-day, it maks thee look so smart ; P'gy tha will come back to-neet, this way with a sweet-heart."

Polly delighted, walked on, and met with monny a gazer ; While lads and lasses, shaoted aot, "That gaon it is a blazer."

She pass'd through t' streets withaot remark, for it had gotten late, Save from an Irishman, who said, "Your gaon, miss, looks quite nate."

She enter'd church, the verger led smart Poll into a pew, While nearly every head wor turned, the comic scene to view.

The parson looked from his book, I'm sure I saw him smile ; He had hard wark to cook his face, as Poll went daon the ile.

The old fat clark he laft to see, Polly with her dress on,
He smooth'd his face, and said, Amen, but nearly lost his less'n.

I saw a lady laf outright, for shame, I dare not name her;
It would hae made a vicar laf, Poll's gaon wor such a flamer.

Poll sat besides the ladies grand, and tried to look as prim;
They did not like so queer a squad, so near, and they look'd grim.

But Polly sat like onny queen, as if she wear'd a craan,
Her consequence wor great indeed, created by her gaon.

O Polly lass, thah maks me think of Bobby Burns the poet,
Whose words condemn not only thee, but all who're praad and show it,—

*“ O that we had the gift to see
Ourselves as we are seen,
We sooin should loise ar foolish airs,
And not appear so green.”*

Who should I see in the next seat, but t'merry Draper's lad,
“ I'll have some fun,” thought he, “ to-day ; I'm tired of being sad.”

“ That curtain print, ha queer it looks, upon that ninny's back,
O I have laft since I sell'd it,—it fits her like a sack.”

My lad, I blame yo very much, for plaguing t'simple lass,
Yo sell'd her t'print for a gooid spree, and to get hold o'th brass.

Yo've thrown the church-foaks on this day, into sad commotion;
That gaon has drawn their hearts away from all pure devotion.”

At last the Parson said the Grace, the people to dismiss,
But every eye was fix'd on Poll, and hundreds said, “ What's this?”

On Polly's gaon the children saw the huntsmen and the haands,
The flying birds, the ducks and geese, pleas'd them beyond all baands.

“ I never saw a gaon like that,” a score of voices said;
“ Why of such stuff the quality mak curtains for a bed.”

Such speeches open'd Polly's eyes,—she knew not where to go.—
To leave the craad that on her prest, she ran through Ratton Row.

Poor Polly saw her error na,—that all her pride wor marr'd,
For moast o' foaks she pass'd cried aot, “ What wor that gaon a ynr?”

At length she reach'd Bet Bradley's shop, to buy hersen some spice;
'Twas but to stop till t'church foaks pass'd, her gaon it wor so nice.

Spice Betty said when she went in, “ Yoar gaon amazes me,”
While lads and lasses rushed in, resolv'd to have n spree.

And others gether'd raand the door, and sooin began to shaot,
And then they tried a dodge or two, to get poor Polly aot.

One open'd door wi' consequence, and aot o' breath he panted,
“ Yoar mother has been taken ill, and, Polly, yo are wanted.”

But Polly saw 'twas all a trick, and therefore sat her daon,
But felt uneasy when she thought abaot her plaguy gaon.

"Poll never look'd so smart before," said knock-o-knee'd Harry ;
"I'd save that gaon till t'wedding-day, when t'chap and yo shall marry."

"Where wor it bought?" Jack Smithies said, "there's nowt like that
ith taon,

It must hae come from foreign pairts,—it is a foreign gaon."

"Id send for t'piece," said squinting Dick, "if I knew where it wor,
And give some to each lass I know, to mak a gaon for her."

"Why should one lass monopolize fine gaons unto hersen,
And try to act so lady-like, to gain the love of men?"

"Yo've bet old Lady Best to-day,—hoo's very fond o' dress,
But though hoo has a hundred gaons, hoo's noane like that, I guess."

"Yo have a hunt upon your back, the haands are in full glee ;
Whisht ! dun't yo hear the huntsman's horn, saanding right merrily."

"It is a bonny, pratty gaon,—it's fit for onny queen ;
The nicest gaon that in the church, for twelve years has been seen."

"Come sell it me," said Tim o' Jack's, "I'll give yo onny brass,
And it shall grace my wedding day, when I have got a lass."

And thus they jok'd and laft away, and made th' old spice shop ring ;
And "Tally-ho," and "Hark-away," they all began to sing.

This put poor Polly in a rage, and rarely warm'd her mettle,
She rose and stamp'd, and with her gaon, pull'd from t'rib the kettle.

It scalded one of Betty's feet,—she had 'em on the fender ;
"I wish that lass would just go aot, if not, I mun send her."

Poll said, "I'll stop no longer here ;" and to the door she dash'd,
But knocked daon the tracle-drink,—the bottle too was smash'd.

O then there wor a bonny row—they push'd poor Polly daon,
Upset the chairs and tables too, and rove her bonny gaon.

The cakes, and toffee, and potates, were squander'd on the floor
And Polly said, "If I get aot, I will come here no more."

The humbug-glass and butter-scot, and parkins they knock'd daon,
The tracle-can and blacking-pot, fell on poor Polly's gaon.

The nuts and apples flew abaot, it was a shame to see,
While Polly wept and sobb'd aloud, "I wish I were but free !"

"I little thought when I set aot, this morning in my gaon,
That I should have such fooils to meet, in this fine polish'd taon."

"Come, Polly, lass, let's mak it up," said Bill o' Jack's o' Ned,
"And we will have noan of such jars, when I and yo are wed."

"I'll noane be fooil'd by thee," she said ; "I wish tha wor ith wars,"
And then she struck him on the face, and made him see the stars.

But Billy could not brook the blow, which she to him had given ;
He rush'd to pay her back agean, and Polly's gaon wor riven.

And all the other reckless chaps, their frolics did increase,
And pull'd abaot poor Polly's gaon, till each had got a piece.

Such frantic ways made Betty shaot, " Villains, what will yo do ?
I never saw my hause before, in such a hullabuloo."

" This mischief has arisen from that country hawbuck's gaon ;
I wish she'd been at Jericho, and not in Halifax taon."

" And na who is to pay me, for what yo've stole and brocken,
Yo every one have done yoar warst, or I have never spoken."

" Ay, yo ma laf, yo brazen things, and scorn the words I say,
But I will mak yo laf, yo imps, your maath another way."

" I'll go to Justice Stocks' at morn, who lives at Kath'rine Slack,
I will have payment from yo all—a warrant aot I'll tak."

Yo villains all, get aot at hause, yos' stop no longer here."
And Betty seized the fire-poker, and made them disappear.

But Polly stopp'd awhile behind, and then she heard them shaot,
" We'll buy no more at this spice-shop, unless they turn her aot."

Spice Betty said to Polly then, " Yoar nasty stinking pride,
Has ruined me, and humbled yo ; I wonder yo can bide."

" Mak off from here, and come no more, for yo are very green,
And tell yoar mother I believe, she yo forgot to wean."

In saddest mood Poll ventur'd forth, and fac'd the craad at t'door,
When " Tally-ho," and " Hark-away," were shaoted more and more.

They click'd her gaon, but off she ran, reight up throo Cripplegate,
Through Smithy Stake and Winding-road, when t'craad began to abate.

At last she got to Ovenden cross, methought I heard her say,
" I wor in different trim this morn, when I came on this way."

" I think I mun have foolish been, it all looks like a trance ;
There is a time to weep, I find, as well as one to dance."

" By nasty pride I've been undone, and by an ugly choice,
In what I buy another time, wise foaks shall have a voice."

But when she came in sight of hoam, the foaks did her assail ;
" Is this the gaon yo'd on this morn ? Egad, it's lost its tail."

She oppen'd t'door, and sat her daon, for shoo wor ommost spent,
And tell'd 'em what had taken place, since from that hause she went.

Her mother wept, her father too her folly did bewail,
While Nanny nobbut laft and said, " By pride tha's lost thee tail."

" I've been a lalling-stock all-day," said Polly in her ire,
And then she took her riven gaon, and put it on the fire.

"I will no more be plagu'd by thee, whatever tha has cost ;
I've learnt a lesson gooid to-day, from t'peace o' mind I've lost."

"Pride goes before destruction, lass,"

Her father then did say ;

"And haughtiness before a fall,

As we have seen to-day.

Ah never think that all is gold,

Though it may breetly shine,

But do below the surface look,

And thah will find a mine."

A FAST WORKMAN.

During that part of the year when days are at their shortest, a blacksmith was sent for to one of the linen warehouses in Barnsley, to fix some iron bars outside a window, in one of the upper stories, whilst fixing the last bar, Mr. Vulcan forgot to take in his head; and having dropped the screw-driver before he had discovered his mistake, he had no chance of extricating himself. His employer happening to come some time after, to see how he was getting on, called out, "Well, Abraham, I see you have just done." "Nay, sur," replied Abraham, "I've ed dun these two hawers; but yo see I've made me head fast." The gentleman laughed heartily to see his man so nicely fixed in the stocks, and, as a caution to him to be more wary in future, suffered him to remain in that situation nearly all the afternoon, without dinner.

AN Irishman fights before he reasons, a Scotchman reasons before he fights, an Englishman is not particular as to the order of precedence, but will do either to accommodate his customers. A modern general has said, that the best troops would be as follows: An Irishman half drunk, a Scotchman half-starved, and an Englishman with his belly full.

Great Delusion.—We once heard of a traveller at a Pennsylvania hotel, who rose from his bed at night to examine the weather, but instead of looking out upon the sky, thrust his head through the glass window of a cupboard, "Landlord," cried the astonished man, "this is very singular weather; the night is as dark as Egypt, and smells of cheese."

THE BOOK OF
IRELAND ONCE.

Under the government of O'Brien, one of the old Irish kings such a spirit of justice, virtue, and equity, prevailed among the people, that a person who carried valuable property about him, and even a defenceless female, might traverse the realm without, fear of injury or molestation. 'A young lady of great beauty (says Dr. Warner,) adorned with jewels and a costly dress, undertook a journey alone, from one end of the kingdom to another, with only a wand in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceedingly great value; and such an impression had the laws and government of this monarch made on the minds of all the people, that no attempt was made upon her honour, nor was she robbed of her clothes or jewels.'

The incident is thus versified in Mr. Moore's Melodies, and it has furnished a pleasing subject for the exercise of the talents of two of our most ingenious artists.

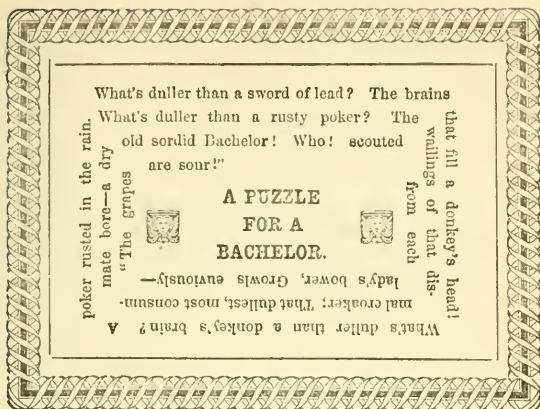
Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
But, oh! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems and snow-white wand.

'Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lovely, through this bleak way?
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold
As not to be tempted by women or gold?'

'Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm;
No son of Erin will offer me harm:
For, though they love women and golden store,
Sir Knight! they love honour and virtue more.'

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the Green Isle;
And bless'd for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honour and Erin's pride!

When Mr. C. Yorke was returned member for the University of Cambridge, in 1780, he went round to thank the members who had voted for him. Among the number was one remarkable for having the largest and ugliest face that ever was seen. Mr. Yorke, in thanking him, said, "Sir, I have a great reason to be thankful to my friends in general, but confess myself under particular obligations to *you* for the *very remarkable countenance* you have *shown* me upon this occasion."



A CHIP FROM A SAILOR'S LOG.

It was a dead calm—not a breath of air—the sails flapped idly against the masts; the helm had lost its power, and the ship turned her head how and where she liked. The heat was intense, so much so, that the chief mate had told the boatswain to keep the watch out of the sun; but the watch below found it too warm to sleep, and were tormented with thirst, which they could not gratify till the water was served out. They had drunk all the previous day's allowance; and now that their scuttle butt was dry, there was nothing left for them but endurance. Some of the seamen had congregated on the top-gallant forecandle, where they gazed on the clear blue water with longing eyes.

'How cool and clear it looks,' said a tall, powerful young seaman; 'I don't think there are many sharks about; what do you say for a bath, lads?'

'That for the sharks!' burst almost simultaneously from the parched lips of the group: "we'll have a jolly good bath when the second mate goes in to dinner." In about half an hour the dinner bell rang. The boatswain took charge of the deck; some twenty sailors were now stripped, except a pair of light duck trousers; among the rest was a tall, powerful, coast-of-Africa nigger, of the name of Leigh: they used to joke him, and call him Sambo.

‘You no swim to-day, Ned?’ said he, addressing me. ‘Feared of shark, heh? Shark nebber bite me. Suppose I meet shark in water, I swim after him—him run like debbel.’ I was tempted, and, like the rest, was soon ready. In quick succession we jumped off the spritsail yard, the black leading. We had scarcely been in the water five minutes, when some voice on-board cried out, ‘A shark! a shark!’ In an instant every one of the swimmers came tumbling up the ship’s sides half mad with fright, the gallant black among the rest. It was a false alarm. We felt angry with ourselves for being frightened, angry with those who had frightened us, and furious with those who had laughed at us. In another moment we were all again in the water, the black and myself swimming some distance from the ship. For two successive voyages there had been a sort of rivalry between us; each fancied that he was the best swimmer, and we were now testing our speed.

‘Well done, Ned!’ cried some of the sailors from the forecastle. ‘Go it, Sambo!’ cried some others. We were both straining our utmost, excited by the cheers of our respective partisans. Suddenly the voice of the boatswain was heard shouting, ‘A shark! a shark! Come back for God’s sake!’

‘Lay aft, and lower the cutter down,’ then came faintly on our ear. The race instantly ceased. As yet, we only half believed what we heard, our recent fright being still fresh in our memories.

‘Swim for God’s sake!’ cried the captain, who was now on deck: ‘he has not yet seen you. The boat, if possible, will get between you and him. Strike out, lads, for God’s sake!’ My heart stood still: I felt weaker than a child as I gazed at the dorsal fin of a large shark on the starboard quarter. Though in the water, the perspiration dropped from me like rain: the black was striking out like mad for the ship.

‘Swim, Ned—swim!’ cried several voices; ‘they never take black when they can get white.’

I did swim, and that desperately: the water foamed past me, I soon breasted the black, but could not head him. We both strained every nerve to be first, for we each fancied the last man would be taken. Yet we scarcely seemed to move: the ship appeared as far as ever from us. We were both powerful swimmers, and both of us swam in the French way called *la brasse*, or hand over hand in English. There was something the matter with the boat’s falls, and they could not lower her.

‘He sees you now!’ was shouted; ‘he is after you!’ Oh the agony of that moment! I thought of everything at the same instant, at least so it seemed to me then. Scenes long forgotten rushed through my brain with the rapidity of lightning, yet in the

midst of this I was striking out madly for the ship. Each moment I fancied I could feel the pilot-fish touching me, and I almost screamed with agony. We were now not ten yards from the ship: fifty ropes were thrown to us; but, as if by mutual instinct, we swam for the same.

‘Hurra! they are saved!—they are alongside!’ was shouted by the eager crew. We both grasped the rope at the same time; a slight struggle ensued: I had the highest hold. Regardless of everything but my own safety, I placed my feet on the black’s shoulders, scrambled up the side, and fell exhausted on the deck. The negro followed roaring with pain, for the shark had taken away part of his heel. Since then, I have never bathed at sea; nor, I believe, has Sambo been ever heard again to assert that he would swim after a shark if he met one in the water.

A person talking to Foote of an acquaintance of his, who was so avaricious, that he lamented the prospect of his funeral expences, and who yet had censured one of his relations for his parsimony; “Now is it not strange,” continued he, “that this man would not take the *beam* out of his own eye, before he attempted the mote in other people’s?” “Why, so I dare say he would,” cried Foote, “if he was sure of selling the *timber*.”

FEMALE COURTSHIP.

Two or three looks when your swain wants a kiss,
 Two or three noes when he bids you say “yes,”
 Two or three smiles when you utter the “no,”
 Two or three frowns if he offers to go,
 Two or three laughs when astray for small chat,
 Two or three tears, tho’ you can’t tell for what,
 Two or three letters when your vows are begun,
 Two or three quarrels before you have done,
 Two or three dances to make you jocose,
 Two or three hours in a corner sit close,
 Two or three starts when he bids you elope,
 Two or three glances to intimate hope,
 Two or three pauses before you are won,
 Two or three swoonings to let him press on,
 Two or three sighs when you’ve wasted your tears,
 Two or three hums when the chaplain appears,
 Two or three squeezes when the hand’s given away,
 Two or three coughs when you come to “*obey*,”
 Two or three lasses may have by these rhymes,
 Two or three little ones,—two or three times.

Pope and Swift.—POPE, notwithstanding his diminutive and mishapen figure, is said to have been not a little susceptible of even personal vanity; as he was one day asking Swift what people thought of him in Ireland? “Why,” said Swift, “They think that you are a very little man, but a very great poet.” Pope instantly retorted, with some acrimony, “And in England they think of you, exactly the reverse.”

THE FAIR SEX.

When Eve brought “woe” to all mankind,
 Old Adam call’d her “wo-man;”
 But when she “woo’d” with love so kind,
 He then pronounced it “woo-man.”

But now, with folly and with pride,
 Their husbands’ pockets trimming,
 The ladies are so full of whim,
 That people call them “whim-men.”

Self-Satisfied Party.—Four gentlemen, a Baptist, Presbyterian, Methodist, and Roman Catholic, met by agreement to dine on a fish. Soon as grace was said, the Catholic rose, armed with a knife and fork, and taking about one-third of the fish, comprehending the head, removing it to his plate, exclaiming, as he sat down, with great self-satisfaction, “*Papa est caput ecclesiæ!*” (the Pope is the head of the Church.) Immediately the Methodist minister arose, and helping himself to about one-third, embracing the tail, seated himself, “*Finis coronat opus!*” (the end crowns the work.) The Presbyterian now thought it was about time for him to move, and taking the remainder of the fish to his plate, exclaimed, “*In media est veritas!*” (truth lies between the two extremes.) Our Baptist brother had nothing before him but an empty plate, and the prospect of a slim dinner; and, snatching up the bowl of drawn melted butter, he dashed it over them all, exclaiming, “*Ego baptizo vos!*” (I baptise you all.)

A Puritan Rebuked.—“Ah, Eliza,” cried a puritan preacher to a young lady who had just been making her hair into beautiful ringlets, “Ah, Eliza, had God intended your locks to be curled, he would have curled them for you.”—“When I was an infant,” replied the damsel, “he did; but now I am grown up, he thinks I am able to do it myself.”

Girls, Beware!—Jean Paul thus cautions young girls:—"The young men fall on their knees before you; but, remember, it is but as the infantry before cavalry, that they may conquer and kill; or as the hunter, who only on *bended knees* takes aim at his victim.

ATTACHMENT OF AN ARAB HORSE.

An Arab and his tribe had attacked, in the desert, the Damascus caravan. The victory was complete; and the Arabs were already busy in packing their rich booty, when the cavalry of the Pacha of Acre, who had started to meet this caravan, suddenly poured down upon the victorious Arabs, killed a great number, took others prisoners, and having bound them with ropes, led them to Acre to present them to the Pacha. Abou-el-Marsh, the leader of this plundering expedition, had received a ball in his arm during the skirmish. The wound not being mortal, the Turks had tied him upon a camel; and taking possession of his Arab charger, led away both the horse and his rider. The night before the day on which they were to enter Acre, they encamped with their prisoners in the mountains of Saphadt. The wounded Arab had his legs tied together with a thong of leather, and was stretched near the tent in which the Turks were sleeping. During the night the pain of his wound kept him awake, and he heard his own horse neigh amongst the other horses, which according to oriental custom, were shackled around the tents. He recognized its voice; and could not resist the desire he felt to speak once more to the companion of his life. He dragged himself painfully along the ground by the aid of his hands and knees, and at last managed to reach his courser.

"My poor friend," he said, "what wilt thou do amongst the Turks? Thou wilt be imprisoned beneath the vaults of a khan, along with the horses of an aga or pacha. The women and the children will no longer fetch thee camel's milk, or barley and doura in the hollow of the hand. Thou wilt no more range freely through the desert like the Egyptian wind; nor will thy breast ever more cleave the waters of the Jordan. If I am to live in slavery, do thou at least be free! There; go, return to the well-known tent. Tell my wife that Abou-el-Marsch will never return more; and thrust thy head through the curtains of the tent, to lick the hand of my little children." While speaking thus, Abou-el-Marsch had gnawed with his teeth the goat's-hair rope with which Arabian horses are shackled, and the animal was free. But on beholding his master bound and wounded at his feet, the faithful and intelligent

courser instinctively understood what no language would have been able to explain to him. He lowered his head, snorted over his master, and then, seizing in his teeth the leathern girdle which encircled his waist, he started off at full gallop, and carried him as far as his own tent. The moment after the noble horse had arrived, and had deposited his master on the sand at the feet of his wife and children, he expired with fatigue. The whole tribe bewailed him; the poets sung his praise; and his name is constantly uttered by the mouth of the Arabs of Jericho.—*Lamartine's Travels in Syria.*

EPIGRAM.

PIRON standing one day beneath a portico to avoid a violent shower of rain, observed two young ladies at a window near him, laughing at the people who were running for shelter; he addressed them as follows:—

Ladies, your tittering mood this truth discovers,
From rain, like others, you'd run helter skelter;
But should the heavens pour down a shower of lovers,
You'd run a race down stairs to quit your shelter.

WAR.

Give me (says the Rev. Robert Taylor) the money that has been spent in war, and I will purchase every foot of land upon the globe. I will clothe every man, woman, and child, in an attire of which kings and queens would be proud. I will build a school-house on every hill-side, and in every valley over the whole earth; I will build an academy in every town, and endow it; a college in every state, and fill it with able professors; I will crown every hill with a place of worship, consecrated to the promulgation of the Gospel of peace; I will support in every pulpit an able teacher of righteousness, so that on every Sabbath morning the chime on one hill should answer to the chime on another round the earth's wide circumference: and the voice of prayer and the song of praise should ascend like a universal holocaust to heaven.

WHAT part of Scripture would two young ladies fulfil when kissing each other?—Doing to each other as they would that *men* should do unto them.

THE PUDDING BAG

To study the people, the climate, and weather,
Dr. Johnson and Boswell a tower took together,
To Scotland—where days called han-yan days endure,
For living they found, like the people, was poor.

At a low little pot-house, one day like a glutton,
Dr. Johnson had order'd a roast leg of mutton ;
And Boswell, with appetite clever and 'cute,
Had also bespoke a boil'd pudding to boot.

Now all being ready, they sat down to dine—
"I'm hungry," says Boswell, "this mutton is fine!"
"And indeed" said the doctor, "the pudding's a treat—
So I've alter'd my mind—and don't care about meat."

In silence they dined, when the cloth clear'd away,
Says Boswell, "How strange to refuse meat to day!
'Tis something uncommon roast mutton to pass,
Strange that you, who were starving, should still longer fast!"

Said Johnson, "If really the truth must be said,
I saw the meat roasting—and saw the boy's head,
Which was lousy and scabby ; and as round the meat ran,
He with both his hands scratch'd his head over the pan."

"Unfriendly," said Boswell, "to play such a trick,
The thoughts of it now even makes my heart sick!
If half an hour back, you your silence had broke—"
Said Johnson, "No! that would have spoil'd a good joke."

Enraged, return'd Boswell, "I'll have the boy in,
And, curse him! I'll break every bone in his skin:
Come here, you young rascal!—say how does it hap,
You don't on that vile scabby head wear a cap?"

Said the boy—"Why, gude sir, and indeed it is true,
That I do wear a cap!—and indeed, sir, I do!
But mither, she kenning my cap wer o gude 'un,
Has used it this mornin' to boil your plum pudden!!"



LATOUR MAUBOURG lost his leg at the battle of Leipsic. After he had suffered amputation with the greatest courage, he saw his servant crying, or pretending to cry, in the corner of the room. "None of your hypocritical tears, you idle dog," said his master, "you know you are very glad, for now you will have only one boot to clean instead of two."

SUNDRY MISERIES.

RESIDING between a stone-cutter's and an undertaker's.

Haggling with a surly hackney-coachman for sixpence, and after he has driven off about a quarter of an hour, recollecting that you have left a new umbrella in his coach.

Drying a long letter by the fire ; holding it negligently in one hand behind you, whilst you are conversing with a friend in the room, turning round and perceiving it to be in flames.

In sharply turning a corner, coming suddenly in contact with a chimney-sweeper, who impresses your white waistcoat and light-coloured breeches with very visible memorials of the rencontre.

Passing a narrow passage fresh painted.

Forced, by politeness, to quit a comfortable party, to attend a cross old maid to her lodgings at the distance of two miles.

Wishing to wake early to be in time for a morning coach, waking, and upon looking at your watch, discovering that you had not wound it up.

Making several memorandum knots in your handkerchief, and forgetting the important cause of every one of them.

Dreaming that you have wings, and waking with a fit of the gout.

Endeavouring to make violent love under the table and pressing the wrong foot.

Toasting a bit of cheese, and when it is more than half done, letting it fall into the ashes.

Hearing the bells ring for the marriage of your rival.

Knocking at the door of a house for half-an-hour, and then being told that the house has been empty for the last two months.

In a hurry to send off a letter, dipping your finger into the ink instead of the wafer-stand.



The Wish-Bone.—A lovelorn swain broke a wish-bone with his "heart's queen" somewhere up in New Hampshire. "Neow, what do you wish, Sally?" demanded Jonathan, with a tender grin of expectation. "I wish I was handsome," replied the fair damsel—"handsome as Queen Victory!" "Jer-ru-salem! what a wish!" replied Jonathan,—“when you're handsome 'nuff neow! But I'll tell ye what I wish, Sally—I wish you was locked in my arms, and the key was lost!”

Very Foolish.—In Mexico they have a soap-plant, with which the women wash clothes. But that is nothing to the tree out West, which produces sausages ready fried, and little cups to hold the gravy.

THE GOUTY MERCHANT AND THE STRANGER.

In Bond-street Buildings, on a winter's night,
 Snug by his parlour fire, a gouty wight
 Sat all alone, with one hand rubbing
 His leg roll'd up in fleecy hose,
 While t'other held beneath his nose
 The *Public Ledger*, in whose columns grubbing,
 He noted all the sales of hops,
 Ships, shops, and slops,
 Gum, galls, and groceries, ginger, gin,
 Tar, tallow, turmeric, turpentine, and tin;
 When lo! a decent personage in black
 Entered, and most politely said,—
 “Your footman, sir, has gone his nightly track,
 To the King's Head,
 And left your door ajar, which I
 Observed in passing by,
 And thought it neighbourly to give you notice.”
 “Ten thousand thanks—how very few get,
 In time of danger,
 Such kind attentions from a stranger
 Assuredly that fellow's throat is
 Doom'd to a final drop at Newgate.
 He knows, too, the unconscious elf,
 That there's no soul at home except myself.”
 “Indeed!” replied the stranger, looking grave,
 “Then he's a double knave.
 He knows that rogues and thieves by scores
 Nightly beset unguarded doors:
 And see how easily might one
 Of these domestic foes,
 Even beneath your nose
 Perform his knavish tricks,—
 Enter your room as I have done,
 Blow out your candles—*thus*—and *thu*
 Pocket your silver candlesticks,
 And walk off—*thus*.”

So said—so done—he made no more remark,
 Nor waited for replies,
 But marched off with his prize,
 Leaving the gouty merchant in the dark.

More Libel.—“Ma,” said a little girl to her mother, “do the men want to get married as much as the women do?” “Psha! what are you talking about?” “Why, Ma, the women who come here are always talking about getting married, but the men don't do so.”

Horrible Invention.—In the inquisition in Spain, there was an instrument of fiendish ingenuity truly horrible. Its exterior was a beautiful woman, or large doll richly dressed, with arms extended ready to embrace its victim. Around her feet a semicircle was drawn. The victim who passed over this fatal mark touched a spring, which caused the diabolical engine to open; its arms clasped him, a thousand knives cut him into as many pieces in the deadly embrace.

A BISHOP'S BLESSING.

With cover'd head, a country boor
 Stood, while the Bishop bless'd the poor,—
 The mitred prelate lifted high
 His voice—"Take off your hat."—"Not I,
 Your blessing's little worth," he said,
 "If through the hat 't wont reach the head."

RETRIBUTION.

IN the year 1745, a party of Cumberland's dragoons was hurrying through Nithsdale in search of rebels. Hungry and fatigued, they called at a lone widow's house, and demanded refreshment. Her son, a lad of sixteen, dressed them up *lang kale* and *butter*, and the good woman brought them new milk, which she told them was all her stock. One of the party inquired, with seeming kindness, how she lived. "Indeed," quoth she, "the cow and the kale yard, wi' God's blessing, is a' my *maileu*." He arose, and with his sabre killed the cow, and destroyed all the kale. The poor woman was thrown upon the world, and died of a broken heart; the disconsolate youth, her son, wandered away beyond the inquiry of friends or the search of compassion. In the continental war, when the British army had gained a great and signal victory, the soldiers were making merry with wine, and recounting their exploits. A dragoon roared out, "I once starved a Scotch witch in Nithsdale. I killed her cow and destroyed her greens: but," added he, "she could live for all that on her God, as she said!" "And don't you rue it?" "Rue what?" said he, "rue aught like that?" "Then by my God," cried the youth, unsheathing his sword, "that woman was my mother! Draw, you brutal villain, draw." They fought; the youth passed his sword twice through the dragoon's body, and, while he turned him over in the throes of death, exclaimed, "Had you rued it, you should have only been punished by your God!"

The Earth's Journey.—In winter we are nearest the sun, and in summer furthest from it; for the difference in the season is not occasioned by the greater or less distance of the earth from the sun, but by the more or less oblique direction of the sun's rays. The length of the path travelled over by the earth is estimated at 567, 019,740 miles, and, as this immense distance is passed over in a year, the earth must move seventeen miles a second—a rapidity so far exceeding our conceptions, that it gave very just occasion to the pleasant remark of Lichtenberg, that while one man salutes another in the street, he goes many miles bareheaded without catching cold.

A clergyman wishing to know whether the children of his parishioners understood the Bible, asked a lad that he found one day reading the Old Testament, who was the wickedest man. "Moses, to be sure," said the boy. "Moses!" exclaimed the parson, "Moses! how can that be?"—"Why," said the lad, "he broke all the commandments at once."

TOM AND HIS FRIENDS;

OR, SEVEN DAYS' WORK.

TOM GOODFELLOW came to his *fortune* on *Sunday*,
 And *Friends* came to see him in dozens on *Monday*.
 On *Tuesday* were with him to dinner and sup;
 On *Wednesday* in honour of *Tom* kept it up!
 On *Thursday* his *Friends* set the *dice-box* afloat!
 On *Friday*, by some means, *Tom* lost his *last guinea*
 And *Saturday*—*Saturday*—saw an end of the ninny.

HUMAN LIFE ESTIMATED BY PULSATIONS.

AN ingenious author asserts, that the length of a man's life may be estimated by the number of pulsations he has strength to perform. Thus, allowing 70 years for the common age of man, and 60 pulses in a minute for the common measure of pulses in a temperate person, the number of pulsations in his whole life would amount to 2,207,520,000; but, if by intemperance, he forces his blood into a more rapid motion, so as to give 75 pulses in a minute, the same number of pulses would be completed in 56 years; consequently, his life would be reduced 14 years.

THE BOOK OF
WIT AT A PINCH.

'Twas in a dark December night,
When all was cold and dreary,
A man that was a merry wight,
Did spur and ride with all his might,
To gain some shelter cheery.

Across a common wet and long,
While sleet and snow were dropping,
With chatt'ring teeth and frozen tongue
He gollop'd fast, and smack'd his thong,
Till at an alehouse stopping.

'Twas small and snug, and with his eyes,
Through windows eager shining,
A rousing, crackling fire he spies,
And table of inviting size,
Where jovial guests were dining.

Down drops he then, from off his horse,
And, all agog to enter,
Unceremonious takes his course,
Seeking his hasty way to force,
E'en to the kitchen's centre.

But not a foot of room was there,
The guests were wedg'd together;
They had no single thought to spare,
From landlord's fire and landlord's fare
Nor reck'd they now the weather.

The trav'ller rueful look'd about;
At length with lungs most able,
He bids Will Ostler carry out,
A peck of oysters, fresh and stout,
To Dobbin in the stable.

"A peck of oysters! oats, good heart!"
Cries Will, with peals of laughter;
"No! oysters, fellow! quick, depart!"—
Out runs the man—and at one start
The whole mob rushes after.

All mad to see this wondrous steed,
(By serious aspect cheated)
They guess him of some monstrous breed,
Some strange sea-horse; while now, with speed,
The traveller gets seated.

Back posts the ostler; all as fleet,
The troop of fools pursue him:

"Lord, sir!" says Will, "I never see't
Such a thing!—your horse won't eat
The oysters that I threw him."

"The deuce he wont?—then, faith, I must!
So place me here a table—
And bring me bread, both crumb and crust,
Pepper and vinegar; and I trust
That I'm both glad and able."

A dabbler in literature and in fine arts, who prided himself on his knowledge and proper use of the English language, came upon a youngster sitting on the bank of a mill-pond, angling for gudgeons, and thus addressed him:—"Adoleseens, art thou not endeavouring to entice the finny race to engulph into their denticulated mouths a barbed hook, upon whose point is a dainty allurement?"—"No," said the boy, "*I'm fishin'.*"

NOT many months ago, a "Friend," who rejoiced in the name of Comfort, paid his devoirs to a young and attractive Quaker widow, named Rachael H——. Either her griefs were too new, or her lover too old; or from some *other* cause, his offer was declined. Whereupon a Quaker friend remarked that it was the first modern instance he had known, where "Rachael refused to be Comfort-ed!" This anecdote is only remarkable as being the first Quaker pun on record; "Friends" generally lightly regarding such distortions of "plain language."

A Good Reason.—A country pedagogue had two pupils, to one of whom he was partial, and to the other severe. One morning it happened that these two boys were late, and were called up to account for it. "You must have heard the bell, boys; why did you not come?"—"Please, sir, said the favourite, "I was a dream-in' that I was goin' to Californy, and I thought the school-bell was the steam-boat-bell, as I was goin' in."—"Very well," said the master, glad of any pretext to excuse his favourite. "And now, sir," turning to the other, "what have you to say?"—"Please, sir," said the puzzled boy, "*I—I—was a waiting to see Tom off!*"

Bad Times.—The 'Wheeling Times' says:—"The times are so bad, and payments so rare, that the girls down east complain that the young men cannot even *pay* their addresses."

TIMING IT.

A minister in the Highlands of Scotland found one of his parishoners intoxicated. Next day, he called to reprove him for it. "It is very wrong to get drunk," said the parson. "I ken that," said the guilty person: "but I dinna drink as meikle as you do." "Why, sir, how is that?" "Why, gin it please ye, dinna ye ay take a glass o' whiskey and water after dinner?" "Why, yes, Jimmy, I take a glass of whiskey and water after dinner merely to aid digestion." "And dinna ye take a glass o' whiskey toddy every night when ye are goin to bed?" "Yes, to be sure; I take a little toddy every night to help me to sleep." "Well," continued the parishoner, "that's just fourteen glasses a week, and about sixty every month. I only get paid once a month, and then, if I'd take sixty glasses, it wad mak me deed drunk for a week. Now, ye see, the only difference is, that ye time it better than I do."

 PROVERBS.

A gossapin woman sends t'moast regs tut paper mill.
 Shoe a jackass we gold, after all il kiek ye if he can.
 Mucky jobs brings clean brass.
 Its better ta be kiek't we a camel then lick't we a lion.
 A public hause sign iz a finger board to a jail door.
 A lazy man keeps hiz wife aght at shambles.
 To keep friends we relations, live at a distance.
 A pratein deist iz the devil's drummer.
 Druckan husbands hez small fires an rusty fryin-pans.

 AN UNACCOUNTABLE PIG.

"You Socrates," said Mr. Seth Harris, of Poughkeepsie, to his coloured fellow the other day, "You, Socrates, have you fed the pigs?"—"Yes massa, me fed 'um," replied Socrates. "Did you count them?"—"Yes, massa, me count 'um all but one." "All but one?"—"Yes, massa, all but one,—dere be one little speckle pig, he frisk about so much me *couldn't count him*."

IN all societies it is advisable to associate if possible with the highest; not that the highest are always the best, but, because if disgusted there, we can at any time descend;—but if we begin with the lowest, to ascend is impossible. In the grand theatre of human life, a *box ticket* takes us through the house.

WHAT MIGHT BE DONE.

What might be done if men were wise—
 What glorious deeds my suffering brother ;
 Would they unite
 In love and right,
 And cease their scorn of one another.

Oppression's heart might be imbued
 With kindling drops of loving-kindness,
 And knowledge pour
 From shore to shore—
 Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

All slavery, warfare, lies, and wrongs—
 All vice and crime might die together ;
 And wine and corn,
 To each man born,
 Be free as warmth in summer weather.

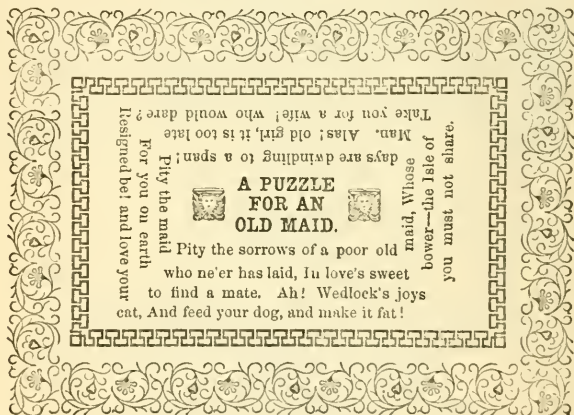
The meanest wretch that ever trod,
 The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
 Might stand erect,
 In self-respect,
 And share the teeming world to-morrow.

What might be done? *This* might be done,
 And more than *this*, my sorrowing brother—
 More than the tongue
 Ever said or sung,
 If men were wise and loved each other.

SWIFT, in passing through the country of Cavan, called at a homely, but hospitable house. The Lady Bountiful of the mansion, rejoiced to have so distinguished a guest, runs up to him, and with great eagerness, asks him, what he will have for dinner? "Will you have an apple pie, sir? Will you have a gooseberry pie, sir? Will you have a cherry pie, sir? Will you have a currant pie, sir? Will you have a pigeon pie, sir?" "Any pie, Madam, but a *Mag pie*."

A Grand Announcement.—A person at Keswick, wanting to dispose of some bees, to attract purchasers, printed the following placard :—"Extensive sale of live stock, comprising not less than one hundred and forty thousand head, with an unlimited right of pasturage." The ingenious trick succeeded to admiration, for his "stock" brought high prices.

DOCTOR MOUNTAIN, whose wit pleased on all occasions, being at Court with George II, who liked his company on that account, news was brought to the King of a vacant bishopric. "I know not," said his Majesty, "at present to whom I shall give it." Dr. Mountain instantly rose, and putting his hand upon his breast, said: "If thou had'st faith as a grain of mustard seed, thou would'st say to this *Mountain*, 'be thou removed and cast into the sea.'—(see.)"



A STRAY ADVERTISEMENT.

Wanted, a *hand* to hold my own, as down Life's vale I glide;
 Wanted, an *arm* to lean upon, for ever by my side.
 Wanted, a *firm and steady foot*, with step secure and free,
 To take its straight and onward pace, over Life's path with me.

Wanted, a *form* erect and high; a *head* above my own
 So much that I might walk beneath its shadow o'er me thrown.
 Wanted, an *eye*, within whose depth mine own might look and see
 Uprisings from a guileless heart, o'erflown with love for me.

Wanted, a *lip*, whose kindest smile would speak for me alone;
 A *voice*, whose richest melody would breathe affection's tone.
 Wanted, a *true religious soul*, to pious purpose given,
 With whom mine own might pass along the road that leads to Heaven.

Home again.—The man who was carried away by his feelings
 has returned safe.

HOG AND BACON.

About some eighty or ninety years ago,
 (It may be more for what I know)
 A man to Newgate safe was sent,
 A place where folks too late repent.
 His crime was theft, so 'tis reported,
 For which he might be hung—
 Or, perhaps, transported.

In great suspense he did his trial wait,
 Anxious to know whate'er might be his fate,
 The dreaded hour at length drew near,
 His case to all appeared quite clear ;
 He's guilty found without delay,
 And to the laws his life must pay.

"Hold ! hold, my lord !" the pris'ner then did cry,
 "Must your relation on the scaffold die ?"
 "Mine !" replied the judge, "fellow, you lie !"
 "No, no, my lord, I cannot be mistaken—
 My name is HOGG, yours, sir, is BACON !"

"Right," said the judge, and then his head he swung,
 But HOG is BACON not until its HUNG ;
 Therefore, until you HANG the usual time—
 You no relation, sir, can be of mine !"

 THE ROAD TO GLORY.

THE road to glory, would cease to be arduous, if it were true and trodden ; and great minds must be ready not only to *take* opportunities, but to *make* them. Alexander dragged the Pythian priestess to the temple, on a forbidden day—She exclaimed, "*My son, thou art invincible,*" which was oracle enough for him. On a second occasion, he cut the Gordian knot which others had in vain attempted to untie. Those who start for human glory like the mettled hounds of Actæon, must pursue the game not only where there is a path, but where there is none. They must be able to simulate and dissimulate, to leap and to creep ; to conquer the earth like Cæsar, or to fall down and kiss it like Brutus ; to throw their sword like Brennus into the trembling scale ; or, like Nelson, to snatch the laurels from the doubtful hand of victory, while she is hesitating where to bestow them. That policy that can strike only while the iron is hot, will be overcome by that perseverance, which, like Cromwell's, can make the *iron hot by striking* ; and he that can only rule the storm, must yield to him who can both *raise* and *rule* it.

SAM SLICK HOOKING LUCY'S GOWN.

"Well, just as I was ready to start away, down comes Lucy to the keepin' room, with both arms behind her head a fixin' of the hooks and eyes. 'Man alive,' sais she, 'are you here yet, I thought you was off gunnin' an hour ago; who'd a thought you was here?' 'Gunnin'?' says I, 'Luey, my gunnin' is over, I shan't go no more now, I shall go home; I agree with you; shiverin' alone under a wet bush for hours is no fun; but if Lucy was there—' Get out,' sais she 'don't talk nonsense, Sam, and just fasten the other hook and eye of my frock, will you?' She turned round her back to me. Well, I took the hook in one hand and the eye in the other; but arth and seas! my eyes fairly snapped again; I never see such a neck since I was raised. It sprung right out of the breast and shoulder, full round, and then tapered up to the head like a swan's, and the complexion would beat the most delicate white and red rose that ever was seen. Lick, it made me all eyes!" I jist stood stock still, I couldn't move a finger if I was to die for it. 'What ails you, Sam,' sais she, 'that you don't hook it?' 'Why,' sais I, 'Lucy dear, my fingers is all thumbs, that's a fact, I cant' handle such little things as fast as you can.' 'Well, come,' sais she, 'make haste, that's a dear, mother will be a comin' directly;' and at last I shut too both my eyes, and fastened it: and when I had done, sais I, 'There is one thing, I must say, Lucy.' 'What's that?' sais she. 'That you may stump all Connecticut to show such an angeliforous neck as you have—I never saw the beat of it in all my born days—it's the most——' 'And you may stump the State too,' sais she, 'to produce such another bold, forrard, impudent, onmannerly tongue as you have—so there now—so get along with you.'"

Materials for a Honeymoon.—Married, lately, Mr. James Bee to Martha Ann Flower.

Well hath this little busy "Bee"
 Improved Life's shining hour;
 He gathers honey now all day,
 From one sweet chosen "Flower;"
 And from this hive, if Heaven please,
 He'll raise a swarm of little "Bees."

A disappointed old bachelor says, "it makes little difference whether a man commits suicide or matrimony. In one case he loses his life, and in the other his influence."

Mrs. Partington in Ill-Health.—"La, me!" sighed Mrs. Partington, "here have I been sufferin' the begamies of death for three mortal weeks. Fust, I was seized with a painful phrenology in the left hampshire of the brain, which was exceeded by a stoppage of the left ventilator of the heart. This gave me an inflammation in the borax, and now I'm sick with the chloroform morbus. There is no blessin' like that of health, particularly when you're sick."

DOWN EAST COURTING SCENE.

"Jonathan, do you love boiled beef and dumplings?"—"Darned if I don't, Sooke, but a hot dunplin' ain't nothin' to your sweet, tarnal nice red lips, Sook."—"Oh lor, Jonathan, do hush.—Jonathan, did you read that story about a man being hugged to death by a bear?"—"Guess I did, Sookey, and it made me feel alloverish."—"How did you feel, Jonathan?"—"Kinder sorter as if I'd like to hug you e'en amost to death too, you tarnal nice, plump, elegant little critter, you."—"O lor, now go away, Jonathan."—"Ah, Sookey, you are such a slick gal."—"Lor, ain't you ashamed, Jonathan?"—"I wish I was a nice little ribbon, Sook."—"What for?"—"Cos maybe you'd tie me round that ere nice little neck of your'n—and I should like to be tied there, darned if I shouldn't."—"O lor! there comes mother, Jonathan—run."

Woman's Will.—Dip the Atlantic ocean dry with a tea spoon; twist your heel into the toe of your boot; make postmasters perform their promises, and subscribers pay the printer; send up fishing hooks with balloons and fish for stars; get astride a gossamer and chase a comet; when the rain is coming down like the cataract of Niagara, remember where you left your umbrella; choke a musquito with a brick bat; in short, prove all things hitherto considered impossible to be possible, but never attempt to coax a woman to say she *will*, when she has made up her mind to say she *won't*.

WHEN Dr. Johnson courted Mrs. Potter, whom he afterwards married, he told her he was of mean extraction, that he had no money, that he had an uncle hanged. The lady, by way of reducing herself to an equality with the doctor, replied, that she had no more money than himself, and that, though she had not had a relation hanged, she had fifty who deserved hanging. And thus was accomplished this very curious affair.

The Wits Outwitted.—A party of wits once stopped at a tavern. When the feast was over, one of the number called in the hostess. "Angelique," he said, "I am going to give you a lesson in astronomy. Have you not heard of that great Platonic year, when everything must return to its first condition? Know then that, in sixteen thousand years, we shall be here again, on the same day, and at the same hour. Will you give us credit till then?" The hostess, however, had her reply. "I am perfectly willing," she retorted, "but it is just sixteen thousand years since you were here before, and you left without paying: settle the old score, and I will trust you on the new."

Said a gentleman the other day to a servant at the hotel where he was stopping—"Bless my soul, Sambo, how black you are; how in the name of wonder did you get so black?" "Why, look'a here, massa, de reason an' dis—de day dis child was born dere was an eclipse." Ebony received a shilling for his satisfactory explanation, and after grinning thanks, continued: "I tell you what it is, massa, dis nigger may be black, but he ain't green, no how."

A gentleman travelling in the West saw a very old man sitting at the door of a log cabin weeping bitterly. "My friend," inquired the gentleman, "what is the matter with you?" "Why," replied the old man, "daddy jist gave me an awful licking 'cause I wouldn't rock grand-daddy to sleep!" The gentleman rode off, fully satisfied with the salubrity and healthiness of the West, to produce such unparalleled instances of longevity.

A Miracle.—An Irish priest having preached a sermon on miracles, was asked by one of his congregation, walking homeward, to explain a little more lucidly what a miracle meant. "Is it a miracle you want to understand?" said the priest. "Walk on then there forninst me, and I'll think how I can explain it to you." The man walked on, and the priest came behind him and gave him a tremendous kick. "Ugh!" roared the sufferer; "why did you do that?" "Did you feel it?" said the priest. "To be sure I did," replied the unhappy disciple. "Well then, remember this;—it would have been a "miracle" if you had not."

Delicious.—To have a pretty girl open the front door, and mistake you for her cousin.

More Delicious.—To have her remain deceived till she has kissed you twice, and hugged the buttons off your coat, exclaiming, "Ma, here's Chawles."

Most Delicious.—To favour the mistake until the young lady discovers it herself, and have a big brother come along the entry, catch you by the collar, half shake your life out of you, and ask you what you are doing to his sister, with an agreeable hint at immediate satisfaction.

OLD MAIDS PORTRAYED.

"Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth."—Anti-Multhus, chap i. verse 28.

"Humble wedlock is better than proud virginity." "The Grecian ladies counted their age from their marriage, not from their birth."

"An opportunity once lost, may be lost for ever."—Proverb from the Land of Uz.

HER THERMOMETER.

AGE.

15. Begins to realize different sensations from heretofore—the awakening of the tender passion.
16. Now fully comprehends the design of the other sex having been created. Feels greatly interested therein.
17. Influenced by the attentions of the other sex, and not at all backward to associate in parties where they preponderate.
18. Fancies herself to be attractive to a handsome young man, feels love for him, and becomes rather restless. Sentimental poetry now very agreeable,
19. Talks of love in a cottage, and disinterested affection. Speculates on what must be the sensation in realizing the maternal affections. Begins to write love verses.
20. Feels a little important in consequence of being noticed by the other sex. Studies dress and etiquette to render her still more engaging.
21. A still greater confidence in her own attractions, and expects to form a splendid connexion. Treats men in ordinary life with disdain.
22. Receives a good offer. Confers with her maiden Aunt, who says, "Reject him, for he is not a man of fashion;" she acts accordingly.
23. Becomes so eager after conjugal sweets, that she flirts with the other sex rather indiscriminately.

24. Wonders she is not married. Others, possessing far inferior qualities, pass off readily. Thinks it must be for want of discrimination on the female part, and great indifference to quality on the male part. At any rate, much irritated about it.
25. Receives an offer from an industrious, handsome artizan. Feels indignant. Wonders the underling should dare to look so high, and resolves she will never look so low. Treats his application with silent contempt.
26. Convinced she must be more circumspect; and becomes so from mere policy. Begins to think a large fortune not so indispensable. Now prefers the company of rational men to flirting.
27. Receives an offer from a man of wealth, but not handsome. Refers the matter to Miss Tabby, her maiden Aunt. She says, "Reject him, and let not beauty, by a golden link, be associated with ugliness and deformity." She hesitates, but at length sends him, "No."
28. Wishes to be married in a quiet way, with a comfortable home. Strongly tempted to comply with the offer of a handsome man, a widower, with three children. Aunt Tabby again interferes and forbids it.
29. Tempted to despair of ever entering the married state, but not willing to give up the attempt.
30. Rather fearful of being eventually called an *Old Maid*, having always regarded their ladyships with indescribable horror.
31. Pays more attention than ever to the monthly Magazine of Fashion, in order, by means of dress, to make an impression.
32. At balls can obtain none for partners but widowers, and aged gentlemen. Begins to dislike balls on that account.
33. Wonders how men can leave the society of sensible women to flirt with chits.
34. Gradually becoming irritable, but affects good humour in her conversation with men.
35. Envy the praises bestowed on some of her sex. A tempting offer from a young man of 18. Old Aunty inquires what she wants to do with a child; consequently the offer falls to the ground.
36. Quarrels with her dear friend lately married well. Speaks of the connection disparagingly.
37. Constantly sighing. Almost in despair, thinking herself slighted in society. The servant man becomes kind and obliging to her. She suspects his design; frowns upon him, and procures his dismissal.
38. Delights to talk about her acquaintances who are married uncomfortably. Affects to praise single-blessedness. What troubles we escape!
39. Ill nature on the increase. Her peevishness renders her disagreeable to her immediate associates. Called an old maid for the first time, which nearly breaks her heart.

40. The tender passion reviving, has recourse to every improvement in dress, and that important appendage, the bussel. The chin, however, rather furzy; compelled to use the tweezers occasionally.
41. If rich, as a dernier resort, makes love to a young man not rich; or if not rich, is not reluctant to nurse an old man.
42. Not succeeding in her wish, she rails against mankind, and talks of marriage as vanity.
43. Very meddling and officious. Partiality for gossiping; and scandal commences.
44. Gives vexation to all around her, being extremely fastidious. Her company often shunned, on account of the acids of her temper.
45. The tender passion again revives.—Strong predilections for a Methodist parson. Advances are made accordingly.
46. Enraged at his desertion, and denounces his reverence as a hypocrite disguised in parsonic attire.
47. Becomes desponding. Cannot bear to think of "All's lost now!" Commences taking snuff, and occasionally "daffy," as a "Revivivus."
48. Turns all her sensibility to cats and dogs, of which she has become extremely fond.
49. Adopts a dependant relative to attend her feline and canine race.
50. Becomes disgusted with the world, and vents all her ill humour on her unfortunate relative.

* * * And then she ends her eccentric race,
 With disappointment upon her face;
 Excusing herself, when she's to blame,
 For never having changed her name!

HER PORTRAIT.

Let Naturalists say what they will of our tribe,
 There's one sort of beings the Muse must describe,
 Whose habits and manners eccentric and queer,
 To a sensible mind must ever appear:—
 A queer sort of creature, indeed, they all are,
 And oft may be seen in a fancy bazaar,
 In search of some toy to divert their attention,
 From sad disappointment of late intervention.
 In youth they are whimsical, haughty, and scornful,
 And as they grow old, become peevish and mournful.
 Their life from beginning to end, you will find,
 Resembles the weathercock turn'd by the wind.
 When gents their addresses would pay to these things,
 With scissors of scorn they clip Cupid his wings;
 Though sometimes are known to be under his smart,
 With one of his arrows stuck fast in their heart;
 But fill'd with conceit, independence, and pride,
 They jeer, and they sneer, and their suitors deride;

And when they might get a good husband, despise,
 A man perhaps just for the cast of his eyes.
 Musing, excusing, refusing, abusing,—
 To see their grimaces is really amusing ;
 They spring, and they swing, and they sing as if young,
 And talk so precise with their delicate tongue.
 They stare, and they flare, and declare they are fair,
 They comb and they curl, and they perfume their hair.
 They clatter, and chatter, and flatter and fly,
 They shrink, and they blink, and they wink with their eey'

Scouting, and flouting, and pouting,
 Fiddling, and diddling, and riddling,
 Hoaxing and coaxing, entreating and greeting,
 Striving, conniving, contriving, and meeting,
 Fluttering, and stuttering, and muttering,
 Scraping, and aping, and shaping.

They cringe and infringe on the good laws of nature,
 By stretching their bodies to make themselves greater ;
 To make themselves tidy and small in their waist,
 They dress with much taste, and are lac'd and encas'd
 In very tight stays, and their ways would amaze
 The wisest of men,—but they forfeit their praise !
 Their actions are fractions of loving attractions,
 But never amounting to marriage contractions.
 They fret and are wet with their tears of regret,
 And wish that they never had acted the pet,
 Their shyness, and dryness, and highness with men,
 They now are repenting. Alas ! and what then ?
 They sigh for the days that will never return,
 For the bright flame of love has now ceased to burn !

Then when the stingy maid grows old,
 And giddy youth is past ;
 When *fifty* years their tale have told,
 She then repents at last !

When she becomes an odd old woman,
 And finds a warming friend in no man,
 She's rickety, gouty, and rheumy, now see !
 Loves bed, and herself, and her tattle, and tea.
 A Lap-dog she gets, her odd fancy to please,
 And feeds it, and leads it, and keeps it at ease,
 And a nice tubby cat with a collar of red,
 To eat at her table, and sleep on her bed.
 She rails at the males, and knows not what she ails,
 Groping, and moping, and telling her tales !
 Cramping and stamping, and hating mankind,
 Howling, and growling, and scowling, half-blind
 She's muffy, and fuffy, and snuffy, and gruffly,

Hutchy, and crutchy, and stupid, and touchy.
 The dame has her name, the same as it came,
 Unalter'd by wedlock, unheeded by fame!
 And now she gets old, her infirmities grow,
 And her hair changes fast to the cast of the snow.
 'Tis pain to remain,—'tis in vain to complain,
 Or wish for her time to spend over again.
 Despairing, and caring, and sharing the fate,
 Which falls to old maids that have never a mate.
 She sighs, and she cries, with her spectacled eyes;
 In anguish to languish—and then when she dies,
 Sad groans, and deep moans, and old bones, and cold stones,
 Terminate the old maid with her sorrowful tones!

Nobody mourns her, and nobody sighs,
 Nobody pities her, nobody cries,
 For nobody grieves when an old maid dies.

Now, ladies, believe me, for this is the life,
 That is led by a maid who is never a wife.
 And this is the state she is found in at last,
 When her gloomy and whimsical life is past.
 Population for years has been known to augment,
 Three she's to two he's!—all the she's must lament!--
 Thow off your odd whims, ere your beauty shall fade,
 And *tremble* to think *you may* die an OLD MAID!

“If there is anybody under the canister of heaven that I have in utter excrecence,” says Mrs. Partington, “it is a tale-bearer and slanderer, going about like a vile boa constructor, circulating his camomile about honest folks. I always know one by his phismahogany. It seems as if Belzabob had stamped him with his private signal, and every thing he looks at appears to turn yaller.” And having uttered this somewhat elaborate speech, she was seized with a violent fit of coughing, and called for some demulcent drops.

A young man said recently, in rather a pert way to the Rev. Dr. C., “Dr. what is the difference between this pussyism they talk so much about, and puppyism?”—“Puppyism,” replied the Doctor, “is founded on *dogmatism*, and pussyism on the *catechism*.”

A rapid and emphatic recital of the following simple narrative is an infallible cure for lisping:—“Hobbs meets Snobbs and Nobbs: Hobbs bobs to Snobbs and Nobbs; Hobbs nobbs with Snobbs and robs Nobbs' fobs. ‘This is,’ says Nobbs, ‘the worst of Hobbs' jobs,’ and Snobbs sobbs.”

A Fool's Decision.—A poor beggar in Paris being very hungry, stayed so long in a cook's shop that his stomach was satisfied with only the smell thereof. The choleric, covetous cook demanded of him to pay for his breakfast. The poor man denied it, and it was referred to the decision of the next man that should pass by, who chanced to be a most notorious idiot. He determined that the poor man's money should be put betwixt empty dishes, and the cook be recompensed by its jingling, as he was satisfied with only the smell of the cook's meat.—*Fuller.*

“Say, nigga, cum and hab de pleasure ob a dinin' wid your mos humble serpent, wont you, heh?”—“Wy, look here, Sam—I'se not particularly in my sosiashuns; but I wish to know fus before I vail myself ob your perlite imptimashun, whar you hab your lodgjins?”—“No difference, nigga, whar I lodge. I don't ax you to sleep wid me—but only to eat dinner in a greeable sociability.”

A Puzzled Irishman.—Mr. O' Flaherty undertook to tell how many were at a party:—“The two Grogans was one, meself was two, Mike Finn was three, and—and—who the mischief was the fourth? Let me see,” counting his fingers, “The two Grogans was one, Mike Finn was two, meself was three, and—be dad! there was four of us; but St. Patrick couldn't tell the name of the other. Now, it's meself that has it. Mike Finn was one, the two Grogans was two, meself was three, and—and—be the powers, I think there was but three of us, after all.”

A SHARP CUT.

A shrewd son of the soil was once sent to the house of a Yorkshire farmer on his master's business, and, as the good old custom goes there, he had a hearty drinking set before him; but still one part of the refreshment was a puzzle for Luke, being different from any thing that he had ever seen before, viz., a whole Dutch cheese. How to begin of it Luke was at no small loss to imagine. The master, however, popping in just at the moment, Luke, in a tone of apparent simplicity, said ‘It's varry like a fooit-ball, this, maister: where-ivver am e ta cut it?’ ‘Cut it! why,’ exclaimed the farmer in the midst of a hearty crack of laughter, ‘cut it where you like, my man.’ ‘Wha, then, responded Luke, with a smile, and popping the cheese under his left arm, a'l cut it at hoame, if you please, maister’

"**Timothy Maguire,**" said Patrick, "now ye say that coat belongs to yerself intirely; I say it is me own. Now, mind ye, Timothy, the both iv us will take the coat an' look it all over; the man that finds his name on it shall be the owner. Will ye stick to that bargain?" asked Patrick. "To be snre," said Timothy, to whom the coat was given, and who vainly searched every part for his name, and then it passed over to Patrick, boastingly saying; "And uow lit us see if you can be findin' the likes iv yer own name upon the garment." "Do ye agree to that?" said Patrick, eagerly grasping the coat. "Upon the honour iv a man," was Timothy's reply. "Then howld on a bit," said Patrick, as he drew his knife and opened a corner in the collar, and taking therefrom two very small peas, he exclaimed, as he held them out in his hand: "There, d'ye see that?" "Yes; but what is that?" said Timothy. "A mighty dale it has to do wid it; it is me name to be sure—*pea* for Patrick, and *pea* for Power be jabes!" So Patrick got the coat.

DEAN Swift's barber one day told him that he had taken a public-house. 'And what's your sign?' said the dean. 'Oh, the pole and basin; and if your worship would just write me a few lines to put upon it, by way of motto, I have no doubt but it would bring me plenty of customers.' The dean took out his pencil and wrote the following couplet, which long graced the barber's sign:

"Rave not from pole to pole, but step in here,
Where nought excels the shaving but the beer."

Matrimony and Friendship.—The natur of matrimony is one thing, and the natur of friendship is another. A tall man likes a short wife; a great talker likes a silent woman—for both can't talk at once. A gay man likes a domestic gal—for he can leave her at home to nuss children and make pap, while he is enjoyin' himself at parties. A man that ain't any music in him, likes it in his spouse, and so on. It chimes beautiful, for they aint in each other's way. Now, friendship is the other way; you must like the same things, to like each other and be friends. A similarity of tastes, studies, pursuits, and recreations (what they call congenial souls); a toper for a toper, a smoker for a smoker, a horse-racer for a horse-racer, a prize-fighter for a prize-fighter—and so on. Matrimony likes contrasts; friendship seeks its own counterparts.

THE BOOK OF
THE CAT-EATER.

Tho' facts will swell as stories fly,
'Till truth outstretch'd becomes a lie,
The tell-tale here no legend frames,
Which more than moderate credence claims;
Nor, bouncer-like, a fiction broaches,
For those who swallow lies like loaches:
Nor sceptre dreads whose scowling eye
At aught uncommon darts a lie;
So can this tale, whose heart's at quiet,
Believe it, doubt it, or deny it.

John Trot, a homespun country put,
Jack Sly, one morning, met full butt;
Who, starting, stared, and stammering said—
"Lord! Juh! Juh! Juhn! why, arn't you dead?"
"Dead! whoy?" says John—"Dear heart," quoth Sly,
"Don't rave, I'll tell the reason why:
Dick Bam declares, who saw the sight,
You eat up three loive cats last night."
"Eat three live cats," quoth John, "odd rot it!
Proime news—I wonder where he got it.

But I'll soon foind;" so speeds to Bam,
Who flatly swore 'twas all a flam;
"I couldn't say," quoth Dick, "that you
Had eat three live cats—'twas but two."—
"Two, i'the neame and who
Has told," says Trot, "this teale to you?"
"Bob Banter." "O, he did," quoth John,
"I'll make him change his note anone:"
So hies to Banter all agog,
Whom thus he greets, "You slandering dog,
Who reuke up lies to gull the flats,
Did I last neit eat two loive cats?"
"Two," replies Banter, "that's rare fun,
Eat me if I said more than one."—
"Than one, and hang it, why say that?
Why say that I eat "one" loive cat?"
"Your brother told me so," says Bob;
"If so," says John, "I'll jolt his knob."

So off went Cain in search of Abel,
With mind whose index lack'd no label,
As frowning brow and flashing eye,
To John's intent ne'er gave the lie;
And had he then met Tom, his brother,
Death might have levell'd one or t'other!
But fortunately, John, thus fool'd,

No brother found till passion cool'd ;
 When lighting then on tattling Tom,
 He cried,—“ Where's got thee that teale from ?
 Plague o' thy tongue, thou foul-mouth'd brat,
 That I last neit gobb'd up a cat ?”

“ A cat !” cries Tom, your spluttering spare,
 A puss, I said—a fine large hare,
 Mother herself here told me that.”
 “ You lie, you rouge, nor hare nor cat,”
 Quoth Old Dame Trot—“ Now donna blab it,
 I only said John eat a rabbit,
 And that's a truth, I'll pledge my life,
 And here's my author—John's own wife.”
 When John's meek spouse demurely rose,
 And cried—“ Good friends, this contest close ;
 For sure as women breed by marriage,
 Stories will always breed in carriage ;
 And tho' three cats, of English breed,
 'Tis said poor John dispatch'd with speed,
 John supp'd, as oft he'd done before,
 On a welch rabbit—nothing more !”

HOW TO COOK A HUSBAND.

As Mrs. Glass said of the hare, you must first *catch him*. Having done so, the mode of cooking him, so as to make a good dish of him, is as follows :—Many good husbands are spoiled in the cooking ; some women go about it as if their husbands were bladders, and blow them up. Others keep them constantly in hot water, while others freeze them by conjugal coldness. Some smother them with hatred, contention, and variance, and some keep them in pickle all their lives. These women always serve them up with tongue sauce. Now it cannot be supposed that husbands will be tender and good if managed in this way. But they are, on the contrary, very delicious when managed as follows :—Get a large jar, called the jar of carefulness (which all good wives have on hand,) place your husband in it, and set him near the fire of conjugal love ; let the fire be pretty hot but especially let it be clear—above all let the heat be constant. Cover him over with affection, kindness, and subjection. Garnish with modest, becoming familiarity, and the spice of pleasantry ; and if you have kisses and other confectionaries, let them be accompanied with a sufficient portion of secrecy, mixed with prudence and moderation. We would advise all good wives to try this receipt, and realize how admirable a husband is when properly cooked.

Noble and Witty Reply.—In 1561, Philip I. sent the young Constable de Castile to Rome, to congratulate Sextus the V., on his advancement. The Pope immediately said—"Are there so few men in Spain, that your King sends me one without a beard?" "Sir," said the fierce Spaniard, "if his Majesty possessed the least idea that you imagined merit lay in a beard, he would have deputed a goat to you, not a gentleman."

SAGACITY OF THE DOG.

The following (in my opinion) extraordinary anecdote of the sagacity of the dog, was related to me by a game-keeper to a certain noble Lord, in whose word I can place the strictest reliance. Here it is *verbatim*: 'One day I was out shooting towards M——, which is, as you know, three miles hence, and in going through a thick wood on my return, I lost my powder flask, a very large one, which I never discovered till I had arrived home. I then took out a dog, in whose sagacity I placed the greatest reliance, and after rubbing my hand in the pocket of my shooting jacket, gave it him to smell, and then pointing towards the place where I had lost it, said, '*now, you go find.*' The creature set off immediately, and in about three hours returned with the flask in his mouth, which was bleeding, from its weight, and the long way which he had to carry it.'

CURIOUS RHYMES

What is earth, sexton?—A place to dig graves;
 What is earth, rich men?—A place to work slaves;
 What is earth, gray-beard?—A place to grow old;
 What is earth, miser?—A place to dig gold;
 What is earth, school-boy?—A place for my play;
 What is earth, maiden?—A place to be gay;
 What is earth, seamstress?—A place where I weep;
 What is earth, sluggard?—A good place to sleep;
 What is earth, soldier?—A place for a battle;
 What is earth, herdsman?—A place to raise cattle;
 What is earth, widow?—A place of true sorrow;
 What is earth, tradesman?—I'll tell you to-morrow;
 What is earth, sick man?—'Tis nothing to me;
 What is earth, sailor?—My home is the sea;
 What is earth, statesman?—A place to win fame;
 What is earth, author?—I'll write there my name;
 What is earth, monarch?—For my realm 'tis given;
 What is earth, Christian?—The gateway of Heaven.

YANKEE COURTSHIP.

AFTER my sleigh-ride last winter, and the slippery trick I was served by Patty Bean, nobody would suspect me of hankering after the women again in a hurry. To hear me jump and swear, and rail out against the whole feminine gender, you would have taken it for granted that I should never so much as look at one of them again to all eternity. O but I was wicked! "Tear out their eyes," says I, "blame their skins, and torment their hearts;" finally, I took an oath, that if I ever meddled, or had anything to do with them again, I might be hung and choked.

But swearing off from women, and then going into a meeting-house choke full of gals, all shining and glistening in their Sunday clothes and clean faces, is like swearing off from liquor and going into a grog shop—it's all smoke.

I held out and kept firm to my oath three whole Sundays—forenoons, afternoons, and intermissions complete. On the fourth, there were strong symptoms of a change of weather. A chap about my size was seen on the way to the meeting-house, with a new patent hat on; his head hung by the ears upon a shirt-collar; his cravat had a pudding in it, and branched out in front into a double-bow knot. He carried a straight back and a stiff neck, as a man ought to do when he has his best clothes on; and every time he spit, he sprang his body forward like a jack-knife, in order to shoot clear of the ruffles.

Squire Jones's pew is next but two to mine, and when I stand up to prayers, and take my coat-tail under my arm, and turn my back to the minister, I naturally look right straight at Sally Jones. Now Sally has got a face not to be grinned at in a fog. Indeed, as regards beauty, some folks think she can pull an even yoke with Patty Bean. For my part, I think there is not much boot between them. Any how, they are so high matched that they have hated and despised each other like rank poison, ever since they were school-girls.

Squire Jones had got his evening fire on, and set himself down to reading the great Bible, when he heard a rap at his door. 'Walk in. Well, John, how der do? Get out Pompey!'—'Pretty well, I thank ye, Squire, and how do you do?' 'Why, so as to be crawling—ye ugly beast, will ye hold your yop? Hail up a chair and sit down, John.'

'How do you do, Mrs Jones?' 'O, middlin'; how's yer marm? Don't forget the mat there, Mr. Beedle.' This put me in mind that I had been off soundings several times in the long muddy lane; and my boots were in a sweet pickle.

It was now old captain Jones's turn, the grandfather. Being roused from a doze, by the bustle and racket, he opened both his eyes at first with wonder and astonishment. At last he began to halloo so loud that you might hear him a mile; for he takes it for granted that every body is just exactly as deaf as he is.

'Who is it? I say, who in the world is it?' Mrs. Jones going close to his ear, screamed out, "It's Johnny Beedle."—"Ho, Johnny Beedle, I remember he was one summer at the siege of Boston."—"No, no, father, bless your heart, that was his grandfather, that's been dead and gone this twenty years."—"Ho; but where does he come from?" "Daon taon."—"And what does he follow for a livin'?" And he did not stop asking questions, after this sort, till all the particulars of the Beedle family were published and proclaimed in Mrs. Jones's last screech. He then sunk back into his doze again.

The dog stretched himself before one handiron; the cat squat down upon the other. Silence came on by degrees like a calm snow storm, till nothing was heard but a cricket under the hearth, keeping tune with a sappy yellow birch forestick. Sally sat up prim, as if she were pinned to the chair-back—her hands crossed genteelly upon her lap, and her eyes looked straight into the fire. Mammy Jones tried to straighten herself too, and laid her hands across in her lap; but they would not lie still. It was full twenty-four hours since they had done any work, and they were out of patience with keeping Sunday. Do what she would to keep them quiet, they would bounce up now and then, and go through the motions in spite of the fourth commandment. For my part, I sat looking very much like a fool. The more I tried to say something, the more my tongue stuck fast. I put my right leg over the left, and said 'hem.' Then I changed, and put the left over the right. It was no use, the silence kept coming on thicker and thicker. The drops of sweat began to crawl over me. I got my eye upon my hat, hanging on a peg, on the road to the door—and then I eyed the door. At this moment, the old captain all at once sung out, 'Johnny Beedle!' It sounded like a clap of thunder, and I started right up on end.

'Johnny Beedle, you'll never handle such a drumstick as your father did, if yer live to the age of Methusaler. He would toss up his drumstick, and while it was whirlin' in the air, take off a gill er rum, and then ketch it as it come down, without losin' a stroke in the tune. What d'ye think of that, ha? But skull your chair round, close er longside o' me, so yer can hear. Now, what have you come n'ter?'—"I after? O, jest takin' a walk."—"Pleasant walkin', I guess."—"I mean jest to see how you all do."—"Ho! That's another lie. You've come a-courtin', Johnny Beedle—you're a'ter our Sal. Say, now, d'ye want to marry, or only to court?"

This was what I call a choker. Poor Sally made but one jump, and landed in the middle of the kitchen; and then she skulked into the dark corner, till the old man, after laughing himself in a whooping cough, was put to bed.

Then came apples and cider; and the ice being broke, plenty chat with Mammy Jones, about the minister and the 'sarmon.' I agreed with her to a nicety upon all the points of doctrine; but I had forgot the text, and all the heads of the discourse but six. Then she teased

and tormented me to tell who I accounted the best singer in the gallery that day. But, mum—there was no getting that out of me. ‘Praise to the face is often disgrace,’ says I, throwing a sly squint at Sally.

At last, Mrs. Jones lighted t’other candle; and after charging Sally to look well to the fire, she led the way to bed, and the Squire gathered up his shoes and stockings and followed.

Sally and I were left sitting a good yard apart, honest measure. For fear of getting tongue tied again, I set right in with a steady stream of talk. I told her all the particulars about the weather that was past, and also some pretty ‘cute guesses at what it was likely to be in future. At first I gave a hitch up with my chair at every full stop. Then, growing saucy, I repeated it at every comma and semi-colon; and at last it was, hitch, hitch, hiteh, and I planted myself fast by her side.

‘I vow, Sally, you looked so plaguy handsome to-day that I wanted to eat you up.’—‘Pshaw, git along with you,’ says she. My hand had crept along, somehow upon its fingers, and began to scrape acquaintance with hers. She sent it home again with a desperate jerk. ‘Try it agin’—no better luck. ‘Why, Miss Jones, you’re gettin’ up-stropulous—a little old maidish, I guess.’ ‘Hands off is fair play, Mr. Beedle.’

It is a good sign to find a girl sulky. I knew where the shoe pinched. It was that ‘ere Patty Bean business. So I went to work to persuade her that I had never had any notion after Patty, and to prove it I fell to running her down at a great rate. Sally could not help chiming in with me, and I rather guess Miss Patty suffered a few. I now not only got hold of her hand without opposition, but managed to slip an arm round her waist. But there was no satisfying me—so I must go to poking out my lips after a buss. I guess I rued it. She fetched me a slap on the face that made me see stars, and my ears rung like a brass kettle for a quarter of an hour. I was forced to laugh at the joke, though out of the wrong side of my mouth, which gave my face something the look of a grid-iron.

The battle now began in the regular way. ‘Ah, Sally, give me a kiss and have done with it.’—‘No I won’t, so there, nor teeh to.’—‘I’ll take it whether or no.’—‘Do it, if you dare.’ And at it we went, rough and tumble. An odd destruction of starch now commenced. The bow of my cravat was squat up in half a shake. At the next bout, smash went shirt collar, and at the same time, some of the head fastenings gave way, and down came Sally’s hair in a flood like a mill-dam broke loose, carrying away half-a-dozen combs. One dig of Sally’s elbow, and my blooming ruffles wilted down into a dish-cloth. But she had no time to boast. Soon her neck tackling began to shiver; it parted at the throat, and whorah, came a whole shoal of blue and white beads scampering and running races every which way about the floor.

By the hokey, if Sally Jones isn't real grit, there's no snakes. She fought fair, however, I must own, and neither tried to bite or scratch; and when she could fight no longer, for want of breath, she yielded handsomely.

The upshot of the matter is, I fell in love with Sally Jones, head over ears. Every Sunday night, rain or shine, finds me rapping at Squire Jones's door, and twenty times have I been within a hair's breadth of popping the question. But now I have made a final resolve; and if I live till next Sunday night, and I don't get choked in the trial, Sally Jones will hear thunder!

PROVERBS.

Its better ta lay e bed all day then get up soin ta backbite a nabor.

A sly drinker goaze t'back way tut chersch yard.

A bad tooith iz better than a bad tongue.

Its better ta be wethaght knife, then hev no bread.

One wife's plenty, but one an a mistriss al ruin onny man.

A pop-shop doar duzant need a rapper.

When a king swears its sed the devil laughs.

A *grease-horn* is brother to an hypocrite.

Nivver want credit when yo can pay ready money.

Futility of Pride.—Alexander the Great seeing Diogenes looking attentively at a large collection of human bones piled one upon another, asked the philosopher what he was looking for. 'I am searching,' said Diogenes, 'for the bones of your father, but I cannot distinguish them from those of his slaves.'

MR. REES, a well-known street preacher, was accosted by a would-be wag the other day, and questioned as follows:—

"Do you believe what the Bible says about the Prodigal Son and the fatted calf?"—"Certainly I do."

"Well, can you tell me whether the calf that was killed was a male or female calf?"—"Yes, it was a female calf."

"How do you know that?"—"Because," said Rees, looking the chap in the face, "I see the male is alive now."

A Greek Maid being asked what fortune she would bring her husband, replied—"I will bring him what gold cannot purchase—a heart unspotted, and virtue without a stain, which is all that descends to me from my parents."

DOMESTIC ASIDES; OR TRUTH IN PARENTHESIS.

‘I really take it very kind,
This visit, Mrs. Skinner!
I have not seen you such an age—
(The wretch has come to dinner!)

‘Your daughters, too, what loves of girls—
What heads for painters’ easels!
Come here and kiss the infant, dears—
(And give it p’rhaps the measles!)

‘Your charming boys, I see, are home
From Reverend Mr. Russell’s;
’Twas very kind to bring them both—
(What boots for my new Brussels!)

What! little Clara left at home?
Well, now, I call that shabby:
I should have loved to kiss her so—
(A flabby, dabby, babby!)

‘And Mr. S., I hope he’s well,
Ah! though he lives so handy,
He never, now, drops in to sup—
(The better for our brandy!)

‘Come, take a seat—I long to hear
About Matilda’s marriage;
You’re come, of course, to spend the day!—
(Thank Heav’n, I hear the carriage!)

‘What, must you go? next time I hope
You’ll give me longer measure;
Nay—I shall see you down the stairs—
(With most uncommon pleasure!)

‘Good bye! good bye! remember all,
Next time you’ll take your dinners!
(Now, David, mind I’m not at home
In future to the Skinners!)

Sweet Innocent.—The husband of a beautiful wife, upon returning home, was met by one of his offspring, all smiles, clapping his hands and saying, “Pa, Mr. B—has been here, he’s such a nice man—he kissed us all round, and mother too!”

AN affectionate Irishman once enlisted in the 75th regiment, in order to be near his brother, who was a corporal in the 76th.

THE ZICZAC AND THE CROCODILE.

On one occasion I saw, a long way off, a large crocodile, twelve or fifteen feet long, lying asleep under a perpendicular bank, about ten feet high, on the margin of the river. I stopped the boat at some distance, and noting the place as well as I could, I took a circuit inland, and came down cautiously to the top of the bank, whence with a heavy rifle I made sure of my ugly game. I had already cut off his head in imagination, and was considering whether it should be stuffed with its mouth open or shut. I peeped over the bank: there he was, within ten feet of the rifle. I was on the point of firing at his eye, when I observed that he was attended by a bird called a ziczac. It is of the plover species, of a grayish colour, and as large as a small pigeon. The bird was walking up and down, close to the crocodile's nose. I suppose I moved, for suddenly it saw me; and instead of flying away, as any respectable bird would have done, it jumped up about a foot from the ground, screamed 'ziczac!' 'ziczac!' with all the powers of its voice, and dashed itself against the crocodile's face two or three times. The great beast started up, and immediately spying its danger, made a jump into the air; and dashing into the water with a splash which covered me with mud, he dived into the river, and disappeared. The ziczac, to my increased admiration, proud apparently of having saved his friend, remained walking up and down, uttering his cry, as I thought, with an exulting voice, and standing every now and then on the tips of his toes in a conceited manner, which made me justly angry with his impertinence. After having waited in vain for some time to see whether the crocodile would come out again, I got up from the bank where I was lying, threw a clod of earth at the ziczac, and came back to the boat, feeling some consolation for the loss of my game in having witnessed a circumstance, the truth of which has been disputed by several writers on natural history.—*Curzon's Visits to Monasteries in the Levant.*

WHEN Baxter was on one occasion brought before Judge Jeffries, 'Richard,' said the brutal chief justice, 'I see a rogue in thy face.' 'I had not known before,' replied Baxter, 'that my face was a mirror.'

The Obtuse Boy.—'I say, boy, stop that ox!' 'I haven't got no stopper, sir.' 'Well, head him then.' 'He's already headed, sir.' 'Confound your impertinence, turn him!' 'He's right side out already, sir.' 'Speak to him you rascal, you!' 'Good morning, Mr. Ox.'

Smiles.—Oh! what a sight there is in that word—smile—for it changes colour like a chameleon. There's a vacant smile, a cold smile, a satiric smile, a smile of hate, an affected smile, a smile of approbation, a friendly smile; but above all, a smile of love. A woman has two smiles that an angel might envy—the smile that accepts the lover before words are uttered, and the smile that lights on the first-born baby, and assures him of a mother's love.

THE PUZZLE OF ONE.

,eno eb llahs ew yad enO
 ,efil dna traeh ni eno
 ,toc teews eno ni llewd llahs
 ;efiw dna nam eb yad eno
 ,neht su tsaef llahs draob eno
 ;daeh ruo tser lliw deb eno
 eb ew llahs yppah dna
 !deirram era ew nehW
 ,tsrif eht ta llahs ebab eno
 ,evol laibunnoc ruo laes
 ,stnalp evils ekil ,erom neht
 !evom elbat ruo dnuora
 ,tseuger eno ym raeh neht
 ;em tub esle eno on evol
 ,tselb em ekam nac esle eno on rof
 !eeht tub evol eno read yM

NEGLECTING THE ANTECEDENT.

SOME very whimsical instances of this occur continually, especially in the answers of witnesses when given literally as they speak. In a late assault case the prosecutor swore that 'the prisoner struck him with a broom on his head till he broke the top of it!' In narrating an incident some time since, it was stated that a poor old woman was run over by a cart *aged sixty*. So in a case of supposed poisoning: 'He had something in a blue paper in his hand, and I saw him put his head over the pot, and put it in!' Another, swallowing a base coin: 'He snatched the half-crown from the boy, which he swallowed;' which seems to mean the boy, not the money. An old fellow, who for many years sold combustible matches in London, had the following cry: 'Buy a penny-worth of matches of a poor old man made of foreign wood!'—*New York Christmas Bell*.

YOUR SWEETHEART.

Who is that you often sigh for,
 Whose good opinion oft you try for,
 Who is it you would live and die for?
 Your Sweetheart.

Who is it that you long to greet,
 Yet fear her more with terror sweet,
 Than any else you ever meet?
 Your Sweetheart.

Who is it gives you hope to-day,
 To-morrow drives that hope away,
 And tortures by unkind delay?
 Your Sweetheart.

Yet who, pray let me ask again,
 Will yield to all your wishes when
 She knows you're worthiest of men?
 Your Sweetheart.

Who is it makes you lie awake,
 Perhaps all night until day-break,
 Making both head and heart to ache?
 Your Sweetheart.

Who's she on whom you should *not* ponder,
 Who sits at church i' the gallery yonder,
 But to whose pew your thoughts *will* wander?
 Your Sweetheart.

From whom do you get stolen glances,
 Which pierce you through like flying lances,
 Which pay you back again—the chance is?
 Your Sweetheart.

When you had “popped the question” to her,
 Who, at that moment, on her wooer,
 Look'd sweeter than you ever knew her?
 Your Sweetheart.

Whom have you strived for all your life,
 Until you won her to your wife,
 Thus ending all this loving strife?
 Your Sweetheart.

A lady consulted Mr. Abernethy. ‘You know my usual fee?’ said he. Two guineas were instantly laid on the table. He put them in his pocket, and pulling forth a sixpence, put it into her hand: ‘There,’ said he, ‘go and buy a skipping-rope, for all your illness proceeds from want of exercise.’

A Precocious Youth.—‘We were rustivating a few days since at a farm-house,’ says a western editor, ‘and invited a young lady to favour us with a tune on the piano. Her music-book being in the adjoining room, her brother, a young gent. of some fourteen summers, was requested to go for it. After the lapse of a few moments, he returned, and placed an egg on the music-stand. On being asked what that was for, he replied, that it was the ‘lay of the last minstrel,’ and that the composer was singing in honour of her production in the fowl-house.’

A Sharp Thief of the Olden Time.—The following audacious robbery was committed at an apothecary’s in Princes street: A fellow went in at the private door, which happened to be open, walked up stairs, packed up the bed, mattress, and all the bedding and furniture of the bed, and came softly down stairs with it; by an accident his foot slipped in the passage, as he was going out, and the load fell from his head. The noise brought out the apothecary: ‘Heyday, friend!’ says he, ‘What are you doing there?’ ‘Sir,’ replied the man, without the least hesitation, ‘I have brought home the bed and bedding you purchased to-day at the auction.’ ‘I purchased a bed at an auction!’ was the answer, ‘I was at no auction, nor have I bought a bed.’ ‘I am sure,’ returned the fellow, ‘my master told me it was at an apothecary’s—or perhaps he might say it was near an apothecary’s—I am sorry for the mistake, sir, and I beg you will be so good as to help me up again with my load, that I may carry it to the right place.’ The apothecary very civilly did as he was desired, and the man marched off with his prize. But lo! when the apothecary and his wife withdrew to bed at night, all that presented itself to their view was a naked four-post bedstead, and the person robbed discovered that he had literally assisted in the robbing of himself.

Seven Fools.—The angry man—who sets his own house on fire in order that he may burn that of his neighbour. The envious man—who cannot enjoy life because others do. The robber—who for the consideration of a few pounds, gives the world liberty to hang him. The hypochondriac—whose highest happiness consists in rendering himself miserable. The jealous man—who poisons his own banquet, and then eats of it. The miser—who starves himself to death, in order that his heir may feast. The slanderer—who tells tales for the sake of giving his enemy an opportunity to prove him a liar.

UPON coming into the office, the other day, we asked an ancient P. D. his rule of punctuation. Said he—'I set up as long as I can hold my breath, then put in a comma; when I gape I insert a semicolon; when I sneeze a colon; and when I want to take another chew of tobacco, I insert a period.' We cannot withhold these rules, so admirable in their simplicity, from the public

THE PILGRIMS AND THE PEAS.

A brace of sinners for no good
Were order'd to the Virgin Mary's shrine;
Who at Loretto dwelt in wax, stone, wood,
And in a fair white wig look'd wond'rous fine.

Fifty long miles had those sad rogues to travel,
With something in their shoes much worse than gravel;
In short, their toes so gently to amuse,
The priest had order'd peas into their shoes,—
A nostrum, famous in old Popish times,
For purifying souls that stunk of crimes;
A sort of Apostolic salt,
Which Popish parsons for its powers exalt
For keeping souls of sinners sweet,
Just as our kitchen salt keeps meat.
The knaves set off the self-same day,
Peas in their shoes, to go and pray:

But very different was their speed, I wot,—
One of the sinners gallop'd on,
Swift as a bullet from a gun;

The other limp'd as if he had been shot.

One saw the Virgin soon, "Peccavi" cried,—
Had his soul whitewash'd over all so clever!
Then home again he nimbly hied,
Made fit, with saints above, to live for ever.

In coming back, however, let me say,
He met his brother rogue about half way—
Hobbling with outstretch'd bum, and bending knees,
Cursing the souls and bodies of the peas;
His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brows in sweat,
Deep sympathizing with his groaning feet.

'How now,' the light-toed, white-washed pilgrim broke,
'You lazy lubber!'
'Odds curse it!' cried the other, 'tis no joke—
My feet, once hard as any rock,
Are now as soft as blubber!

Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear—
As for Loretto, I shall not get there;
No! to the devil my sinful soul must go,
For hang me, if I ha'nt lost every toe!

But, brother sinner, pray explain
How 'tis that you're not in pain;
What power hath work'd a wonder for thy toes;
Whilst I, just like a snail am crawling,
Now swearing, now on saints devoutly bawling,
Whilst not a rascal comes to ease my woes?

How is't that you can like a greyhound go,
Merry as if that nought had happened—burn ye?
Why,' cried the other (grinning), 'you must know,
That just before I ventur'd on my journey,
To walk a little more at ease—
I took the liberty to boil MY peas.'

WOLVES.

THE following circumstance, showing the savage nature of the wolf, and interesting in more than one point of view, was related to me by a gentleman of rank attached to the embassy at St. Petersburg: it occurred in Russia some few years ago. A woman, accompanied by three of her children, were one day in a sledge, when they were pursued by a number of wolves. On this, she put the horse into a gallop and drove towards her home, from which she was not far distant, with all possible speed. All, however, would not avail, for the ferocious animals gained upon her, and at last were on the point of rushing on the sledge. For the preservation of her own life and that of the remaining children, the poor frantic creature now took one of her babes and cast it a prey to her blood-thirsty pursuers. This stopped their career for a moment; but, after devouring the little innocent, they renewed the pursuit, and a second time came up with the vehicle. The mother, driven to desperation, resorted to the same horrible expedient, and threw her ferocious assailants another of her offspring. To cut short this melancholy story, her third child was sacrificed in a similar manner. Soon after this, the wretched being, whose feelings may more easily be conceived than described, reached her home in safety. Here she related what had happened, and endeavoured to palliate her own conduct, by describing the dreadful alternative to which she had been reduced. A peasant, however, who was among the bystanders, and heard the recital, took up an axe, and with one blow cleft her skull in two; saying, at the same time, that a mother who could thus sacrifice her children for the preservation of her own life, was no longer fit to live. This man was committed to prison, but the Emperor subsequently gave him a pardon.

Californian Chances.—‘What luck have you had at the mines?’ ‘Darned little; we made jist enough to pay our way along the road.’ ‘What chance do you think we’ll have?’ ‘Well, I guess you’ll have *chances* enough, but darned few sartainties. Unless you keep your eyes skinned, and sleep without winking, they’ll steal the very nose off your face.’ ‘How are they off for provender for the horses?’ ‘There ain’t a blade of grass in the whole darned country. If it warn’t that this here tarnal critter of mine managed to live upon acorns and rottenstone, I guess as how he’d a been a gonner some weeks ago. *But don’t let this scar ye, strangers, for there’s mountains of goold if ye can only get at it.* Good night, my trumps, I wish you luck!’—*Ryan’s Personal Adventures.*

THE FINESSE OR PARISIAN THIEVES.

Two well-dressed persons stopped one evening lately, between nine and ten o’clock, before the shop of a grocer, named Croton, Rue de Normandie, at Bercy, and burst into loud laughter. “I tell you that I will do it,” said one.—“I’ll bet you five francs you do not,” said the other.—“Done; I’ll take the bet.”—Both then entered the shop.—“Do you sell treacle?” said the first.—“Yes, gentlemen,” said the grocer.—“Give me two pounds of it.”—“Have you a vessel to put it in?” “No; but put it here.”—“What! in your hat?”—“Pour it in; its for a wager.”—The grocer took the hat, placed it in the scale, and much amused at the idea, poured into it two pounds weight of treacle. “There’s the money,” said the purchaser, and he threw down a five-franc piece. The grocer began to count the change, when the man said, “Pardon me, sir, but your treacle has a queer smell.”—“Its very good, I assure you.”—“No; smell it.” The grocer put down his head to the hat, and at the same moment the customer, by a rapid movement, thrust the man’s head into the hat; and, as the grocer instinctively raised his head, the customer knocked the hat over his eyes. The other man then plunged his hand into the till, and seized a handful of money, about thirty francs. Both got clear off before the unfortunate grocer could give the alarm.

A Caution.—Never nod to an acquaintance at an auction. We did so once, and when the sale closed we found four broken chairs, six cracked flower-pots, and a knock-kneed bedstead knocked down to us. What we intended as nods to a friend had been taken by the auctioneer as bids for the kitchen furniture.

THE SHORT GENTLEMAN'S APOLOGY.

Sublimest, fairest of thy sex, how can I match with thee,
When I'm but four feet and a half, and you are six feet three?
The time is really past, my dear, of which old writings tell,
When the little angels deep in love with giantesses fell.

I'm flatter'd much, I vow and swear, and may my oath be booked,
In not being by so tall a dame entirely overlooked;
Yet what may be a pleasant thing in meaningless flirtation,
Might prove, in wedlock's graver time, a pretty smart vexation.

First, now, suppose that courtship had commenced betwixt us two,
How strange a thing, if every time when I came here to woo,
I had to bring a telescope of Herschell's greatest size,
To pitch at you, that I might read the language of your eyes!

And if at last, some summer night, you were to blush consent,
And I was almost overpowered with love's soft ravishment,
You'll own 'twould be, upon the whole, an awkward sort of bliss,
Had a ladder to be ordered in ere I could reach a kiss.

These things, 'tis true, might be got o'er, being only *entre nous*,
But how, my dear, in heaven's name, d'ye think we e'er should do,
When we were going, man and wife, on friends and foes to call,
Already christened by some wag, "*The Cannon and the Bull?*"

'Twould break my heart, I'm very sure, though a stoutish heart it be,
If, while I walked on Princes Street, hard trotting by your knee,
Some purblind dame were to cry out, 'La, Mrs. So-and-so,
This lady—sure, her reticule, she hangs it rather low.'

I really am afraid, my dear, I should look something queer,
Hung from your lofty arm, like gem that hangs from Ethiop's ear;
Why, as you fashions lead sometimes, folk might begin to hint
At having patterns copied from your 'elbow ornament.'

Their endless jokes, I see them all, by Jove, drawn out before me,
As clear and dreadful as the kings that made Macbeth so stormy;
First some one, in contrasting us, would give me credit due,
But say that, on the whole, I fell a good deal *short* of you.

Another would remark that you must jealousy defy,
Seeing you kept your little man so much *beneath* your eye;
A third would wonder how at all I ever met your eyes,
Which ever go, like Milton's thoughts, 'commencing with the skies.

No, no, my dear, it will not do, we can't be man and wife;
'*Unequal yokes*,' St. Paul has said, bring misery and strife;
Odds life, d'ye think I'd wed with one, who, spite of previous speeches,
Would be, however ill they'd fit, so sure to wear the breeches!

Children's Questions.—Children are inquisitive bodies: for instance, 'What does cleave mean, papa?'—'It means to stick together.'—'Does John stick wood together when he cleaves it?'—'Hem; well, it means to separate.'—'Well, then, pa, does a man separate from his wife when he cleaves to her?'—'Hem, hem; don't ask so many foolish questions, child.'

A Sharp Reply.—'How do you feel with such a shocking-looking coat on?' said a young clerk of some pretensions one morning to old Roger.' 'I feel,' said old Roger, looking at him steadily with one eye half closed, as if taking aim at the victim; 'I feel, young man, as if I had a coat on which has been paid for; a luxury of feeling which I think you will never experience.'

Mr. Abernethy.—A lady consulting the late Mr. Abernethy on a nervous disorder, entered into a long, frivolous, and fantastic detail of her symptoms. Unsatisfied with being referred to his 'book' for instruction respecting the treatment of her complaints, she persisted in endeavouring to extract further information from Mr. Abernethy. After suffering her volubility with considerable patience for a while, he exclaimed to the repeated 'May I eat oysters, Doctor? May I eat suppers?' 'I'll tell you what. Ma'am; you may eat any thing but the poker and the bellows; for the one is hard of digestion, and the other is full of wind.'

PRESENCE OF MIND.

During Lord Exmouth's attack on the batteries of Algiers, in 1816, the Algerines used a great number of red-hot shot, particularly in the early part of the action. On board his Majesty's bomb, *Infernal*, one of these comfortable articles came in, through Wallis the purser's cabin, in the after cock-pit, and having bundled a shelf full of books on the top of the assistant surgeon, Jones, who was lying in the purser's cot, given over with the Gibraltar fever, it rolled across into the opposite cabin, and was there got into a bucket of water by the gunner and some others stationed near the spot. This interesting amusement was but just concluded, when the men in the magazine, the door to which was close by, heard a desperate smash among the powder barrels, and were almost covered with a cloud of loose dust and powder, which was thrown all over them. Knowing the business which employed the gunner in the cock-pit, but just the moment before, they naturally enough, in the confusion of the moment, called out to him, 'A red-hot shot in the magazine!' and were rushing out of it to circulate wider the same cry, should their new red-hot acquaintance permit them. The

ill consequences of this may be easily conceived ; the only chance for any one on such an occasion being to jump at once overboard. The gunner in an instant saw that if the cry was false it was folly to spread it, and, if true, it was useless. He flew to the magazine, shoved the fellows back into it, and turned the key on them, and stood there, with his hand on the lock, till he knew all danger must be past ; rather a queerish situation, gentle reader ! The chaps were afterwards a little laughed at ; for, strange to say, we could not find this intruder on their equanimity of temper any where : and many doubted at last if any shot had come into it at all. To be sure there were the broken barrels and the spilled powder in favour of the narrators of the story ; but this seemed still not fully to convince ; for even the worst of dangers generally get laughed at when they are over, by our happy-go-lucky sons of Neptune. When, however, she came to return her powder into store, after arriving in the Thames, the mystery was solved ; it was then found that the said shot had gone through four barrels of powder, and lodged itself very comfortably in the middle of a fifth. The gunner's name was Coombs ; and the last time I saw this man, who had shown such an unexampled presence of mind, was in 1824 ; he was then mending shoes in a solitary room in the back lanes of Deptford, to help out a precarious existence :—" *Sic transit gloria mundi !*"

A CATCH FROM THE GERMAN.

Philemon to Mirandi came
With tongue in wrath, and eyes of flame,
And loudly cried, ' Restore
My lamb, my lute, my kerchief rare,
This hour we part—by Heaven I swear
I'll never see thee more !'

' 'Tis well,' she said—' but you forget
Some little gifts of yours, my pet :
To leave them out were sin ;
I will restore you, one by one,
Ten thousand kisses—and that done,
You may walk off.—Begin.'

Perversion of Name.—Mr. Salt, the African traveller, used to tell of himself, that at his birth his father meant to name him Peter, but a friend of his objected to this name, alleging that when he went to school, he would get no other appellation but Saltpetre.

" WHAT are the chief ends of man ?" asked a Sunday School teacher of one of his pupils. " Head and feet," was the prompt reply.

Cheap Substitute for Sugar.—The lovely Miss Sligourney, of Roseville Cottage, smiles with such exquisite sweetness as to render the introduction of a sugar-basin unnecessary at the largest tea-party. The glances of her not less charming sister, Patience, have been known to penetrate the heart of the least susceptible swains at the range of an ordinary rifle.

A SERMON ON MALT.

Mr. Dodd was a minister who lived many years ago a few miles from Cambridge: and having several times been preaching against drunkenness, some of the Cambridge scholars (conscience, which is sharper than a thousand witnesses, being their monitor) were very much offended, and thought he made reflections on them. Some little time after, Mr. Dodd was walking towards Cambridge, and met some of the gownsmen, who, as soon as they saw him at a distance, resolved to make some ridicule of him. As soon as he came up, they accosted him with 'Your servant, sir!' he replied, 'Your servant, gentlemen.' They asked him if he had not been preaching very much against drunkenness of late? He answered in the affirmative. They then told him they had a favour to beg of him, and it was that he would preach a sermon to them *there*, from a text they should choose. He argued that it was an imposition, for a man ought to have some consideration before preaching. They said they would not put up with a denial, and insisted upon his preaching immediately (in a hollow tree which stood by the road side) from the word MALT. He then began, 'Beloved, let me crave your attention. I am a little man—come at a short notice—to preach a short sermon—from a short text—to a thin congregation—in an unworthy pulpit. Beloved, my text is *Malt*. I cannot divide it into sentences, there being none; nor into words, there being but one; I must therefore, of necessity, divide it into letters, which I find in my text to be these four—M.A.L.T.

M, is Moral.

A, is Allegorical.

L, is Lateral

T, is Theological.

'The Moral, is to teach you rustics good manners; therefore M, my Masters; A, All of you; L, Leave off; T, Tippling.

'The Allegorical is, when one thing is spoken of, and another meant. The thing spoken of is Malt; the thing meant is the spirit of Malt, which you rustics make, M, your Meat; A, your Apparel; L, your Liberty; and T, your Trust.

'The Literal is, according to the letters ; M, Much ; A, Ale ; L, Little ; T, Trust.

'The Theological is according to the effects it works in some, M, Murder ; in others, A, Adultery ; in all, L, Looseness of life ; and, in many, T, Treachery.

'I shall conclude the subject, First, by way of Exhortation. M, My Masters ; A, All of you ; L, Listen ; T, To my Text. Second, by way of Caution. M, My Masters ; A, All of you ; L, Look for ; T, the Truth. Third, by way of Communicating the Truth, which is this : A Drunkard is the annoyance of modesty ; the spoil of civility ; the destruction of reason ; the robber's agent ; the ale-house's benefactor ; his wife's sorrow ; his children's trouble ; his own shame ; his neighbour's scoff ; a walking swill-bowl ; the picture of a beast ; the monster of a man"

WOMAN'S HEART.

If I were asked what most my soul doth prize

Of all the good gifts men enjoy below,

Whether from Fortune or from Fame they flow,
My answer would be thus. Not wealth, which flies
Away from those who hold it in esteem,

Nor yet the honours proud place hath to give :

These with their donor changing die or live.

Not ev'n earth's fairest mountain, vale, or stream,

For these at times are 'neath dark winter's gloom :

Take the world's pleasure, and its loud acclaim,

Leave me but this, like an unsullied name

Which wears for aye the self-same hue and bloom—

Need I the secret of my soul impart ?

Be witness, ye that love, 'tis *woman's heart*.

Vice-Versa.—As a canal-boat was passing under a bridge, the captain gave the usual warning by calling aloud, 'Look out !' when a little Frenchman, who was in the cabin, obeyed the order by popping his head out of the window, which received a severe thump, by coming in contact with a pillar of the bridge. He drew it back in a great pet, and exclaimed, 'Dese Amerikans say, 'Look out !' when dey mean 'Look in !'

"I live in Julia's eye," said an affected dandy, in Coleman's hearing.—"I don't wonder at it," replied George, "since I observed she had a sty in them when I saw her last."

COLONEL CROCKETT IN A QUANDARY.

'I never but once,' said the Colonel, 'was in what I call a real genuine quand-ary. It was during my electioneering campaign for Congress; at which time I strolled about in the woods so particularly pestered by politics, that I forgot my rifle. Any man may forget his rifle, you know; but it isn't every man can make amends for his forgetfulness by his inventive faculties, I guess. It chanced that as I was strolling along, considerable deep in congressionals, the first thing that took my attention was the snarling of some young bears, which proceeded from a hollow tree; the entrance being more than forty feet from the ground. I mounted the tree; but I soon found that I could not reach the cubs with my hands; so I went, feet foremost, to see if I could draw them out with my toes. I hung on, at the top of the hole, straining with all my might to reach them, until at last my hands slipped, and down I went more than twenty feet to the bottom of that black hole, and there I found myself almost hip-deep in a family of fine young bears. I soon found that I might as well undertake to climb up the greasiest part of a rainbow, as to get back, the hole in the tree being so large, and its sides so smooth and slippery from the rain. Now this was a *real, genuine, regular*, quand-ary! If so be I was to shout, it would have been doubtful whether they would hear me at the settlement; and if they *did* hear me, the story would ruin my election; for they were a quantity too 'cute to vote for a man that had ventured into a place that he couldn't get himself out of. Well now, while I was calculating whether it was best to shout for help, or to wait in the hole until after the election, I heard a kind of fumbling and grumbling over head; and looking up, I saw the old bear coming down stern foremost upon me. My motto is always '*go-a-head!*' and as soon as she had lowered herself within my reach, I got a tight grip of her tail in my left hand, and with my little buck-horn-hafted penknife in the other, I commenced spurring her forward. I'll be shot if ever member of Congress rose quicker in the world than I did! She took me out in the shake of a lamb's tail.'

LOQUACITY.

MEN are born with *two* eyes, but with *one* tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they say; but, from their conduct, one would suppose that they were born with two tongues, and one eye, for those talk the most who have observed the least, and obtrude their remarks upon every thing, who have seen *into* nothing.

THE BROWN BEAR.

On the 26th May, 1828, a son of Mr. Adam Millar, about seventeen years of age, of Troy township, near Cleveland, Ohio, America, had occasion to pass through a part of a wood, which extended about four miles. Having proceeded about a mile, he discovered at a short distance a bear and three cubs. Being entirely destitute of weapons of defence, he tried to frighten them off by hallooing; but the old bear immediately made towards him, and he sprang to a sapling, about ten inches in diameter, and free of limbs to the height of forty feet. This he ascended, and the bear followed. At the height of ten or twelve feet she was so near as to receive a kick, and she slipped to the bottom. She immediately reascended, while he exerted himself to climb beyond her reach; but she again overtook him, and as he kicked at her, she tore his right foot badly, took off his shoe, and then fell to the ground. She then followed him up the third time, and fell without doing him any injury. He had now ascended the sapling about twenty feet; but the old bear was soon at his heels the fourth time, caught his left foot, and both fell together. On reaching the ground, the bear started from him about a rod, when he recovered and ran; she followed thirty or forty rods, and gave up the chase, and the young man reached home in safety.

KISSING IN AMERICA.

When a wild spark attempts to steal a kiss from a Nantucket girl, she says, 'Come, sheer off, or I'll split your mainsail with a typhoon.' The Boston girls hold still until they are well kissed, when they fire up all at once, and say, 'I think you ought to be ashamed.' When a young chap steals a kiss from an Albany girl, she says, 'I reckon it's my turn now,' and gives him a box on the ear he don't forget in a week. When a clever fellow steals a kiss from a Louisiana girl, she smiles, blushes deeply, and says—nothing. In Pennsylvania, when a female is saluted with a buss, she puts on her bonnet and shawl, and answereth thus:—'I am astonished at thy assurance, Jedidiah; for this indignity I will show thee up.' The ladies of Bungtown, however, are so fond of kissing, that when saluted on one cheek, they instantly present the other.

A lady in the Zoological Gardens being asked why she so closely scanned the elephant with her opera-glass, replied, "that she was looking for the key-hole to his trunk."

Advice to Daughters.—The Count de Grammont had two daughters; one fat, and the other lean. The countess, his wife, begged him to write to them, and pressed him so much, that, yielding to her importunity, he took the pen and wrote to the first, 'My daughter, get lean;' and to the other, 'My daughter, get fat;' and no more. The countess, seeing him seal his letters, was surprised that he had so soon done; but the count said, 'they have only to follow the advice I now send them to do well.'

A BLACK JOKE.

ONE day at Bradford, as a young sweep was carrying a bag of soot upon his back, the produce of three chimneys, an old dame (whose eye-sight was rather dimmed with years) exclaimed on passing him, "Ha! wot hard-hearted maisters there iz it wuld na-a-daize, ta be sewar; nobbat look, eze laodand that poor lad wal iz black it faice."

PIOUS FRAUDS; OR, THE KNIGHT AND THE FRIAR.

A Monk was standing at a convent gate,
With sanctimonious phiz, and shaven pate,
Promising, with solemn cant,
To all that listen'd to his rant,
A full and perfect absolution,
With half a-dozen hallowed benedictions,
If they would give some contribution,
Some large donation supererogatory,
To ransom fifty murder'd christians,
And free their precious souls from purgatory.
When (he asserted) they would gain
A passport from the realms of pain,
And find a speedy passage to the skies.
A knight was riding by, and heard these lies:
He stopp'd his horse, 'Salve,' the parson cried
And 'Benedicite,' the youth replied.
'Most reverend father,' quoth the knight,
Who, it appears, was sharp and witty,
'These martyr'd christians' wretched plight,
Believe me, I sincerely pity;
Nay, more—their sufferings to relieve,
I will these fifty ducats give.'
This was no sooner said than done;
The priest pronounc'd his benison.

'Now, I presume,' the soldier said,
'The spirits of these christians dead,
Have reach'd their final place of rest ?'
'Most true,' replied the rev'rend friar,
'(Unless Saint Francis is a liar;)
And to reward the pious action
Of this most christian benefaction,
You will, no doubt, eternally be blest.'
'Well, then,' exclaimed the soldier-youth,
'If what you say indeed be truth,
And these same pieces that I've given,
Have snatch'd their souls from purgatory's pains,
And bought them a snug place in heaven,
No further use for them remains.'
He said thus much, to prove, at least,
He was as cunning as the priest :
Then, put the ducats in his poke,
And rode off, laughing at the joke.

RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH.

A late German newspaper related the following anecdote :—In an imperial city, lately, a criminal was condemned to be beheaded, who had a singular itching to play at nine-pins. While his sentence was pronouncing, he had the temerity to offer a request to be permitted once more to play at his favourite game at the place of execution, and then, he said, he would submit without a murmur. As the last prayer of a dying man, his request was granted. When arrived at the solemn spot, he found every thing prepared, the pins being set up and the bowl being ready. He played with no little earnestness, but the sheriff at length, seeing that he showed no inclination to desist, privately ordered the executioner to strike the fatal blow as he stooped for the bowl. The executioner did so, and the head dropped into the culprit's hand, as he raised himself to see what had occurred. He immediately aimed at the nine, conceiving it was the bowl which he grasped. All nine falling, the head loudly exclaimed, 'Well, I have won the game.'—This reminds us of a story which has been told in proof of the amazing dexterity of the German executioners in cutting off heads with the sabre. A culprit being bound and prepared for the blow, and not feeling it when it came, coolly asked the man what hindered him, since the signal had been duly given. 'Shake yourself,' said the executioner; and on the criminal doing so, his head, which had been severed but not displaced, tumbled on the scaffold.—*Chambers' Journal*.

MY FIRST KISS.

I fell in love with the beautiful Catharine Barin. I had seen her at the School Carnival, and her beauty had entranced me.—On a winter evening, when my Princess's collection of sweet gifts was prepared, that needed only a receiver, the pastor's son persuaded me, when a visit from the chaplain occupied my father, to leave the parsonage while it was dark, and venture into the house where the beloved dwelt with her poor grandmother up in a little corner chamber. We entered a little alehouse underneath. Whether Catharine happened to be there, or whether the rascal, under the pretence of a message, allured her down, or how I found her there, has become only a dreamy recollection; for the sudden lightning of the present darkened all that went behind. As violently as if I had been a robber, I first pressed upon her my present of sweetmeats, and then I, who in Joditz never could reach the heaven of a first kiss, and never even dared to touch the beloved hand, I for the first time held a beloved being upon my heart and lips. I have nothing further to say, but that it was the *one* pearl of a minute, that was never repeated, a whole longing past and a dreaming future were united in one moment, and in the darkness behind my closed eyes the fireworks of a whole life were evolved in a glance. Ah! I have never forgotten it—the delicious—the heart-thrilling—the ineffaceable moment!—*Jean Paul F. Richter.*

Humid seal of soft affection!
Tenderest pledge of future bliss!
Dearest tie of young connection!
Love's first snow-drop—Virgin Kiss!

Speaking silence—dumb confession—
Passion's birth—but infant's play—
Dove-like fondness—chaste concession—
Glowing dawn of brighter day!

Sorrowing joy—adieu's last action,
While lingering lips no more may join—
What words can ever speak affection,
So thrilling—so sincere—as thine.

A Qualification.—A merchant, lately advertising for a clerk 'who could bear *confinement*,' received an answer from one who had been *seven years in gaol*.

A lady, given to tattle, says she never tells anything only to two classes of people—those who ask her, and those who don't.

'DOCTOR,' said a sick man peevishly to his physician, 'you have been dosing me and plaguing me this long time, and it's all of no use; do take the matter vigorously in hand; let us go to the root of the evil, and get rid of it all at once.' 'I will do it at one stroke!' replied the doctor, raising his stick and smashing the brandy bottle which stood on a side table near his patient.

THE late Mr. Jarvy Bush amused us once with a story told of a brother barrister on the Leicestershire circuit. As the coach was about starting after breakfast, the modest limb of the law approached the landlady, a pretty Quakeress, who was seated behind the bar, and said he could not think of going without giving her a kiss. 'Friend,' said she, 'thee must not do it.' 'Oh, by heavens, I will!' replied the barrister. 'Well, friend, as thou hast sworn, thee may do it; but thee must not make a practice of it.'

WISDOM.—If thou hast a loitering servant, send him on thine errand just before his dinner.

CHRONICLES OF RATTON ROW, HALIFAX.

BY JOHNNY PUDDING-KNOB, ESQ.

MICHAEL BURNCRUST was a very pious man. He had a paper in his window, 'Rumps and Burrs sold here, and baked Sheep's-heads will be continued every night, if the Lord permit.' In another window he had, 'Tripe and Cow-heels sold here, as usual, except on the Lord's day, which the Lord help me to keep holy. Amen.' After all, this good man was persecuted, some people calling him an arrant hypocrite. He died among his tripes, &c., deeply regretted by those persons to whom he stood in debt. 1634.

REUBEN FERRETTY. He was a very useful member of society, as his sign indicated;—'Reuben Ferretty, by God's grace and mercy, kills rats, moles, and all sorts of vermin and venomous creatures.' He went to his long home— 1638.

SIMON SNODDY. This was a real good old puritan, and he dressed like one. But his neighbours judged him to be rather over-righteous; for it was said, that he once staved a barrel of beer in his cellar, because he detected it *working* on the sabbath day. He also kept a quantity of fowls, and every Saturday night he made it a point of conscience of tying together the legs of every cock he had, in order to prevent them from breaking the Sabbath, by gallanting the hens on Sunday; just as Dr. Cantwell used to do by his Turkey-cocks. He was full of sanctity to the last, and died leaving behind him a few like him— 1646.

DR. DAVID LUPIN was a noted Water-caster. He was also the inventor of Spiritus Urinus, Essence of Mite-horn Shavings, and the Tincture of Midge-tail Clippings. The celebrated Doctor Hornbook used these medicines with very extensive success in Scotland, and therefore Burns has immortalized him. Dr. Lupin had a very ingenious way of ascertaining the prognosis and the diagnosis of diseases, viz., by skilful water casting. Every patient brought to him a bottle of their own aqua, and by a mere inspection of it, he could tell all their ailments, at least he pretended to do so; for old *Timothy Cutem* one day discovered how it was done; but Timothy was bribed to quietness. He had a partition on one side of the outer room, into which, when a patient came into the outer room, he entered from his own, to listen, while his wife wheedled all their ailings out of them. She would say, 'Please take a seat; my dear Doctor is busy with a gentleman just now. How long have you been ill? Have you much fever? I suppose you have not much appetite? Do not rest well? Where have you pain? &c.' All this *Lupin* heard; so when a patient entered his room, and presented his bottle, he said, 'This is your water, I suppose; very bad, you ail so and so.'—In the latter part of his life he discovered the art of gilding a pill with sugar, and after accumulating much wealth, he was choked while eating a humbug. He left many successors.— 1659.

JACOB BELLUM. He lived to a very long age, and accounted himself the first bell-ringer in the land; he studied the art both soon and late. 'Tis said he once went to the North Pole, and discovered that sound there was two degrees and three quarters sweeter than in his own town, which he guessed was owing to the absence of smoke and the presence of great frost. The Bells of the steeple were always in tune under his management, but he could never manage his own Belle at home, his wife, who had a terrible clapper of a tongue, which went ding, dong, and never stopped from morn to night, which frequently drove Jacob to the alehouse. But this belle, to his great joy, at last gave over ringing; the rope brake, and so did his six years afterwards, in 1661.

SAMUEL MARVEL. This was a very wonderful genius. When half-a-year old he could wink with one eye, and crow like a cock. At 12 months of age, he could whip a top, suck a comfit, and say cuckoo. As he grew up to maturity he developed the splendour of his genius, by discovering that an old maid's knees and a dog's nose have the same temperature. He also invented an octagonal grindstone, which caused great excitement among men of science. As he was more anxious for scientific celebrity than for wealth, he studied hard and shortened his days. His last great work was a six-room mouse-trap with a fly wheel to it. His breath left him, 1672.

EZRA SHAVELING. He was a celebrated Mechnnie. When three years old he had discovered how to blow a bladder up. When

a man he invented a pair of bellows with two spouts, a stone rolling pin, and a mahogany case for a deal wheelbarrow. Unfortunately he lost his life on the first day of November, by falling from the church tower, which he had ascended for the purpose of thrusting a pole through the middle of the moon. His descendants have since been called 'the chimerical.' 1684

TOLEMY SHOESMITH. He was a very great astrologer, and was educated at *Brazennose College*. Folks came far and near to have their planets ruled, and their fortunes foretold. He also practised surgery. It was he who discovered that an empty exchequer was the cause of cramp in the pocket, and that the best cure for it was a good supply of the precious metals. Once when botanizing in a wood he found a hobgoblin's nest with three young uns in. He was so great an astrologer that he could tell every body's fortune but his own. He extracted a vast deal of money from the pockets of old maids, and other gentlefolks. His death, which he could not foretell, happened when he did not want it, and when he did not expect it— 1690.

* * His posterity have carried on his system ever since at Folly Hall, where they dupe hundreds. He was related to Old Moore, and to the ancestors of Raphael and Zadkiel, and was very intimate with Lily and Sibly, the founders of Humbug College.

A Methodist and a Quaker were travelling in company, when the Quaker reproved the Methodist for their boisterous manner of worship. "Why," said he, "we can take more pleasure in our private rooms of meditation, where we think of nothing worldly during our stay." "Sir," said the Methodist, "if you will take a private room, stay one hour, and when you return, say that you have thought of nothing worldly, I will give you my horse," which proposal was accepted. After the time had expired, his friend asked him if he claimed the horse. "Why," said he, "I could not help thinking what I should do for a bridle to ride him home with."

Beer v. Bear.—The following sign was over the door of an ale-house: 'TABLE BEAR SOLD BEAR.' A wag made the remark, that the *bear* must be the person's own *bruin*.

The Sublime and Ridiculous.—'Woman is most beautiful when in tears, like a rose wet with the crystal dew.'—*Mobile Examiner*. 'We suppose the editor of the 'Examiner' whips his wife every Sunday, to make her look beautiful.'

A MARRYING MAN.

Never warn me, my dear, to take care of my heart,
 When I dance with yon Lancer, so fickle and smart;
 What phantoms the mind of eighteen can create,
 That boast not a charm at discreet twenty-eight;
 A partner, 'tis true, I would gladly command,
 But that partner must boast of wealth, houses, and land,
 I have looked round the ball-room, and, try what I can,
 I fail to discover one Marrying Man!

Time was, in the pride of my girlhood's bright dawn,
 All but talented men I regarded with scorn,
 Wits, authors, and artists, then beamed me about,
 Who might each have pass'd muster at Lady Cork's rout;
 In duetts, I had always a second well skilled;
 My album with sonnets and sketches was filled;
 I went on the brisk 'march of intellect' plan,
 But the 'march' countermands ev'ry Marrying Man!


How oft, when mamma would sage counsels impart,
 Have I pouted and wept at her hardness of heart;
 She cared not for genius—her idol was pelf;
 Now I've grown just as icy and hard as herself.
 Alike I am rock to the handsome and wise,
 To wit and to waltzing, to singing and sighs,
 Nay, Phœbus himself would come under my ban,
 For *he* certainly is not a Marrying Man!

Finding London a failure, I varied my path,
 I 'took tea' with the painted old ladies of Bath;
 At Hastings, the hills laboured panting to reach;
 At Ramsgate, sat out with a book on the beach;
 At Cheltenham, walk'd to the band's matin sound;
 At Brighton, 'missed aim' on the archery ground!
 Through each place pointed out by the 'Guide' I have ran,
 But the guide would not point to one Marrying Man!

That object seems still the philosopher's stone,
 Another 'ninth statue,' a new 'Great Unknown';
 I have tried all the schemes and manœuvres of old,
 And must strike out some measure decisive and bold.
 I'll try a *deep* plan in the diving bell soon,
 Or, with Green's assistance, I'll visit the moon;
 Yes, yes—sure the last's an infallible plan,
 If the 'Man in the Moon' be—A MARRYING MAN!

To Those Seeking Employment.—“Wanted, an able-bodied Irishman to hold my wife's tongue—she and I both being unable to keep it quiet.”

FUN FOR EVENING PARTIES.

 Close your eyes, and place the point of a pin on the following Table of Figures, repeating to yourself:—‘*Guide my hand, O my ruling planet!*’ Then look for the corresponding figures in ‘Character of your future Husband, or Wife.’

46	53	36	19	41	11	31	12	24	50	64	45	15	10
47	61	20	14	38	16	27	18	51	21	32	23	4	
6	22	25	29	7	17	28	9	30	3	43	40	55	2
33	39	56	48	8	44	37	1	35	58	34	57	26	
58	49	52	60	5	68	42	67	62	67	59	65	54	63
				13	66	47	60	70	69	71			

CHARACTER OF YOUR FUTURE HUSBAND.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 Tall and handsome. | 25 A person of low occupation. |
| 2 Remarkably fat and clumsy, a great load. | 26 A man kind, indulgent. |
| 3 A great eater. | 27 One who will incessantly love you, day and night. |
| 4 Very amiable in temper. | 28 Would be handsome if he did not squint. |
| 5 Rather lustful. | 29 Florid complexion, beautiful eyes. |
| 6 Very penurious. | 30 A merchant—a dignified figure. |
| 7 A real gentleman. | 31 A warm-hearted sailor. |
| 8 A great skin-flint. | 32 A good fellow, but lost his teeth. |
| 9 One who will idolize you. | 33 So good that all will envy you. |
| 10 A wealthy man. | 34 A military character. |
| 11 One who will kiss you to the tune of 13 to the dozen. | 35 One whom you will have to nurse. |
| 12 One given to wenching. | 36 One whose passions are very frigid— <i>no steam there.</i> |
| 13 A soft imbecile. | 37 A very pious character. |
| 14 Rather deformed in the legs. | 38 A great sloven, fond of his glass. |
| 15 A good moral man. | 39 One whom you may govern. |
| 16 A clerical gentleman. | 40 A man who will keep his purse closed. |
| 17 A great sot. | 41 A cross waspish fellow. |
| 18 A beautiful man, and good. | 42 Bald and venerable. |
| 19 A benevolent person, who will love you. | 43 One with a brilliant genius. |
| 20 A quack doctor. | 44 A beardless boy, whom you will have to curb. |
| 21 One who will love you through life. | |
| 22 A hump back, or ‘mountain in misery.’ | |
| 23 A clever and worthy tradesman. | |
| 24 A man of fine taste. | |

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|--|--|
| 45 One very fond of literature. | 57 A good honest soul, very fatherly. |
| 46 Very tall, and small as a whipping post. | 58 One who will ardently love you during honey moon, but — wither away afterwards. |
| 47 A stale Bachelor, who has long wanted a mate. | 59 A merry-andrew. |
| 48 One always refused. | 60 A country bumpkin. |
| 49 A loving and faithful man. | 61 A man worth nothing. |
| 50 One with a painted face. | 62 A common spendthrift. |
| 51 A sweet husband and loving father. | 63 A good husband. |
| 52 One who will study your interest at all times. | 64 A clandestine marriage with a horse jockey. |
| 53 A widower with three fine girls, and four rough boys, with a moderate income. | 65 A petty-fogging lawyer. |
| 54 A young boy, with very precocious talent for wedlock. | 66 A traveller. |
| 55 A man of commanding influence. | 67 One universally admired. |
| 56 A widower with grey hairs. | 58 One who will do good to all around him. |
| | 69 A dutiful husband, but very simple. |
| | 70 A precise quaker. |
| | 71 Will weep if you chide him. |

CHARACTER OF YOUR FUTURE WIFE.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 A lady of good birth. | 16 One who will always have the last word. |
| 2 One rather advanced in years, who will be very motherly to you. | 17 Affable and kind, a soother in sorrow. |
| 3 Very handsome, but rather deaf. | 18 Mrs. Caudle, an able Curtain Lecturer. |
| 4 A fine rosy girl. | 19 A regular scold. |
| 5 A buxom widow. | 20 Amiable and sympathetic. |
| 6 One rejected by all but yourself. | 21 A fruitful vine, 13 as 12. |
| 7 An accomplished female. | 22 Contour of the countenance good, but the eyes odd. |
| 8 A robust vulgar lass. | 23 Quality pretty good, but quantity very limited. |
| 9 A high spirited dame. | 24 Has trifled with all her suitors, and at last taken to you. |
| 10 Good lady, but bow-legged. | 25 Twins every $2\frac{1}{2}$ years. |
| 11 A model of goodness. | 26 Very extravagant, and will defy you. |
| 12 O that sweet face, and amiable mind. | 27 One who will strive to please you. |
| 13 A real termagant, who will now and then <i>bate</i> you. | 28 A very pious lady. |
| 14 A poor partner ever willing to be guided by you. | 29 One who ought to be bearded at Draper's Shops. |
| 15 A good nurse, whom you will require. | 30 One very intellectual. |

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|--|--|
| 31 A real Doreas, loving charitable deeds. | 47 One young enough to be your daughter. |
| 32 The lady will patronize Gin. | 48 High in wisdom, sweet in converse. |
| 33 Very economical, and to be trusted. | 49 A lady of fortune, not haughty. |
| 34 She will run you into debt. | 50 Old enough to be your mother. |
| 35 Would be handsome if the squint was not so extremely bad, looking three ways at once. | 51 She will esteem you as her chief temporal good. |
| 36 Very pretty, but likely to have a beard. | 52 You will be a cuckold. |
| 37 Very modest but neat. | 53 Slovenly and dirty. |
| 38 One who has a gray hair here and there, snows of age approximating. | 54 A scold, bad tempered. |
| 39 A real gossip—not keeping at home. | 55 An angel in disguise. |
| 40 A help-meet for you in every respect. | 56 She will desert you and your large family. |
| 41 Fond of having parties, and going to parties. | 57 You will always have cause to love her. |
| 42 A good wife, an affectionate mother. | 58 A Fury!—woe be to you. |
| 43 You will have to dwell in sterile regions. | 59 A ministering angel to you when in trouble. |
| 44 A bad wife and bad children. | 60 Fat and ugly. |
| 45 She will love you in adversity as well as in prosperity. | 61 A good wife. |
| 46 You will ardently love her—beautiful children. | 62 Altogether unmanageable. |
| | 63 A quakeress. |
| | 64 A regular dolly. |
| | 65 An authoress. |
| | 66 One from a foreign land. |
| | 67 Your housemaid. |
| | 68 A black woman. |
| | 69 One too many for you. |
| | 70 A real christian. |
| | 71 Faithful to death. |

A DELICIOUS DOMESTIC SCENE.

Inquiring Young Lady : Oh dear, do tell me how Charles declared his love.

Expectant Wife : Well, Fanny, we were in the parlour, you know, and all at once he turned up his eyes, so that I thought he was ill. Then he turned 'em down, and squeezed my hand, and asked me if I'd have him—and—and—

Inquiring Young Lady : Well, dear ; well, what did he do next ?

Expectant Wife : Nothing, dear ; but I said “yes,” and, gracious how he kissed me. Then, dear, I laid my hand on his shoulder, and then we talked, dear. Oh, how I trembled. I thought I never could go through it.

A gentleman complaining to his bootmaker that a pair of boots recently sent were too short, and that he wanted a pair to cover the whole calf, had the following *jeu d'esprit* sent to him:—

These boots were never made for me,
They are too short by half;
I want them long enough, d'ye see,
To cover all the calf.

Why, Sir, said Last, with stifled smile,
To alter them I'll try;
But if they cover all the calf,
They must be five feet high.

THE FRENCHMAN AT HIS STUDIES.

Frenchman:—Ha, my good friend, I have met with one difficulty—one very strange word. How do you call h-o-u-g-h? *Tutor*—Huff.

F.—Tres bien, *huff*; and snuff you spell s-n-o-u-g-h, ha? *T.*—Oh, no, no; snuff is s-n-u double f. The fact is, words ending in *ough* are a little irregular.

F.—Ah, very good. 'Tis beautiful language. H-o-u-g-h is *huff*, and c-o-u-g-h is *cuff*. I have one very bad *cuff*, ha? *T.*—No, we say *kauf*, not *cuff*.

F.—*Kauf*, eh bien. Huff and kauf, and, pardonnez moi, how you call d-o-u-g-h—*duff*, ha? *T.*—No, not *duff*.

F.—Not *duff*! Ah! oui; I understand—it is *dauf*, hey? *T.*—No; d-o-u-g-h spells *doe*.

F.—*Doe*! It is very fine; wonderful language. It is *doe*; and t-o-u-g-h is *toe* certainment. My beefsteak was very *toe*. *T.*—O, no, no; you should say *tuff*.

F.—*Tuff*! And the thing the farmer uses; how you call him, p-l-o-u-g-h, *pluff*? Ha, you smile; I see I'm wrong—it is *plauf*? No, ah, it is *ploe*, like *doe*; it is beautiful language, ver' fine—*ploe*! *T.*—You are still wrong, my friend. It is *plow*.

F.—*Plow*! Wonderful language. I shall understand ver' soon. *Plow*, *doe*, *kauf*; and one more—r-o-u-g-h, what you call General Taylor; *rauf* and ready? No; certainment it is *row* and ready? *T.*—No! R-o-u-g-h spells *ruff*.

F.—*Ruff*, ha! Let me not forget. R-o-u-g-h is *ruff*, and b-o-u-g-h is *buff*, ha? *T.*—No; *bow*.

F.—Ah! 'tis very simple, wonderful language; but I have had what you call e-n-o-u-g-h! ha! what you call him?

Nothing like success in this world—what dirty bread it *will* butter! Nothing so miserable as failure—what heroism it *will* blacken!

WHEN THE PURSE IS FULL.

Oh, happy are the hours—when the purse is full.

Time passes over flowers—when the purse is full.

Where'er our fancy wends,

We are sure to meet with friends,

And there's nothing that offends—when the purse is full.

But weary are the hours—when the purse is low,

And few and far the flowers—when the purse is low,

Where'er our footsteps range,

Comes the chilling breath of change,

And the best of friends look strange—when the purse is low.

Morn cometh with a dance—when the purse is full ;

There is music in her glance—when the purse is full.

Life, then, is something worth,

There is pleasure upon earth,

There is beauty, song, and mirth—when the purse is full.

Yet man, we're often told—though his purse be low,

Is himself the truer gold—though his purse be low ;

But the saying is not true,

For the blindest yet may view,

Man's friends are but few—when his purse is low.



Tricks played upon Negroes.—There is a bush story of a negro, who, for a bottle of rum, agreed to strip to the waist and lie on his face, to be bitten for a quarter of an hour by the mosquitoes, at the joggins of New Brunswick. He endured his pests manfully, and had nearly won his prize, when one of the lumbermen who stood by, laid on him a piece of live charcoal, when the negro wrigled and twisted about frightfully ; at last, unable to hold out any longer, he jumped up, calling out “Wooh ! not bargain for dat ; dat is dragon fly !” Lumbermen play sad tricks on the negroes sometimes. At a coloured tea-drinking, a lumberman slipped a plug of tobacco into the kettle, when an old negress who presided, called out, “Mo water ! mo water ! too 'trong for missa 'tomach.”

A metropolitan housekeeper advertised recently for a wet nurse. A young Irish girl offered herself. ‘How old are you, Bridget ?’ said the dame. ‘Sixteen, please ma’am.’ ‘Have you ever had a baby ?’ ‘No ma’am, but I am very fond of them.’ ‘Then I’m afraid, Bridget, you will not do for me. It is a *wet* nurse I want.’ ‘O, please ma’am, I know I’ll do ; I’m very aisy to teach.’

A Wonderful Cinder.—In the Rotunda of Woolwich, amongst other curiosities, is preserved a cinder, about six cubit inches in height, the product entirely of £1 bank notes burnt in an oven built for the purpose at the close of the war. It is supposed that the quantity burnt during thirteen months amounted to 50 millions of notes.

THE IMMENSITY OF THE UNIVERSE.

The space in which the systems composing the universe move is illimitable. Were we to attempt to assign its limits, what could we imagine to be beyond? The number of worlds is infinitely great; it is inexpressible, indeed, by numbers. A ray of light traverses 180,000 miles in a second of time. A year comprises millions of seconds, yet there are fixed stars so immeasurably distant, that their light would require billions of years to reach our eyes. We are acquainted with animals possessing teeth, and organs of motion and digestion, which are wholly invisible to the naked eye. Other animals exist, which, if measurable, would be found many thousands of times smaller, which, nevertheless, possess the same apparatus. These creatures, in the same manner as the larger animals, take nourishment, and are propagated by means of ova, which must, consequently, be again many hundreds of times smaller than their own bodies. It is only because our organs of vision are imperfect, that we do not perceive creatures a million of times smaller than these. What variety, and what infinite gradations do the constituents of our globe present to us in their properties and their conditions! There are bodies which are twenty times heavier than an equal volume of water; there are others which are ten thousand times lighter, the ultimate particles of which cannot be known by the most powerful microscopes. Finally, we have starlight—that wonderful messenger which brings us daily intelligence of the continued existence of numberless worlds, the expression of an immaterial essence which no longer obeys the laws of gravitation, and yet manifests itself to our senses by innumerable effects. Even the light of the sun—with the arrival of which upon the earth inanimate nature receives life and motion—we cleave asunder into rays, which, without any power of illumination, produce the most important alterations and decompositions in organic nature. We separate from light, certain rays, which exhibit among themselves a diversity as great as exists amongst colours. But nowhere do we observe either a beginning or an end.—*Liebig's Letters on Chemistry. (Second Series.)*

THE SONG OF STEAM.

Harness me down with your iron bands,
 Be sure of your curb and rein ;
 For I scorn the power of your puny hands
 As the tempest scorns a chain.
 How I laugh'd as I lay conceal'd from sight
 For many a countless hour,
 At the childish boast of human might,
 And the pride of human power.

When I saw an army upon the land,
 A navy upon the seas,
 Creeping along, a snail-like band,
 Or waiting the wayward breeze ;
 When I mark'd the peasant faintly reel
 With the toil which he daily bore,
 As he feebly turn'd at the tardy wheel,
 Or tugg'd at the weary oar ;

When I measured the panting courser's speed,
 The flight of the carrier dove,
 As they bore the law a king decreed,
 Or the lines of impatient love ;
 I could not but think how the world would feel,
 As these were outstripped afar,
 When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
 Or chain'd to the flying car.

Ha ! ha ! ha ! they found me at last ;
 They invited me forth at length ;
 And I rush'd to my throne with thunder blast,
 And I laugh'd in my iron strength.
 Oh ! then ye saw a wondrous change
 On the earth and ocean wide,
 Where now my fiery armies range,
 Nor wait for wind or tide.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! the waters o'er
 The mountain's steep decline ;
 Time—space—have yielded to my power ;
 The world—the world is mine !
 The rivers the sun hath earlier blest,
 Or those where his beams decline ;
 The giant streams of the queenly west,
 Or the orient floods divine.

The ocean pales where'er I sweep,
 To hear my strength rejoice ;
 And the monsters of the briny deep
 Cower, trembling at my voice.

I carry the wealth and the lord of earth,
 The thoughts of the god-like mind ;
 The wind lags after my flying forth,
 The lightning is left behind.

In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine
 My tireless arm doth play,
 Where the rocks never saw the sun decline,
 Or the dawn of the glorious day.
 I bring earth's glittering jewels up
 From the hidden cave below,
 And I make the fountain's granite cup
 With a crystal gush o'erflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel
 In all the shops of trade ;
 I hammer the oar and turn the wheel
 Where my arms of strength are made ;
 I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint,
 I carry, I spin, I weave ;
 And all my doings I put into print
 On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscle to weary, no breast to decay,
 No bones to be 'laid on the shelf,'
 And soon I intend you may 'go and play,'
 While I manage the world by myself.
 But harness me down with your iron bands,
 Be sure of your curb and rein,
 For I scorn the strength of your puny hands
 As the tempest scorns a chain.



A Poodle Dog.—A friend of mine had a poodle dog possessed of more than ordinary sagacity, but he was, however, under little command. In order to keep him in better order, my friend purchased a small whip, with which he corrected the dog once or twice during a walk. On his return, the whip was put on a table in the hall, and the next morning it was missing. It was soon afterwards found concealed in an outbuilding, and again made use of in correcting the dog. It was, however, again lost, but found hidden in another place. On watching the dog, who was suspected of being the culprit, he was seen to take the whip from the hall-table, and run away with it, in order again to hide it. The late James Cumming, Esq., was the owner of the dog, and related this anecdote to me.

THE SORT OF CLOTHING LAWYERS LIKE.—Chancery suits.

MIGHT IS RIGHT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

Upon a tree a sparrow caught
A fine fat fly and held it fast;
Nor tears nor groans avail'd it aught—
Yet, 'spare my life!' it cried at last.
'No:' Murder said, 'for my good beak
Is sharp and strong, and thine is weak.'
A hawk descried him at his feast
And shot down from his airy height—
'Let go your hold, you cruel beast!
What have I done that is not right?'
'No,' Murder cried, 'you're fairly mine,
For my beak's stronger far than thine.'
Just then an eagle, poised to strike,
Pounced down, and snapp'd his back in two—
'Let go, my lord! you would not like
That one should do the same to you.'
'Pugh!' Murder cried, thou art justly mine,
For my beak's stronger far than thine.'
He scarce had seized his prey, when, lo!
A hunter's arrow pierced his head—
'My curse upon thee and thy bow,'
The eagle cried, and fell down dead.
'Pugh!' Murder cried, 'thou'rt mine I wot,
For I'm a man and thou art not.'
A hungry bear was passing by,
And struck the hunter to the ground—
'Presumptuous beast, know'st not that I
Your king, by God himself, am crown'd?'
'Pugh!' Murder cried, thou'rt mine I wot,
For I'm a bear, and thou art not.'
Is might not right, here, everywhere,
From fly to eagle, man to bear?

A Smuggler's Trick.—It was a stark calm; and as the fog cleared up a little I saw I was lost in the very jaws of a ship of war, and I almost gave up all for lost. However, as they were lowering their jolly boat to board me, I sculled off to them, all alone in my little punt, and asked the people of the ship if they knowed what was good for the measles! I could hear them laugh from stem to stern. A big fat man they called the doctor, told me to keep my patients warm, and to give them hot drinks. It was enough; they took care not to come near the *Peggy Ann* that time.

RICHARD AND BETTY AT HICKLETON FAIR.

As I wur ganging last Sat'rday neet to buy half-a-pound o' baken, who shou'd I meet but my old sweetheart, Betty Hunt, un she said, 'aye, Richard, be that thou,' un I said, 'ees, sure it be,' un she said, 'Richard' wudn't thee be ganging to Hickleton Vair at morrow?' and I said, 'I nowd'nt not haply I mought,' and Betty la'aught; and I said, 'I wou'd, and I did, and I went to Hickleton Vair. And so in the morning I gotten up and putten on my best shoen, cloggen shoen ware out at fashion then, and I went clink ma clank ma clank all t'way to townend, and vurst I seed were Betty standing at her Vather's door, wi' two chaps hanging on either haarm, un I felt all over in sike a conflagration, all my blood gotten into my knuckles—oh, I'd a nation good mind to gien a bat o't chops, for Betty took na notice of me; so I stared at her, but she said, 'aye, Richard, be that thou?' and I said, 'ees' sure it be;' and she said, 'Richard, wou'd'nt the come int' house,' and I said, 'ees, I would,' and I did, and I went int' house; and there were a very many people, vary many indeed, and Betty said, 'Richard, wou'd'nt thee have a drap o' summat t' drink?' and I said, 'ees, I would,' and I did, and I had a drap o' summat t' drink, and I la'af'd, and wur vary merry, vary merry indeed; and Betty said, 'Richard, wou'dn't thee sing us a song?' and I said, 'ees I would,' and I did, and chaunted a steave—

The clock had struck, I can't tell what,
But the morn came on as grey as a rat;
The cocks and hens from their roosts did fly,
Grunting pigs too had left their sty.

Down in a vale,
Carrying a pail,
Cicely was met by her true love Harry,
Vurst they kiss't,
Then shook fist,
And look'd like two fools just going to marry.

Aye, I remember vary weel that wur the vurst song I ever sung Betty Hunt, and she said, 'thee'd sing us another song, wou'dn't thee?' and I said 'ees, I wou'd, and I did, and I sang'd another song—aye, I remember vary weel that wur the last song I ever sung poor Betty; un at last I said, 'I must be ganging, Betty,' and she said, 'well when thee wo't, Richard, when thee wo't; and I said, 'thee'd cum and see ma sumat way whoam,' and she said, she would, and she did, and she see'd me a bit'ut way—all the way to townend; and I said 'thee'd gi' us a buss, wou'dn't thee, and she said, 'ees, she wou'd,' and she did, and she giv'd me a buss. 'Weel. Betty, thee't let me cum and see thee at morrow neet,' and

she said, 'and thee wo't, Richard : ' so I gang mysen whoam and gotten to bed, and went at morrow nee't to meet Betty—eight o'clock, and na Betty—nine o'clock, ten o'clock, and na Betty—eleven, twelve o'clock, and na Betty ; so I tho't I'd gang mysen whoam ; so in the morning I were told poor Betty wur vary badly, vary badly indeed, and she had sent to see ma ; so I went to see poor Betty, and she said, 'Richard, if I shou'd dee, thee'd goo to my burying, wou'dn't thee ? ' and I said I wou'd, and I did, and I went to her burying, for poor Betty deed ; and I ne'er go to Hickleton churchyard without dropping a tear to the memory of poor Betty Hunt.

THE CHOICE.

A Quaker, residing at Paris, was waited on by four workmen, in order to make their compliments, and ask for their usual New Year's gifts.

'Well, my friends,' said the Quaker, 'here are your gifts ; choose fifteen francs or the Bible.'

'I don't know how to read,' said the first, 'so I take the fifteen francs.'

'I can read,' said the second, 'but I have pressing wants.' He took the fifteen francs.

The third also made the same choice.

He now came to the fourth, a lad about fourteen. The Quaker looked at him with an air of kindness—'Will you, too, take these three five franc pieces, which you may obtain at any time by your labour and industry ?'

'As you say the book is good, I will take it, and read it to my mother,' replied the boy. He took the Bible, opened it, and found between the leaves a gold piece of forty francs.

The others hung down their heads ; and the Quaker told them he was sorry they had not made a better choice.

The Stomach.—I firmly believe that almost every malady of the human frame is, either high-ways or by-ways, connected with the stomach. The woes of every other member are founded on your belly timber ; and I must own I never see a fashionable physician mysteriously consulting the pulse of his patient, but I feel a desire to exclaim—'Why not tell the poor gentleman at once. 'Sir you have eaten too much ; you've drunk too much ; and you have not taken exercise enough ! ' The human frame was not created imperfect. It is we ourselves who have made it so. There exists no donkey in creation so overloaded as our stomachs.

A THIRSTY SOUL.

A very good widow lady, who was looked up to by the congregation to which she belonged, as an example of piety, contrived to bring her conscience to terms for one little indulgence. She loved porter, and one day, just as she was receiving half-a-dozen bottles from the man who usually brought her the comforting beverage, she perceived (O horror!) two of the grave elders of the church approaching the door. She hurried the man out the back way, and put the bottles under the bed. The weather was hot, and while conversing with the sage friends, pop went one of the corks. 'Dear me,' exclaimed the good lady, 'there goes that bed-cord; it snapped yesterday just the same way; I must have a new rope provided.' In a few moments pop went another, followed by the peculiar hissing of the escaping liquor. The rope wou'dn't do again, but the good lady was not at a loss. 'Dear me,' says she, 'that black cat of mine must be at some mischief there.—Hist cat!' Another bottle popped off, and the porter came stealing out from under the valance! 'Dear me,' said she, 'I had forgot that it was them bottles of yeast.'

 THE SWEEPER AND THE THIEVES.

A sweeper's lad was late o' th' neeght,
 His slap shod shoon had lacam'd his feet;
 He call'd to see a good awd deeame,
 At mony a time had trigg'd his weame,
 For he wor then fahve miles fra yam:
 He ax'd i' t' lair te let him sleep,
 An' he'd next day their chimlars sweep.
 They supper'd him wi' country fare,
 Then show'd him tul his hool i' t' lair.
 He crept intul his streeahy bed,
 His pooak o' sceat beneath his hcead,
 He wor content, nur car'd a pin,
 An' his good friend then lock'd him in.
 The lair frae t' hoose a distance stood—
 Between 'em grew a lahtle wood;
 Abought midneeght, or nearer moorn,
 Two thieves brack in te steal ther coorn:
 Hevin a leeght i' t' lantern dark,
 Secan they te winder fell te wark;
 And wishing they'd a lad te fill,
 Young Brush, when yet had ligg'd quite still,
 Thinkin' 'at men belang'd te t' hoose,
 An' that he noo mud be o' use,

Jump'd doon directly on t' t' fleear,
 An' t' thieves beeath ran out at deear;
 Nur stop at owt nur thin nur thick,
 Fully convinc'd it wur awd Nick.
 The sweeper lad then ran reeght scean
 T' t' hoose an' tell'd 'em what wor deean;
 Maister 'an men then quickly raise,
 An' ran to t' lair wi' hawf ther cleas.
 Twca horses, secks, an' leeght they fand,
 Which had been left by t' thievish band:
 These round t' t' neybourhead they cry'd,
 But nut an owner e'er apply'd
 For neean durst horses own or secks,
 They wor so freghten'd o' ther necks.
 They sold the horses, and of course,
 Put awf o' the brass i' Sooty's purse;
 Desiring when he com that way,
 He'd awlus them a visit pay;
 When hearty welcome he sud have,
 Because he did ther barley save.
 Brush chink'd the guineas in his hand,
 An' oft to leek at 'em did stand,
 As he came he wistling teeak his way,
 Blessin' t' awd deeam wha let him stay
 An' sleep i' t' lair, when late o' t' neeght,
 His slap-shod shoon had leeam'd his feet.

Purgent Wit.—A couple of Irishmen, who had not been long in this country, met at an inn and called for dinner. As it so happened, there was a dish of horseradish grated for dinner. Pat, thinking it was something to be eaten with a spoon, put a large spoonful into his mouth. The tears immediately filled his eyes and rolled down his cheeks. His companion saw it, and said—'Pat, what is the matter?'—'I was just thinking of my poor father that was hanged in swate Ireland,' answered Pat. But Jemmy soon filled his mouth with the same, and as the tears gushed from his eyes also, Pat says—'What's the matter, what has happened to ye?'—'Ah!' says Jemmy, 'I was just thinking what a pity it was that you were not hanged when your father was.'

Two cardinals found fault with Raphael for having in one of his pictures given too florid a complexion to St. Peter and St. Paul. 'Gentlemen,' replied the artist, ill-pleased with the criticism, 'don't be surprised; I paint them just as they look in heaven. They are blushing with shame to see the church below so badly governed.'

Magnanimity.—In Germany, during the war, a captain of cavalry was ordered out upon a foraging expedition. He put himself at the head of his troop, and marched to the quarter assigned him. It was a solitary valley, in which hardly any thing but wood was to be perceived. Finding in the midst of it a small cottage, he approached and knocked at the door, which was opened by an old and venerable man, with a beard silvered by age. ‘Father,’ said the officer, ‘show me a field where I may set my troop to foraging.’ The old man complied, and conducting them out of the valley, after a quarter of an hour’s march came to a fine field of barley. ‘Here is what we are in search of,’ exclaimed the captain; ‘father, you are a true and faithful guide.’ ‘Wait yet a few minutes,’ replied the old man; ‘follow me patiently a little further.’ The march was accordingly resumed, and at the distance of a mile, they arrived at another field of barley. The troop immediately alighted, cut down the grain, trussed it, and remounted. The officer thereupon said to his conductor, ‘Father, you have given yourself and us unnecessary trouble; the first field was far better than this.’ ‘Very true, sir,’ replied the good old man, ‘but it was not mine.’—*St. Pierre.*

WEDDINGS.

‘I like to ’tend weddings,’ said Mrs. Partington, as she returned from one in church, and hung her shawl up and replaced her black bennet in her long-preserved bandbox; ‘I like to see young people come together with the promise to love, cherish, and nourish each other. But it is a solemn thing is matrimony—a very solemn thing—where the minister comes into the ehancery with his surplus on, and goes through the ceremony of making them ‘man and wife.’ It ought to be husband and wife, for it isn’t every husband that turns out to be a man. I declare I never shall forget how I felt when Paul put the nuptial ring on my finger, and said, ‘with my goods I thee endow.’ He used to keep a dry-goods store then, and I thought he was going to give me all there was in it. I was young and simple, and didn’t know till afterwards that it only meant one cotton gown a year. It is a lovely sight to see young people ‘plightin’ their trough,’ as the song says, and ‘consume their vows.’” She bustled about, and got tea ready, but abstractedly put on the broken tea-pot, that had lain away unused since Paul was alive, and the tea-cup mended with putty and dark with age, as if the idea had conjured up the ghost of past enjoyment to dwell for the moment in the home of her present widowhood. A young lady, who expected to be married on Thanksgiving Night, wept copiously at her remarks, but kept on hemming the veil that was to adorn her brideship, and Ike sat pulling the bristles out of the hearth-brush in expressive silence.

THE BREWER'S COACHMAN.

Honest William, an easy and good-natured fellow,
 Would a little too oft, get a little to mellow.
 Body-coachman was he to an eminent brewer—
 No better e'er sat on a box, to be sure :
 His coach was kept clean, and no mothers or nurses
 Took such care of their babes, as he did of his horses.
 He had these—aye and fifty good qualities more,
 But the business of tipping could ne'er be got o'er ;
 So his master effectually mended the matter,
 By hiring a man who drank nothing but water.
 'Now, William,' says he, 'you see the plain case,
 Had you drank as he does, you'd have kept a good place.'
 'Drink water!' quoth William, 'had all men done so,
 You would never have wanted a coachman, I trow :
 'Tis soakers, like me, whom you load with reproaches—
 That enable you brewers to ride in your coaches.'

 INSTANCE OF SAGACITY IN A DOG.

He informed me that a friend of his, an officer in the forty-fourth regiment, who had occasion, when in Paris, to pass one of the bridges across the Seine, had his boots, which had been previously well polished, dirtied by a poodle-dog rubbing against them. He in consequence went to a man who was stationed on the bridge, and had them cleaned. The same circumstance having occurred more than once, his curiosity was excited, and he watched the dog. He saw him roll himself in the mud of the river and then watch for a person with well-polished boots, against which he contrived to rub himself. Finding that the shoe-black was the owner of the dog, he taxed him with the artifice ; and after a little hesitation he confessed that he had taught the dog the trick, in order to procure customers for himself. The officer being much struck with the dog's sagacity, purchased him at a high price, and brought him to England. He kept him tied up in London some time, and then released him. The dog remained with him a day or two, and then made his escape. A fortnight afterwards he was found with his former master, pursuing his old trade of dirtying gentlemen's boots on the bridge.

'I say, Mr. Johnson, did you hear 'bout de catalepsy dat befel Phillise?'—'Oh course I didn't ; what was it?'—'You see, de doctor ordered a blister on her chist ; well, as she hadn't no chist, no how, she put um on de band-box, and it drewed her new pink bonnet out ob shape and spile um entirely.'

PAT AT THE POST-OFFICE.

The following colloquy actually took place at an Eastern Post-Office:—Pat: ‘I say, Mr. Postmaster, is there a littler for me?’

‘Who are you, my good sir?’—‘I’m meself, that’s who I am.’

‘Well, what is your name?’—‘An’ what do ye want wid the name?—isn’t it on the littler?’

‘So that I can find the letter if there is one.’—‘Will, Pat Byrne, thin, if ye must have it.’

‘No, sir—there is none for Pat Byrne.’—‘Is there no way to git in there but through this pane of glass?’

‘No sir.’—‘It’s will far ye there isn’t. I’d teach ye betther manners thin to insist on a gentleman’s name; but ye didn’t git it after all—so I’m aven wid ye; divil the bit is me name Byrne!’

LACONICS.

MEN will wrangle for religion; write for it; fight for it; die for it; anything but—*live* for it.

The excesses of our youth, are drafts upon our old age, payable with interest, about thirty years after date.

The true motives of our actions, like the real pipes of an organ, are usually concealed. But the gilded and the hollow pretext is pompously placed in the front for show.

An act, by which we make one friend, and one enemy, is a losing game; because revenge is a much stronger principle than gratitude.

It is better to be laughed at, than ruined; better to have a wife, who, like Martial’s Mamurra, cheapens every thing, and buys nothing, than to be impoverished by one whose vanity will purchase every thing, but whose pride will cheapen nothing.

He that openly tells his friends all that he thinks of them, must expect that they will secretly tell his enemies much that they do *not* think of him.

The greatest friend of Truth is Time; her greatest enemy is Prejudice, and her constant companion, is Humility.

Did universal charity prevail, earth would be an heaven, and hell a fable.

There are only two things in which the false professors of all religions have agreed; to persecute all other sects, and to plunder their own.

MY LETTERS.

“*Litera scripta manet.*”—OLD SAW.

ANOTHER mizzling, drizzling day !

Of clearing up there's no appearance,
So I'll sit down without delay,
And here at least I'll make a clearance !

So Molly, draw that basket nigher,
And put my desk upon the table—
Bring that portfolio—stir the fire—
Now off as fast as you are able.

First, here's a card from Mrs. Grimes,
'A Ball'—she knows that I'm no dancer—
That woman's asked me fifty times,
And yet I never send an answer.

“DEAR JACK,

Just lend me twenty pounds,
Till Monday next, when I'll return it.
Yours truly,

HENRY GIBBS.”

Why, z——ds !

I've seen the man but twice—here, burn it.

One from my cousin, Sophy Daw,
Full of Aunt Margery's distresses.
“The cat has kitten'd ‘in the draw,’
And ruin'd two bran-new silk dresses.

From Sam, “The Chancellor's motto”—nay
Confound his puns, he knows I hate 'em ;
“Pro Rege, Lege, Grege”—ay,
“For king read mob !” Brougham's old *erratum*.

From Seraphina Price—“At two—
Till then I can't, my dearest John, stir.”
Two more, because I did not go,
Beginning “Wretch !” and “Faithless monster !”

“Dear Sir,

This morning Mrs. P.
Who's doing quite as well as may be,
Presented me at half-past three
Precisely, with another baby ;

“We'll name it John, and know with pleasure
You'll stand”—Five guineas more, confound it !—
I wish they'd call'd it Nebuchadnezzar,
Or thrown it in the Thames, and drown'd it.

What have we next ? A civil Dun,

“ John Brown would take it as a favour,—
Another, and a surlier one,

“ I can't put up with *sich* behaviour.

“ Bill so long standing,”—“ quite tired out,”—

“ Must sit down to insist on payment”—

“ Call'd ten times !” here's a fuss about

A few coats, waistcoats, and small raiment !

For once I'll send an answer, and in—

—form Mr. Snip he needn't “ call” so,

But, when his bill's as “ tired of standing”

As he is, beg 'twill “ sit down” also.

This from my rich old uncle, Ned,

Thanking me for my annual presen

And saying he last Tuesday wed

His cook-maid Nelly—vastly pleasant !

An ill-spelt note from Tom at school,

Begging I'll let him learn the fiddle—

Another from that precious fool

Miss Pyefinch, with a stupid riddle.

“ If you was in the puddle,” how

I should rejoice that sight to see !—

“ And you were out on't, tell me now

What that same puddle then would be ?”

“ D'ye give it up”—indeed I do !

Confound these antiquated minxes,

I won't play “ *Billy Black*,” to a “ *Blue*,”

Or *Ædipus* to such old *Sphinxes*.

A note sent up from Kent, to show me,

Left with my baliff, Peter King,

“ I'll burn them b——y stacks down, blow me

Yours, most sincerely,

Captain Swing.”

Four begging letters with petitions,

One from my sister Jane, to pray,

I'll exeente a few ‘ commissions

In bond street, “ when I go that way,”

And “ buy at Pearsal's, in the city,

Twelve skeins of silk for netting purses,

Colour no matter—so its pretty ;

‘ Two hundred pens——’ two hundred curses !

From Mrs. Jones : “ My little Billy

Goes up his schooling to begin,

Will you *just step* to Piccadilly,
And meet him when the coach comes in?"

"And then, perhaps, you will as well see
The poor dear fellow safe to school,
At Dr. Smith's, in Little Chelsea?"
Heaven send he flog the little fool.

From Lady Snooks: "Dear sir, you know,
You promised me last week a Rebus,
Or something smart and *apropos*
For my new Album?" Aid me, Phœbus!

"My hint is followed by my second;
Yet should my first my second see,
A dire mishap it would be reckon'd,
And sadly shock'd my first would be.

"Were I but what my Whole implies,
And pass'd by chance across your portal,
You'd cry. 'Can I believe my eyes?'
I never saw so queer a mortal.'

"For then my head would not be on,
My arms their shoulders must abandon,
My very body would be gone,
I should not have a leg to stand on."

Come, that's dispatch'd—what follows?—stay—
"Reform demanded by the nation;
Vote for Tagrag and Bobtail,"—ay,
By Jove, a blessed *Reformation!*!

Jack, clap the saddle upon Rose,—
Or no—the filly—she's the fleeter;
The devil take the rain—Here goes—
I'm off—a plumper for Sir Peter.

LOST AND FOUND, AND FOUND AND LOST.

SOME gentlemen of a Bible Association calling upon an old woman to see if she had a bible, were severely reproved with a spiritual reply, 'Do you think, gentlemen, that I am a heathen that you should ask me such a question?' then addressing a little girl, she said, 'run and fetch the bible out of my drawer, that I may show it to the gentlemen.' The gentlemen declined giving her the trouble, but she insisted on giving them *ocular demonstration*. Accordingly the bible was brought nicely covered; and on opening it the old woman exclaimed, 'Well, how glad I am you have come; here are my spectacles, that I have been looking for these *three years* and didn't know where to find 'em.'

PERIL.

THERE is a story, and which I believe is fact, of two boys going to take a Jackdaw's nest from a hole under the belfry window in the tower of All Saints' Church, Derby. As it was impossible to reach it standing within the building, and equally impossible to ascend to that height from without, they resolved to put a plank through the window; and while the heavier boy secured its balance by sitting on the end within, the lighter boy was to fix himself on the opposite end, and from that perilous situation to reach the object of their desire. So far the scheme answered. The little fellow took the nest, and, finding in it five fledged young birds, announced the news to his companion. 'Five are there?' replied he; 'then I'll have three.' 'Nay,' exclaimed the other indignantly, 'I have run all the danger, and I'll have the three.' 'You shall not,' still maintained the boy in the inside; 'you shall not. Promise me three, or I'll drop you!' 'Drop me, if you please,' replied the little hero; 'but I'll promise you no more than two;' upon which his companion slipped off the plank. Up tilted the end, and down went the boy, upwards of a hundred feet, to the ground. The little fellow, at the moment of his fall, was holding his prize by their legs, three in one hand, and two in the other; and they finding themselves descending, fluttered out their pinions instinctively. The boy, too, had on a stout carter's frock, secured round the neck, which filling with air from beneath, buoyed him up like a balloon, and he descended smoothly to the ground; when, looking up, he exclaimed to his companion, 'Now you shall have none!' and ran away, sound in every limb, to the astonishment of the inhabitants, who, with inconceivable horror, had witnessed his descent.

 ANECDOTES OF MR. ABERNETHY.

MR. ABERNETHY was a man of genius, but very eccentric. However he had no real moroseness of disposition; his impatience of loquacity and superfluous details arose from a great degree of sagacity, clearness of judgment, and a feeling of independence. He seemed to feel as if he mentally expressed himself thus:—'Here I am, ready to give my advice if you want it; but you must take it as you find it, and if you don't like it, egad, (his favourite word) you may go about your business, I don't want to have anything to do with you; hold your tongue and be off.' In some such mood as this he received a visit from a lady one day who was well-acquainted with his invincible repugnance to her sex's predominant disposition, and who therefore forbore speaking but simply in reply to his laconic queries. The consultation was conducted during three visits in the following manner:—First day—Lady enters and holds out her finger—Abernethy. 'Cut?' Lady. 'Bite.' A. 'Dog?' L. 'Parrot.' A. 'Go home and poultice it.' Second day—Finger held out again—A. 'Better?' L. 'Worse.'

A. 'Go home and poultice it again.' Third day—Finger held out as before—A. 'Better?' I. 'Well.' A. 'You're the most sensible woman I ever met with.—Good bye—Get out.'

Another lady having scalded her arm, called at the usual hour to show it three successive days, when similar laconic conversations took place. First day—Patient, exposing the arm, says—'Burnt.' A. 'I see it,' and having prescribed a lotion, she departs. Second day—Patient shows the arm, and says—'Better.' A. 'I know it.' Third day—Again showing the arm, Patient—'Well.' A. 'Any fool can tell that.—What d'ye come again for?—Get away.'

A patient consulted Mr. Abernethy for a pain of the arm, and, holding it up in the air, said, 'It always gives me pain when I hold it up so.' A. 'Then why the devil do you hold it up so?'

In all cases of obesity and repletion, Mr. Abernethy was especially impatient, and indisposed to prescribe. A portly gentleman from the country once called on him for advice and received the following answer: 'You nasty beast, you go and fill your g——, and then you come to me to empty them.'

A young lady was brought one morning by her mamma, complaining of difficulty of breathing when taking exercise and after her meals. Perceiving her to be tightly laced round the waist, Mr. Abernethy seized a pair of scissors, and without saying a word, ripped up the stays from top to bottom, and then desired her to walk about for ten minutes. The injunction being complied with accordingly, he demanded how she felt. 'Better,' was the reply. The mandate was repeated, and the walk being finished, he asked—'How now?' 'Quite well,' was the answer. Abernethy. 'That will do.—Take her away,—and don't let her wear tight stays.' In such a case a common physician would probably prescribe to oblige the apothecary and to please the patient. The eccentric professor went directly to the cause at once, and removed it, without caring who was pleased or who not so, having no sinister object in view. Another young lady was one summer's morning brought to him by her mother in consequence of the former having swallowed a spider. Mr. Abernethy dextrously caught a blue-bottle fly as it fled by him, and told the patient to put it into her mouth, and if she spit it out in a few moments the spider would come out with it.

A lawyer having called to show the state of his leg, proceeded to remove the bandages, which Mr. Abernethy endeavoured to prevent, repating every now and then—'No, no—that will do,—shut it up—shut it up.' Accordingly the lawyer yielded at length, but determined on revenge. Mr. Abernethy having simply prescribed for the stomach without regard to the leg, the patient tendered a shilling, and prepared to depart, when the former, missing the expected sovereign, observed that there must be some mistake. 'No, no,' said the lawyer, advancing to the door, 'that will do—that will do,—shut it up—shut it up.'

WORK OF NECESSITY.—Unbuttoning a young gentleman's waistcoat, to enable him to pick up his cane.

Habit.—HABIT will reconcile us to every thing but change, and even to change if it recur not too quickly. Milton, therefore, makes his hell an ice-house, as well as an oven, and freezes his devils at one period, but bakes them at another. The late Sir George Staunton informed me, that he had visited a man in India, who had committed a murder, and, in order not only to save his life, but what was of much more consequence, his *caste*, he submitted to the penalty imposed; this was, that he should sleep for seven years on a bedstead, without any mattress, the whole surface of which was studded with points of iron resembling nails, but not so sharp as to penetrate the flesh. Sir George saw him in the fifth year of his probation, and his skin was then like the hide of a rhinoceros, but more callous; at that time, however, he could sleep comfortably on his '*bed of thorns*,' and remarked, that at the expiration of the term of his sentence, he should most probably continue that system from choice, which he had been obliged to adopt from necessity.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF AN OLD MAID.

CLOE, a coquet in her prime,
The vainest, ficklest thing alive;
Behold the strange effects of time!
Marries, and dotes at forty-five.
Thus weathercocks which for awhile
Have turned about with every blast,
Grow old, and destitute of oil,
Rust to a point and fix at last.

FIGHT WITH A JAGUAR, OR AMERICAN TIGER.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Galveston News* gives an account of a desperate fight between a Mr. Absolom Williams, who is about seventy years of age, his wife, and an enormous tiger, which occurred about the 1st of December 1852, at Mr. Williams's residence. While Mr. and Mrs. Williams were sitting in their house, the rest of the family being absent, they were startled by a strange noise in the yard. Mr. Williams, on going out, discovered his dog engaged with a tiger. He seized an ox yoke and aimed a blow at the beast, but, missing it, struck his dog, which immediately retreated. In an instant the tiger sprang upon Mr. Williams, and, seizing him by the hand, jerked him about twenty feet. The old gentleman finding himself in the too powerful grasp of the wild animal, courageously determined to give it the best 'rough and tumble fight' in his power, and, having no weapon within

reach, he seized the tiger by the throat with the other hand, and throwing his whole strength forward, bore the animal to the ground both falling side by side.

At this time Mrs. Williams came to the rescue, with a gun, which she snapped at the tiger, but there being no priming in the pan, it did not go off. Mr. Williams then with one arm round the tiger's body, and grasping its throat with his other hand, by an effort disengaged himself. The tiger, discovering a new adversary in the person of Mrs. Williams, jumped at her, and attempted to grasp her head within its jaws, while it struck and lacerated her breast with its fore paws. She tried to avoid the monster, but was felled to the ground. The tiger made another grasp at her head, his upper teeth penetrating at the top of the skull, and, sliding along the bone, peeled off the skin till they met the lower teeth, which penetrated on the right side of her face. In the mean time, Mr. Williams had seized the ox-yoke again, and, giving the tiger a tremendous blow, caused it to leave Mrs. Williams, when it leaped into the house and got under the bed. The door was immediately closed, and the monster secured. Mr. Williams was exhausted from the effects of his wounds, from which the blood flowed in streams ; but not so his wife. When she saw their foe attempt to take possession of their house, she determined to finish the battle, and, notwithstanding the severity of her wounds, her dress almost entirely torn from her person, and covered with blood, she deliberately took the gun, and, shaking some powder from the barrel into the pan, placed the muzzle between one of the openings which the logs of the house afforded, and fired with steady and deadly aim. The tiger was killed. When subsequently measured, it was found to be twelve feet from the tip of the tail to its nose. During all the time the fight was progressing no one was within hearing. Mr. William's nearest neighbour lives three miles off. However, as Mrs. Williams was washing the blood from her person, a neighbour came riding by, and, alarmed at her appearance, inquired the cause. The old lady, unable from the loss of blood, to speak, pointed to the dead body of the tiger. The escape of Mr. and Mrs. Williams is indeed wonderful, and they are now recovering gradually from their wounds. Mr. Williams jokes about the tiger fight, and intimates that the old lady was most enraged when the 'varmint' took possession of his bed and house.

Misconception.—The following conversation is said to have taken place between Mrs.——, of Boston, and her maid : 'Leah, bring me some water with the chill taken off.' 'Yes, ma'am, directly.' 'Leah, what on earth keeps you?' 'I've been looking ever since for the chill, ma'am, and I can't find it.' This reminds us of the boy sent to boil some eggs soft ; when questioned as to what detained him, he answered. "Rot the things, it ain't no use, they won't bile soft. I've been at 'em more than an hour, and the more I bile 'em the harder they gets."

THE *Nantucket Islander* says the following story was lately told by a reformed inebriate, as an apology for much of the folly of drunkards:—A mouse ranging about a brewery, happening to fall into a vat of beer, was in imminent danger of drowning, and appealed to a cat to help him out. The cat replied, 'It is a foolish request, for as soon as I get you out I shall eat you.' The mouse piteously replied that that would be far better than to be drowned in beer. The cat lifted him out, but the fume of the beer caused puss to sneeze, and the mouse took refuge in a hole. The cat called upon the mouse to come out—'Did you not promise that I should eat you?' 'Ah!' replied the mouse, 'I did, but you know *I was in liquor at the time.*'

HOW TO SAVE ONE'S BACON.

Early one fine morning, as Terence O'Fleary was hard at work in his potatoe-garden, he was accosted by his gossip, Mick Casey, who he perceived had his Sunday clothes on.

'God's 'bud! Terry, man, what would you be afthur doing there wid them praties, an Phelim O'Loughlin's berrin' goin' to take place? Come along, ma buchel! sure the praties will wait?'

'Och! no,' sis Terry, 'I must dig on this ridge for the childer's breakfast, an' thin I'm goin' to confession to Father O'Higgins, who holds a stashin beyont there at his own house.'

'Bother take the stashin!' sis Mick, 'sure that 'ud wait too.' But Terence was not to be persuaded.

Away went Mick to the berrin'; and Terence, having finished, 'wid the praties,' as he said, went down to Father O'Higgins, where he was shown into the kitchen, to wait his turn for confession. He had not been long standing there, before the kitchen fire, when his attention was attracted by a nice piece of bacon, which hung in the chimney-corner. Terry looked at it again and again, and wished the childer 'bad it at home wid the praties.'

'Murther alive!' says he, 'will I take it? Sure the priest can spare it; an it would be a rare thrate to Judy an' the gorsoons at home, to say nothin' iv myself, who hasn't tasted the likes this many's the day.' Terry looked at it again, and then turned away, saying—'I won't take it—why wou'd I, an' it not mine, but the priest's! an' I'd have the sin iv it, sure! I won't take it,' replied he, 'an' its' nothing but the Ould Boy himself that's timptin' me! But sure it's no harm to feel it, any way,' said he, taking it into his hand, and looking earnestly at it; 'Och! it's a beauty; and why wouldn't I errry it home to Judy and the childer? An' sure it won't be a sin afther I confesses it!'

Well, into his great coat pocket he thrust it; and he had scarcely done so, when the maid came in and told him that it was his turn for confession.

'Murther alive! I'm kilt and ruin'd, horse and foot, now, joy, Terry; what'll I do in this quandary, at all, at all? By gannies! I must thry an' make the best of it, any how,' says he to himself, and in he went.

He knelt to the priest, told his sins, and was about to receive absolution, when all at once he seemed to recollect himself, and cried out:

'Oh! stop—stop, Father O'Higgins, dear! for goodness' sake, stop! I have one great big sin to tell yit; only sir, I'm frightened to tell id, in the regard of never having done the like afore, sur, niver!'

'Come,' said Father O'Higgins, 'you must tell it to me.'

'Why, then, your Riverince, I will tell id; but, sir, I'm ashamed like?'

'Oh, never mind! tell it,' said the priest.

'Why, then, your Riverince, I went out one day to a gintleman's house, upon a little bit of business, an' he bein' ingaged, I was showed into the kitchen to wait. Well, sur, there I saw a beautiful bit iv bacon hanging in the climbly-corner. I looked at id, your Riverince, an' my teeth began to wather. I don't know how it was, sur, but I suppose the Divil timpted me, for I put it into my pocket; but, if you plaize, sur, I'll give it to you,' and he put his hand into his pocket.

'Give it to me!' said Father O'Higgins; 'no, certainly not; give it back to the owner of it.'

'Why, then your Riverince, sur, I offered id to him, and ne wouldn't take id.'

'Oh! he wouldn't, wouldn't he?' said the priest; 'then take it home, and eat it yourself, with your family.'

'Thank your Riverince kindly!' says Terence, 'an' I'll do that same immediately, plaize God: but first and foremost, I'll have the absolution, if you plaize, sir.'

Terence received absolution, and went home rejoicing that he had been able to save his soul and his bacon at the same time.

A PUZZLE.

Oh dear! what can the matter be?

<i>that!</i>	name	what	same	well	glad	tell	sad
in	my	not	the	not	not	not	is
chang'd	except	know	not	am	am	dare	heart
be	all	I	I'm	I	I	I	my
I	in	indeed	myself	ill	griev'd	cause	sick
shall	chang'd	am	not	not	not	the	is
when	I'm	I	I'm	am	am	O	heart
O				I	I	But	my

Undoubted Courage.—'Sambo, you nigger, are you afraid of work?' 'Gor Almighty bless you Massa, I no 'fraid of work, I'll lie down and go asleep close by him side.'

THE MARRIED SCHOLAR.

A scholar newly enter'd marriage life,
 By study much, he did offend his wife;
 While all his company she expected,
 He lov'd his books and his new wife neglected.
 She to his study came, 'My dear,' said she,
 Extreme love to your books eclipses me:
 I wish I were transform'd into a book,
 That your affection might upon me look!
 But in my wish I'd have it so decreed,
 I'd be a book that you would love to read.
 Husband, now say, which book's form should I take?
 'Mary,' said he, 'twere best an *Almanack*:
 The reason why I would desire it so,
 Almanacks are new every year, you know.

ANDERSON, THE WIZARD, SOLD BY A YANKEE.

PROFESSOR ANDERSON was looking over the American and foreign newspapers in the office of the *New York Dutchman*, when he saw that he was closely scrutinized by a gentleman of tall stature and swarthy appearance, who was evidently from the country. The following conversation took place:—

'I say! are you Professor Anderson, eh?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Wal, you're a tarnation smart man, I hear. You aint got that are bottle of yourn with ye—have you?'

'No, sir.'

'Wal, I'm from down East, having been raised in Maine, and I should like to purchase n duplicate of that are bottle, as I am going out stumping for——. I guess if I had your bottle, or its twin brother, I'd soon swamp the Scotties, without talking politics, either!'

'I never carry my bottle with me, nor have I a duplicate of it.'

'Sorry for that, sir,' said the — stumper. 'However,' he continued, 'I was once taught a trick when n boy, but I almost forget how the thing was done, now. I'll tell you how it was, stranger, as near as I can. I used to take a red cent, and change it into a ten-dollar gold piece.'

'Oh,' said the professor, 'that is quite simple: a mere trick of sleight of hand.'

'Wal, I know it's not very difficult, but as I forget how, will you show me?' At the same time handing a cent to the Wizard.

'Oh, yes, sir, if it will oblige you, I will show you in a moment. Hold your hand,' said the Wizard, 'This is your cent, is it not?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Close your hand.'

The down Easter closed his hand fast.

'Are you sure you have it?' said the Wizard.

'I guess I have,' said he, 'and I'll bet a dollar you can't change it into a ten-dollar gold piece.'

'Done!' said the Wizard. 'Now hold fast!'

'Yes, sir! I reckon I *will*—but stop! down with your dollar! here's mine!' said the Yankee.

The Wizard covered his dollar.

'Now, sir, are you ready?' said the Wizard.

'I aint nothing else!' said the down Easter.

'Change!' said the Wizard. 'Now, sir, open your hand.'

He did so, and to his utter astonishment, he held a *bona fide ten-dollar gold piece!*

'Well, sir,' said the Wizard, 'you see you have lost your dollar!'

'I guess I have!' said he, handing over the two dollars.

'Now,' said the professor, 'I'll bet you another dollar I'll change the ten-dollar piece into your cent again, much quicker.'

'No, yer don't!' said the gent from Maine, placing the ten dollars in his pocket, and buttoning up tight. 'I'm much obliged to you, purfessor, but I reckon I'll leave it as it is! Good morning, *old hoss!*' said he, walking out of the office; and, turning round as he reached the door, he placed his digitals in close approximation to his proboscis, saying: 'I guess there aint anything green about this child!' and left the professor in utter amazement at his coolness.

THE CHAPTER OF MISSES.

The dear little Misses we meet with in life,

What hopes and what fears they awaken!

And when a man's taking a *Miss* for his wife,

He is *Miss-led* as well as *Miss-taken*.

When I courted *Miss Kidd*, and obtained the first kiss,

I thought, in the warmth of my passion,

That I'd made a great *hit* in gaining a *Miss*,

But 'twas only a *Miss-calculation*.

For so many *Misses* surrounded *Miss Kid*,

With me and my love interfering,

A jealous *Miss-trust* put it into her head

That she ought not to give me a hearing.

There's a certain *Miss-chance* that I met with one day

Who near sent my hopes to destruction,

For she had a suspicion of all I might say.

And all owing to onc *Miss-construction*.

Deceived by a *Miss-information*, I wrote,

The cause of her anger demanding;

Miss-direction prevented her getting the note,
 And introduced *Miss-understanding*.
 When to make her my wife I exultingly swore,
Miss-belief made her doubt my intention ;
 And I nearly got wed to *Miss-fortune*, before
 I could wean her from *Miss-apprehension*.

But when she no longer would yield to *Miss-doubt*
 Nor be led by *Miss-representation*,
 She had with *Miss-like* a serious fall out,
 And to wed felt no more hesitation.
 But when at the church to be married we went,
Miss-take made the fat parson linger,
 And I was so annoyed by an awkward *Miss-fit*,
 I could not get the ring on her finger.

Having been so *Miss-used*, I kept a strict watch,
 Though I still lived in fear of *Miss-carriage* ;
 I found out, too late, that an unlucky *Miss-match*
 Interfered with the joys of our marriage.
Miss-rule in our dwelling made every thing wrong,
Miss-management there took her station,
 Till my cash, like the time I take writing my song,
 Was all wasted by *Miss-application*.

Dean Swift being once upon a journey, attended by a servant, they put up at an inn, where they lodged all night. In the morning the Dean called for his boots ; the servant immediately took them to him : when the Dean saw them—"How is this, Tom," says he, "my boots are not cleaned?" "No, sir," replied Tom—"as you are going to ride, I thought they would soon be dirty again."—"Very well ; go and get the horses ready." The servant obeyed his orders, and in the mean time the Dean desired the landlord to let him have no breakfast. When Tom returned, the Dean asked if the horses were ready?"—"Yes, sir." "Go and bring them out then."—"I have not had my breakfast yet, sir."—"Oh ! no matter for that ; if you had it, you would soon be hungry again."—"They then mounted and rode off : as they rode, the Dean pulled a book out of his pocket, and fell to reading. A gentleman met them, and seeing the Dean reading, was not willing to disturb him, but passed by till he met the servant. "Who is that gentleman?" said he.—"Tis my master, sir."—"I know that, you blockhead—but where are you going?" "To heaven, sir."—"How do you know that?" "Because I am fasting, and my master is praying : so I think we are in the right road to that place."

A SAILOR.

As a party of seamen were walking up Point-street, Portsmouth, rather elated with liquor, a bull which had escaped from the King's slaughter-house, came running towards the jolly tars with his tail erect in the air, when all the men jumped out of his way except one, and he being an immense sturdy fellow, stood in the street directly in the way of the bull, and hailed him in the following words:—'Bull, ahoy! Bull, ahoy! I cry. Drop your peak, and put your helm a starboard, or you'll run aboard of me?' The bull, continuing his course, came in contact with Jack and capsized him; but Jack not being intimidated, sprung from the ground, and shaking his clothes, very good-naturedly observed to the bull, 'Oh, you lubberly beast, I told you how it would be.'

THE YANKEE AND THE DUTCHMAN'S DOG

ABNER was a quiet, peaceable sort of Yankee, who lived on the same farm on which his fathers had lived before him, and was generally considered a pretty cute sort of a fellow—always ready with a trick, whenever it was of the least utility, yet when he did play any of his tricks, 'twas done in such an innocent manner, that his victim could do no better than take it all in good part.

Now it happened that one of Abner's neighbours sold a farm to a tolerable green specimen of a Dutchman—one of the real unintelligent, stupid sort.

Von Vlom Schlopsch had a dog, as Dutchmen often have, who was less unintelligent than his master, and who had, since leaving his "faderland," become sufficiently civilised not only to appropriate the soil as common stock, but had progressed so far in the good work as to obtain his dinners from the neighbours' sheepfold on the same principle.

When Abner discovered this propensity in the canine department of the Dutchman's family, he called over to his new neighbour's to enter complaint, which mission he accomplished in the most natural method in the world.

"Wall, Von, your dog Blitzen's been killing my sheep."

"Ya! dat ish bace—bad—he ish von goot tog—ya! dat ish bad!"

"Sartain, it's bad, and you'll have to stop 'im."

"Ya! dat ish allas goot—but Ich weis nicht?"

"What's that you say! *he was niehed?* Wall, now look here, old feller, nickin's no use—crop 'im—cut the tail off close—chock up to his trunk—that'll cure him."

"Vat ish dat!" exclaimed the Dutchman, while faint ray of intelligence crept over his features, "Ya, dat ish goot—dat cure von sheep steal, eh?"

"Sartain it will, he'll never touch sheep-meat again in this world." said Abner, gravely.

"Den come mit me—he von mity goot tog; all the way from Yarmany; I not take one five dollar—but come mit me and hold his tail, eh? Ich chop him off."

"Sartain," said Abner, "I'll hold his tail if you want me tew, but you must cut it up close."

"Ya! dat ish right—Ich make 'im von goot tog—there, Blitzen, Blitzen, come right here, you von sheep steal rashcull—I chop your tail in von two pieces."

The dog obeyed the summons, and the master tied his feet fore and aft, for fear of accident, and placing the tail in the Yankee's hand, requested to lay it across a large block of wood.

"Chock up," said Abner, as he drew the butt of the tail close over the log.

"Ya, dat ish right—now you von bad tief sheep, I learns you better luck," said Von Vlom Schlopsch, as he raised the axe.

It descended, and as it did so, Abner, with characteristic presence of mind, gave a sudden jerk, and brought Blitzen's neck over the log, and the head rolled over the other side.

"Wall I swow!" said Abner, with apparent astonishment, as he dropped the headless trunk of the dog, "that was a *leetle* too close!"

"Mine Cot!" exclaimed the Dutchman, "*you shust cut 'im off' de wrong end!*"



Wealth.—An Arab, wandering in the deserts, and having eaten nothing for two days, was ready to expire with hunger. As he passed by one of the wells used by the caravans to water their camels, he perceived on the sand a little leathern bag. He took it up; and feeling something within, 'Thanks be to Allah!' said he, 'these are, I doubt not, either dates or nuts.' Elated with this expectation, he hastened to open his bag, but as soon as he saw what it really contained, 'Alas!' said he, in an agony of distress, 'here are only pearls!'



A young student, showing the Museum at Oxford to a party, produced a rusty sword, which he assured them was the identical sword with which Balaam was about to kill his ass. One of the company observed that he thought Balaam had no sword, but only wished for one. 'You are right,' said the student, 'and this is the very sword that he wished for!'



Test of Good Humour.—Wake a man up in the middle of the night, and ask him to lend you five shillings.

THE BACHELOR'S EPITAPH.

IN MEMORY OF THE LATE
TIMOTHY SAPLESS DRYSIDES, Esq.,
OF SOLITUDE HALL, BUCKS, AGED SIXTY.

Here lies a man who never lived,
In social bliss at all ;
Here lies a man who never wived,
For a Bachelor he did fall.
Ne'er visit this spot but leave him to rot,
And let not a tear fall on his bier,
Except by old maids who may come here,
To see the cause of their being so queer :
For they were willing, but he was not ;
For love's sweet killing no love he'd got !
He was as cold as the North Pole Sea—
All darts of Cupid resisted he !
The charms of love and beauty were vain !
Oh ! Oh ! this Bachelor died insane !
He was wrong in his head through all his life,
For he took not to bed a nice sweet wife.
Then rot his bones under this stone,—
He's but a Bachelor whom none will own.
Old maids draw near without a tear,
And loudly laugh at his epitaph ;
And place an iceberg on this grave,
An emblem of the Bachelor knave !
The like on earth ne'er be again !
All maids repeat, Amen, Amen !

‘Poor fugitive slave, Bill!’ said Mrs. Partington, as her eyes ran over the morning papers, and her quivering lip betrayed the agitation of her mind ; poor fugitive slave, Bill ! I hope from my soul they won’t catch him—I hope they won’t.”

SHERIDAN is reported to have once fallen into a coal-cellar on his way home, after a good supper at Drury Lane ; and his abuse of the vendor, for not keeping a light at his cellar-door was warmly retorted by the wife. ‘Hang it,’ cried Sheridan, who was not hurt, ‘do you think I want to pocket your coals!’—‘No,’ retorted the wench, ‘but your nose may set the coal-hole on fire.’

Height of Charity.—Unlacing a young lady’s stays, to enable her to sneeze.

Quarrels.—If you cannot avoid a quarrel with a blackguard, let your lawyer manage it, rather than yourself. No man sweeps his own chimney, but employs a chimney sweeper, who has no objection to dirty work, because it is his trade.

The Font and the Altar.—A gentleman of eighty-four having taken to the altar a very young damsel, the clergyman led the way to the font. 'What do I want with the font?' said the old bridegroom. 'I beg your pardon,' replied the clerical wit; 'I thought you had brought this child to be christened.'

THE PYRAMID OF BAYONETS.

THE officers as well as sub-officers of the Russian horse-guards are subjected to the most rigorous discipline, and are required to execute, on horseback, all the manœuvres of a theatrical equestrian.

One day an officer of the lancer guard was going through his exercise before the Grand-Duke. He had performed all the usual evolutions in the most satisfactory way until, when at full gallop, he was suddenly ordered to turn,—his horse proved restive, and refused to obey either bridle or spur.

The command was repeated in a thundering voice, and the officer renewed his efforts to make the horse obey it; but without effect, for the fiery animal continued to prance about in defiance of his rider, who was nevertheless an excellent horseman.

The rage of the Grand-Duke had vented itself in furious imprecations, and all present trembled for the consequences. 'Halt!' he exclaimed, and ordered a pyramid of twelve muskets with fixed bayonets, to be erected. The order was instantly obeyed.

The officer had by this time subdued the restiveness of his horse, was ordered to leap the pyramid—and the spirited horse bore his rider safely over it.

Without an interval of delay, the officer was commanded to repeat the fearful leap, and to the amazement of all present the noble horse and his brave rider stood in safety on the other side of the pyramid.

The Grand-Duke exasperated at finding himself thus thwarted in his barbarous purpose, repeated the order for the third time. A general, who happened to be present, now stepped forward and interceded for the pardon of the officer; observing that the horse was exhausted, and that the enforcement of the order would be to doom both horse and rider to a horrible death.

This humane remonstrance was not only disregarded, but was punished by the immediate arrest of the general who had thus presumed to rebel.

The word of command was given, and horse and rider for the third time cleared the glittering bayonets.

Rendered furious by these repeated disappointments, the Grand-Duke exclaimed for the fourth time:—"To the left about—Forward!"—The command was obeyed, and for the fourth time the horse leapt the pyramid and then, with his rider, dropped down exhausted. The officer extricated himself from the saddle and rose unhurt, but the horse had both his fore-legs broken.

The countenance of the officer was deadly pale, his eyes stared wildly, and his knees shook under him.

A deadly silence prevailed as he advanced to the Grand-Duke, and laying his sword at his Highness' feet, he thanked him in a faltering voice for the honour he had enjoyed in the Emperor's service.

'I take back your sword,' said the Grand-Duke, gloomily, 'and are you not aware of what may be the consequence of this undutiful conduct towards me?'

The officer was sent to the guard-house. He subsequently disappeared, and no trace of him could be discovered.

This scene took place at St. Petersburg, and the facts are proved by the evidence of credible eye-witnesses.

EPIGRAM FROM SCARRON.

A Confessor was caught t'other day rather jolly,
 . Who observed, "When a man has committed a folly,
 If he has any sense left, hastens straightway to me.
 When, confessing his guilt, I can soon set him free;
 But how hard is my fate! for when wrong I have done,
 Absolution's denied me by every one;
 In which case, that I may from conscience escape,
 Take refuge from thought in the juice of the grape."

PROFESSIONAL POMPOSITY is well taken off in the following anecdote. *Shields Doctor*: (looking learned and speaking slowly). 'Well, mariner, which tooth do you want extracted? Is it a molar or incisor?' *Jack* (short and sharp): 'It is in the upper tier, on the larboard side. Bear a hand, you swab, for it is nipping my jaw like a lobster!'

A wittol, a barber, and a bald-headed man travelled together. Losing their way, they were forced to sleep in the open air; and, to avert danger, it was agreed to keep watch by turns. The lot first fell on the barber, who, for amusement, shaved the fool's head while he slept; he then woke him, and the fool, raising his hand to scratch his head, exclaimed, 'Here's a pretty mistake, rascal! you have waked the bald-headed man instead of me.'

Wine and women they pursue,
Wealth they ever covet too,
Lustful old Bachelors !

Women often make them rue,
Money brings them mesery too,
Wretched old Bachelors !

They've no wife to tend their purse,
None with whom they can converse,
Lonely old Bachelors
And they have themselves to nurse,
And their life is quite a curse,
Helpless old Bachelors !

Gentle maidens ! heed them not,
Despise the riches they have got,
Despise old Bachelors !
The hulky, skulky, sulky lot,
They'll lonely live, and lonely rot,
They'll DIE Old Bachelors !

GUTTING THE FISH.

ONE evening a red-headed Connaught swell, of no small aristocratic pretensions in his own eyes, sent his servant, whom he had just imported from the long-horned kingdom, in all the rough majesty of a creature fresh from the 'wilds,' to purchase a hundred of oysters on the City quay. Paddy stayed so long away, that Squire Trigger got quite impatient and unhappy lest his 'body man' might have slipped into the Liffey ; however, to his infinite relief, Paddy soon made his appearance, puffing and blowing like a disabled bellows, but carrying his load seemingly in great triumph. Well, Pat,' cried the master, 'what the devil kept you so long?' 'Long ! a thin, may be it's what you'd have me to come home with half my *arrant* ?' says Pat. 'Half the oysters ?' says the master. 'No ; but too much of the *fish*,' says Pat. 'What fish ?' says he. 'The oysters, to be sure,' says Pat. 'What do you mean, blockhead ?' says he. 'I mean,' says Pat, 'that there was no use with loading myself with more nor was useful.' 'Will you explain yourself ?' says he. 'I will,' says Pat, laying down his load. 'Well then, you see, plaise your honour, as I was coming home along the quay, mighty peaceable, who should I meet but Shammas Maginnis ; 'Good morrow, Shamien,' sis I ; 'Good morrow kindly, Pauden,' sis he ; 'What is it you have in the sack ?' sis he ; 'A *Cwt.* of oysters,' sis I ; 'Let us look at them,' sis he ; 'I will, and welcome,' sis I ; 'Orah ! thunder and pratees !' sis he, openin the sack an examinin them ; 'who *sould* yon these ?' 'One Tom Kinham, that keeps a small ship there below,' sis I ; 'Musha then, bad luck to that same

Tom that *sould* the likes to you,' sis he; 'Arah, why, avic?' sis I; 'To make a *Bolshour* ov you an give thim to you without gutting thim,' sis he; 'An arn't they gutted, Jim, aroon?' sis I; 'Oh! bad luck to the one o' thim,' sis he; 'Musha then,' sis I, 'what the dhoull will I do at all at all, fur the master will be mad; 'Do!' sis he, 'why I'd rather do the thing for you mysel nor you should lose you place,' sis he; so wid that he begins to gut them wid his knife, *nate* and *clain*, an afeered ov dirtying the flags, begor, he swallowed the guts himself from beginnin to ind, tal he had thim as dacent as you see thim here'—dashing down at his master's feet his bag of oyster shells, to the no small amazement of the Connaught worthy, as you may suppose.

EFFECT OF MUSIC.

A Scotch bag-piper traversing the mountains of Ulster, in Ireland, was one evening encountered by a starved *Irish* wolf. In his distress the poor man could think of nothing better than to open his wallet, and try the effects of his hospitality; he did so, and the savage swallowed all that was thrown to him, with so improving a voracity as if his appetite was but just returning to him. The whole stock of provision was, of course, soon spent, and now his only recourse was to the virtues of his bagpipe: which the monster no sooner heard, than he took to the mountains with the same precipitation he had left them. The poor piper could not so perfectly enjoy his deliverance, but that, with an angry look, at parting he shook his head, saying, "Ay, are these your tricks? Had I known your humour, you should have had music before supper."

A GOOD GUN.

A country farmer told a friend of his, who had come from town for a few days' shooting, that he once had so excellent a gun that it went off immediately upon a thief coming into the house, although not charged. 'How the deuce is that?' said his friend. 'Why,' replied the farmer, 'because the thief carried it off; and, what was worse, before I had time to charge him with it.'

A Question.—Judge Jeffries, of notorious memory, pointing to a man with his cane who was about to be tried, said, "There is a great rogne at the end of my cane." The man to whom he pointed, looking at him, said, "At which end, my Lord?"

A student in want of money sold his books, and wrote home, 'Father, rejoice; for I now derive my support from literature.'

An Extraordinary Story.—Mr. Francis, in his recently published volume of insurance anecdotes, relates the following:—A merchant appeared in the commercial walks of Liverpool, where, deep in the mysteries of cotton and corn, a constant attendant at church, a subscriber to local charities, and a giver of good dinners, he was much respected. The hospitalities of the house were gracefully dispensed by his niece; but at length it became whispered that his speculations were not successful, and it was necessary for him to borrow money. This he did upon the security of property belonging to his niece; a certain amount of secrecy was necessary for the sake of his credit, and the Liverpool underwriters readily assented. He insured her life with at least ten different merchants or underwriters for £2,000 each, and the same game was again played over. The lady was taken ill, the doctor was sent for, and found her in convulsions. A specific was administered, but in the course of the night he was again summoned, but arrived too late. Next morning it was known to all Liverpool that she had died suddenly. The body lay in state, and the merchant retained his position, and bore himself with a decent dignity under his affliction. He made no immediate application for the money, and scarcely alluded to it, but he had selected his victims with skill. They were safe and honourable men, and he duly received his £20,000. From this period he appeared to decline in health, and was recommended change of climate: he went abroad, and with him his clever partner, who possessed the wonderful power of simulating death, and deceiving the medical men.

NON-PROPOSALS, OR DOUBTS RESOLVED.

I WONDER when 'twill be our turn
 A wedding here to keep!
 Sure Thomson's '*flame*' might quicker burn,
 His '*love*' seems gone to sleep!
 I wonder why he hums and haws
 With '*kerchief*' at his nose
 And then makes one expecting pause,
 Yet still he don't propose.

I wonder whether Bell or Bess,
 It is he most admires,
 Even Mistress Match'em cannot guess—
 It really patience tires,
 He hung, last night, o'er Bella's chair,
 And things seem'd at a close—
 To day 'twas Bess was all his care,
 But yet he don't propose.

He's gone to concert, play, and ball,
 So often with them now,
 That it must seem to one and all
 As binding as a vow.
 He certainly *does* mean to take
 One of the girls, and close
 The life he leads—the flirting rake—
 But yet he don't propose.

I often wonder what he thinks
 We ask him here to do—
 Cooly he Cockburn's claret drinks,
 And wins from me at Loo.
 For Twenty months he's dangled on,
 The foremost of their beaux,
 While half-a-dozen else have gone,—
 And still he don't propose

No matter—'tis a comfort, though,
 To know he will take *one*,
 And even tho' Bess and Bella go,
 He still may fix on Fan.
 I'll have him in the family,
 That's sure——But, why, you look—'
 "Oh, madam, Mr. Thomson's just
 Got married to his cook——"

Dr. Garth, who was one of the Kit-Kat Club, coming there one night, declared he must soon begone, having many patients to attend; but some good wine being produced he forgot them. When Sir Richard Steele reminded him of his appointments, Garth immediately pulled out his list, which amounted to fifteen—and said, "It's no great matter whether I see them to-night or not, for nine of them have such bad constitutions, that all the physicians in the world can't save them, and the other six have so good constitutions that all the physicians in the world can't kill them."

A Sovereign Trumpeter.—A gentleman holding a plate for contributions at a public meeting, was observed after the collection, to take away a sovereign. When charged with the theft, he replied that *he* had put into the plate as a *decoy* or *trap*; and also said, "you know *trumpeters never fight*."

A man, hearing that a raven would live two hundred years, bought one to try.

CHRONICLES OF RATTON ROW, HALIFAX.

NICODEMUS VACUO ESQ.—He was a very great linguist as his conversational use of Dog Latin indicated. He graduated at Windy College, and came off with flying honours. When fifteen years of age, he wrote a third edition of A, B, C, revised and corrected, and afterwards translated the same into all the dialects of England. When 16½ years of age he wrote the History of Nowhere, and a Geographical description of a country undiscovered. This stamped his name with uncommon celebrity. But as a linguist he shone with unequalled splendour. He translated the word Gymnastics into James Nasty, Mathematics into Matthew Mattocks, Hebrew into Eye-brow, Jamaica into James Aca, Ireland into Wrathland, Dictionary into Richard Airy, Benefit into Benjamin Fit, Tomahawk into Thomas Hawk, Malefaction into Mary Faction, Jacobite into John-a-bite, Frankness into Francis Ness. This is a specimen of his translations. The clergy were much benefited by his labours, but ungratefully forgot to erect a monument in honour of his great genius. He was translated 1692.

JACKY THINSOUL.—He was a very noted man, being a real skin-flint. All the Shopkeepers in the town dreaded his visits, for he was sure to make a bargain at their expense. He was a real scraper, and raker together of money, sacrificing decency, honour, and honesty, to accomplish his purpose. He often wept that he could not be fed by the shadow of his meals, or be clothed with the shadow of rags. In this respect his influence was infectiously bad; many in the town were inoculated by it, and that is the reason why the shopkeepers of Halifax have encountered such multitudes of narrow-souled skin-flints ever since. Besides Jacky Thin-soul professed to be a churchman in the strictest sense of the term. He hated all who thought differently from him, and he had a most persecuting spirit. Bobby Liberal tried to measure or estimate Jackey's soul one day, and the result was that Bobby said, 'Mathematically this chap's soul is the smallest particle in God's universe. Talk of infinite divisibility! you can divide this 'Thin-soul' no more. Upon close investigation I find that 50 Billions of such souls might dance a hornpipe in the socket of a mite's eye. He was a native of Queenshead, *alias* Niggardly-hill, abounding with carmudgeons who can calculate to the thousandth part of a hair's breadth. His thin-soul left his thin body in the year 1693.

Bobby Liberal wrote the following lines as his *Epitaph*.

Jackey Thin-soul is no more in the land
He has yielded at last to death's icy hand,
He starved his body and ruined his soul,
He laboured for wealth by fair means and foul.

O misers, come here, and see your last end,
Like Jackey Thin-soul to death you must bend;
The gold you've collected and carefully tend,
Must fall to another when hither you wend.

A Miser jatts down and worships the god of this world, but will have neither its pomps, its vanities, nor its pleasures, for his trouble. He lives poor to die rich, and is the mere jailor of his house, and the turnkey of his wealth. The avarice of the miser may be termed the grand sepulchre of all his other passions, as they successively decay. But unlike other tombs it is enlarged by repletion, and strengthened by age.

Avarice begets more vices than Priam did children, and like Priam survives them all. It starves its keeper to surfeit those who wish him dead, and makes him submit to more mortifications to lose heaven than the martyr undergoes to gain it.

ZERUBBABEL PEBBLE AND AMINADAB STONE.—These were two very eminent Geologists and Antiquarians. They discovered that coal was merely charred timber which had been thrown down by floods, and then fossilized. They disputed the Scriptural Account of the deluge, and thought themselves the most accute Geologists that ever existed. There was only one thing on which they differed, whether a brick was a mineral or vegetable substance. In this they differed till death. Their Museum contained many fossil remains—a winged unicorn—the Jackass ridden by Adam's grandfather, Noah's eldest cow, the tail of Balaam's Ass, a quill from the wing of Noah's raven, a shoe lost by the Egyptians in the Red Sea, and the Purse of Adam's Uncle, Homer's Stockings, one of Virgil's garters, and Xenophon's periwig. So they said, and so they believed, they were so enthusiastic in their science. Like comets they moved in a very eccentric orbit, till they became extinct—1695.

ORADIAH GALLIPOT. He was a rare chemist and doctor. He got his name up by indirectly sounding his own trumpet, and his shop was always thronged with customers. One reason of his extreme popularity was, his '*Vegetable Pill*,' curative of all diseases, mental or bodily, and which were tumbled down the throats of the gullables in actual shoals. But it was all Quackery; for one time Gallipot being drunk, Moses Quiz said to him, 'I say, Gallipot, tell me how you make your Vegetable Pills? I know you will tell an old crony the secret.'—'They are made of sheep's-dung,' said Gallipot. 'Sheep's-dung!' said Quiz, 'nonsense, do not think to gull me in that way.' 'It's a fact,' said Gallipot. 'It is not,' said Quiz; 'what you will poison the people!—'To convince you that my Vegetable Pill is so manufactured, if to-morrow you will give me a day's work, gratis, I will convince you.' In the morning Gallipot and Quiz visited a noted sheep-walk, and there filled a basket with the vegetable globules, alias Twirlings. Returning to his laboratory, Gallipot rounded them, magnesied, and boxed them, to the great astonishment of Moses Quiz.*

* This practice is well known to be a fact in modern times. O it is fun, rare fun, hanging fun, to think what delicious stuff they swallow—how they are duped by Quacks!

NATURE AND ART.

The following ingenious test was related by a Rabbin, which, in the Talmud, is attributed to Solomon.

A maiden knelt before the king,
And placed beside his throne
Two wreaths—the one by Art entwined,
The other Nature's own.

So exquisite the mimic wreath,
Wove with an artist's care,
She deem'd its hues would emulate
The flowers more rich and fair.

He gazed upon the beauteous wreaths,
Doubt gather'd o'er his brow ;
His treasured guide had Nature been—
And would Art triumph now ?

He paused—when thro' a window spied,
Some bees had cluster'd near ;
He bade them throw the easement back,
And greet the balmy air.

But not the perfumed breath of Art,
Could now its influence lend—
The bees alight on Nature's wealth,
The flowers they loved to tend.

The maiden bow'd before his power,
Whose wisdom could impart
The dictates of a mighty God
Within a perfect heart.

MORAL.

Then sigh not for the works of Art,
Cling to the good and true ;
God's blessing yields us lovelier flowers
Than painter ever drew.

‘ My dear, don't say tale, say narrative,’ said a modest lady to her little son, who was relating a very interesting ‘ tale’ he had just read in the newspaper. While the little fellow was thinking of his mistake, the old house dog walked in, shaking his tail and looking quite familiarly at the boy, when he exclaimed, ‘ Ma, make Sancho, quit shaking his narrative ’

A ministerial acquaintance of ours, who had lost his wife, and become wearied of his second edition of the single state, was once instructing a congregation from the passage, "Use this world as not abusing it," &c. In the course of this remark, he took occasion to mention some things which a Christian could dispense with in this world. In this category he placed his wife. He had, however, scarcely said, "A man may do without a wife," when his own experience stoutly protested, and he finished this branch of the subject by saying, in the simplicity of his heart, "but it's mighty hard."

CROCKETT OUTDONE.

TALK of Crockett! why Ezekiel Nash, a genuine downeaster, could send him to eternal smash right off. Nash chaws chain cables for tobacco, takes gunpowder for snuff, and blows his nose with a tin pocket handkerchief. He sleeps between iron sheets, which in winter are made red hot. Instead of rats and mice, wolves and grizzly bears prowl about his room at night; but he sleeps so soundly that he is obliged to be thrown out of the window every morning to wake him. His mother missed him when a baby, and found him at last in a hornet's nest playing at bo-peep with a couple of rattlesnakes. As an infant Ezekiel was a wonder. He had razors and bayonets for toys, walked in top boots when he was three days old, sucked hot coals, and used to rub his gums with a nutmeg grater; they weaned him the day he was born, and fed him on pap made of flint stone and lignum vitæ, soaked in prussic acid. His appetite, for a boy, was awful; he once ate three parts of a horse, and then asked if tea wasn't ready. When he rides on a railroad he gets out to walk a trifle of forty or fifty miles, and waits an hour or two for the train to overtake him. The engine comes up panting and blowing, and often says, with a forced laugh—"Bust my biler, Zekiel, but of all mortal critters you're the biggest! I reckon your father was a flash of lightning, and your mother an airth-quake." As a speculator Nash is real lucky. He held some canal shares once which went up to such a premium that he was obliged to send a broker up in a balloon to sell out.—*American Paper.*

Irish Roads.—An Englishman having asked a son of Erin, if the roads in Ireland were good, Pat replied, "Yes, they are so fine that I wonder you do not import some of them into England; let me see, there's the road to love, strewed with roses—to matrimony, through nettles—to honour, through the camp—to prison, through the law—and to the undertaker's, through physic." "Have you any road to preferment?" said the Englishman. "Yes, faith we have, but that is the dirtiest road in the kingdom."

‘BREACHES of faith!’ screamed Mrs. Partington, as she heard the term applied to Mexican violations of the armistice. ‘Well, I wonder what they will have next. I have heard tell of cloaks of hypocrisy and robes of purity, but I never heard of breeches of faith before. I hope they’re made of something that won’t change and wear out, as old Deacon Cudgin’s faith did, for his was always changing. He went from believing that nobody would be saved, to believing that all would be, and at last turned out a phrenolager, and didn’t believe in nothing. I wonder if it’s as strong as cassimere!’ and she bit off her thread, and prepared a new needlefull.

A TEMPERANCE ANECDOTE.

OLD Parson B——, who presided over a little flock in one of the back towns of the State of M——, was, without any exception, the most eccentric divine we ever knew. His eccentricities were carried as far in the pulpit as out of it. An instance we will relate:—Among his church members was one who invariably made a practice of leaving the church ere the parson was two-thirds through his sermon. This was practised so long, that after awhile it became a matter of course, and no one, save the divine, seemed to take notice of it. And he at length notified Brother P., that such a thing must, he felt assured, be needless; but P. said that at that hour his family needed his service at home, and he must do it. Nevertheless, on leaving the church he always took a roundabout course, which, by some mysterious means, always brought him in close proximity with the village tavern, which he would enter, and “thereby hangs a tale.” Parson B. ascertained from some source that P.’s object in leaving church was to obtain a ‘drum,’ and he determined to stop his leaving and disturbing the congregation in future, if such a thing were possible. The next Sabbath, brother P. left his seat at the usual time, and started for the door, when Parson B. exclaimed:—‘Brother P.’ P., on being thus addressed, stopped short, and gazed towards the pulpit. ‘Brother P.,’ continued the parson, ‘there is no need of your leaving the church at this time; as I passed the tavern this morning, I made arrangements with the landlord to keep your toddy hot till church was out.’ The surprise and mortification of the brother can hardly be imagined.

A gentleman presented a lace collar to the object of his adoration, and in a jocular way said, “Do not let any one else rumple it.”—“No, dear,” said the lady, “I will take it off.”

A prize was once offered for a rhyme to the word "month;" the following may be adjudged successful:—

"A lisping girl sat on her father's knee,
 A trying to rhyme the little word *month*;
 And she laugh'd, as she said, 'I'll let you *thee*
 I can *thay* it again, for I've *thaid* it *wonth*.'
 'Well,' her father replied, 'I am listening, dear!
 Go on.' And she stuttered in haste, '*Wonth* and *month*
 And now,' she continued, 'I've rhymed it, *tho* clear,
 I'm *thure* you will never more call me a *dunth*!'"

THE ROAD TO GLORY.

The road to glory would cease to be arduous, if it were trite and trodden; and great minds must be ready not only to *take* opportunities, but to *make* them. Alexander dragged the Pythian priestess to the temple, on a forbidden day—She exclaimed, "*My son, thou art invincible*," which was oracle enough for him. On a second occasion, he cut the Gordian knot which others had in vain attempted to untie. Those who start for human glory like the mettled hounds of Actæon, must pursue the game not only where there is a path, but where there is none. They must be able to simulate and dissimulate, to leap and to creep; to conquer the earth like Cæsar, or to fall down and kiss it like Brutus; to throw their sword like Brennus into the trembling scale; or, like Nelson, to snatch the laurels from the doubtful hand of victory, while she is hesitating where to bestow them. That policy that can strike only while the iron is hot, will be overcome by that perseverance, which, like Cromwell's, can make the *iron hot by striking*; and he that can only rule the storm, must yield to him who can both *raise* and *rule* it.

The Two Cats.—The following anecdote, which has been told of many learned men, originated with the painter Barrett. His only pets were a cat and a kitten, its progeny. A friend, seeing two holes in the bottom of the door, asked him for what purpose he made them there. Barrett said it was for his cats to go in and out.—"Why," replied his friend, "would not one do for both?"—"You silly man," answered the painter, "how could the big cat get in at the little hole?"—"But," said his friend, "could not the little one go through the big hole?"—"Egad," said Barrett, "so she could, but I never thought of that."

Being at a wedding party where there were some wild young men they proposed that the Rev. Mr. Murray should drink wine with them; to this he assented, remarking at the same time that "*he could drink like a beast.*" At this they stared at each other, and winked, plainly intimating that they would make him go the entire animal. After drinking a glass, he positively refused to take any more. They then reminded him of his promise; to which he replied, '*I have performed my promise—I have had enough, and a beast always leaves off when he has had enough.*' The reproof was keenly felt, and, it is said, had a very salutary effect.

THE VICAR AND MOSES.

At the sign of the Horse
 Old Spintext, of course,
 Each night took his pipe and his pot;
 O'er a jorum of nappy,
 Quite pleasant and happy,
 Was placed this canonical sot.

The evening was dark,
 When in came the clerk,
 With reverence due and submission;
 First stroked his cravat,
 Then twirl'd round his hat,
 And bowing prefer'd his petition.

'I'm come, sir,' says he,
 'To beg, look, d'ye see,
 Of your reverence's worship and glory,
 To inter a poor baby,
 With as much speed as may be—
 And I'll walk with the lantern before ye

'The baby we'll bury—
 But, pray, where's the hurry?'
 'Why, lord, sir, the corpse it doth stay.'
 'You fool, hold your peace—
 Since miracles cease,
 A corpse, Moses, can't run away.'

Then Moses he smiled,
 Saying 'Sir, a small child
 Cannot long, sure, delay your intentions.'
 'Why, that's true, by St. Paul—
 A child that is small
 Can never enlarge its dimensions.'

‘Bring Moses some beer,
And me some—d’ye hear?
I hate to be called from my liquor;
Come, Moses, ‘The Queen’—
What a scandalous scene
Such a subject should be but a vicar!

Then Moses he spoke,
‘Sir, ’tis past twelve o’clock—
Besides, there’s a terrible shower.’
‘Why, Moses, you elf,
Since the clock has struck twelve,
I’m sure it can never strike more.

‘Besides, my dear friend
To this lesson attend,
Which to say and to swear I’ll be bold
That the corpse, snow or rain,
Can’t endanger, that’s plain,
But perhaps you or I may take cold.’

Then Moses went on,
‘Sir, the clock has struck one,
Pray, master look up at the hand.’
‘Why it ne’er can strike less;
’Tis a folly to press
A man for to go that can’t stand.’

At length, hat and cloak
Old Orthodox took,
But first cranmed his jaw with a quid;
Each tipt of a gill,
For fear they should chill,
And then stagger’d away side by side.

When come to the grave,
The clerk hummed a stave,
While the surplice was wrapt round the priest
So droll was the figure
Of Moses and Vicar,
That the parish still laugh at the jest.

‘Good people, let’s pray—
Put the corpse t’other way,
Or, perchance I shall over it stumble—
’Tis best to take care,
Though the sages declare
A *mortuum caput* can’t tumble.

‘Woman, that’s of man born—
That’s wrong, the leaf’s torn—

A man that is born of a woman
 Can't continue an hour,
 Is cut down like a flower—
 You see, Moses, Death spareth no man

‘ Here, Moses, do look,
 What a confounded book !
 Sure the letters are turn'd upside down ;
 Such a scandalous print !
 Why, the devil is in't,
 That a blockhead should print for the crown !

‘ Prithee, Moses, you read,
 For I cannot proceed,
 And bury the corpse in my stead.’
 ‘ Amen, amen.’
 ‘ Why, Moses, you're wrong—
 You fool, hold your tongue—
 You've taken the tail for the head.

‘ Oh, where's thy sting, Death ?
 Put the corpse in the earth,
 For believe me, 'tis terrible weather.’
 So the corpse was interred,
 Without praying a word,
 And away they both staggered together.



THE Archbishop of York and Mr. R., a Baptist minister, whilst one day conversing on the lawfulness of tithes, the archbishop remarked, “Mr. R., I do not see that in the same light as you do.” Mr. R. (without replying) took a pencil and wrote “God” in small characters. “Do you see that?” said Mr. R. “Yes,” replied the archbishop. Mr. R. then took a sovereign and placed it over the word “God,” and then asked the prelate if he could see “God” then? The archbishop replied that he could not. “Then,” said Mr. R., “now you perceive why you consider tithes lawful. Before the gold intervened, you had God in view, but when the gold came in view, you lost sight of God.”

Loquacity.—Men are born with *two* eyes, but with *one* tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they say ; but, from their conduct, one would suppose that they were born with two tongues, and one eye, for those talk the most who have observed the least, and obtrude their remarks upon every thing, who have seen *into* nothing.

‘GHOSTS! be hanged!’ said Tom Hood. ‘No such things in nature. All laid long ago, before the wood pavement. What should they come for? The colliers may rise for higher wages, and the chartists may rise for reform, and Joseph Sturge may rise for his health, and bread may rise, and the rising generation may rise; but that the dead should rise only to make one’s hair rise is more than I can believe. Suppose yourself a ghost. Well, if you come out of your grave to a friend, how are you to help him? And if it’s an enemy, what’s the use of appearing to him if you can’t pitch into him?’

A person of the name of Button soliciting the favour of Archbishop Usher to write his epitaph, the primate promised him one; and when he next called upon him he produced the following couplet:—

O Heavens! O Stars! O Earth! O Poles!
That graves should be but *button*-holes.

AN ignorant fellow, who was about to get married, resolved to make himself perfect in the responses of the marriage service; but by mistake he learned the office of baptism for those of riper years; so when the clergyman asked him in the church, “Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?” the bride-groom answered, in a very solemn tone, “I renounce them all.”—The astonished minister said, “I think you are a fool.”—To which he replied, “All this I steadfastly believe.”

Wit versus Learning.—Two knowing village-schoolmasters were once annoying the company at an inn, by boasting of their superior learning. A little pimple-nose plasterer, who was perched behind the door, jumped up, evidently in a rage by the tone of his voice, and said, “Yer making a gurt noize abaght y’r larning, nah al bet awther on ye wot ye like, at nawther on ye naws *latting* az weel az I do.” This put the knights of the quill to a non-plus for some time: the rest of the company, having caught the little plasterer’s meaning, were in a regular twitter.

IN all societies it is advisable to associate if possible with the highest; not that the highest are always the best, but, because if disgusted there, we can at any time descend;—but if we begin with the lowest, to ascend is impossible. In the grand theatre of human life, a *box ticket* takes us through the house.

Mr. Abernethy Beaten.—A very talkative lady who had wearied the temper of Mr. Abernethy, which was at all times impatient of gabble, was told by him, the first moment that he could get a chance of speaking, to be good enough to put out her tongue. ‘Now, pray, madam,’ said he, playfully, ‘*keep it out.*’ The hint was taken. He rarely met with his match; but on one occasion he fairly owned that he had. He was sent for to an innkeeper, who had had a quarrel with his wife, and who had scored his face with her nails, so that the poor man was bleeding, and much disfigured. Mr. Abernethy considered this an opportunity not to be lost for admonishing the offender, and said, ‘Madam, are you not ashamed of yourself to treat your husband thus—the husband, who is the head of all—*your head*, madam, in fact?’—‘Well, doctor,’ fiercely retorted the virago, and may I not scratch my own head?’ Upon this, her friendly adviser, after giving directions for the benefit of the patient, turned upon his heel, and confessed himself beaten for once.

Mr.—— resides in Harley street. His wife, who is an economical body, had sent a costly silk gown to a French dyer. The dyer himself brought the dress home, and unluckily, as it happened, met the husband of the lady at the door. “Is madam within?” asked the Frenchman. The husband, who is of a jealous disposition, replied—“And suppose she is, what do you want with her?” “I’m dyeing for her, sare.” “You dying for my wife—get out of my house, you scoundrel!” and he had just raised his foot to kick the honest artizan into the street, as the lady made her appearance and set the matter to rights.

A merchant examining a hogshead of hardware, on comparing it with the invoice found it all right except a hammer less than the invoice. “Och, don’t be troubled, my honey,” said the Irish porter, “sure the nayger took it out to open the hogshead with.”

Theophilus Cibber, who was very extravagant, one day asked his father for a hundred pounds. “Zounds, sir,” said Colly, “can’t you live upon your salary? When I was your age, I never spent a farthing of my father’s money.” “But you have spent a great deal of my fathers,” replied Theophilus. This retort had the desired effect.

A foolish fellow, having a house to sell, took a brick from the wall to exhibit as a sample.

Transcendentalism.—Instead of saying to a young lady, ‘Please to take my arm,’ you should say in this philosophic age, ‘Will you condescend so far to sacrifice your own convenience to my pleasure, as to insert the five digitals and part of the extremity of your contiguous arm through the angular aperture formed by the crooking of my elbow against the perpendicular portion of my animal frame?’

Oratory.—Those orators who give us much noise and many words, but little argument and less wit, and who are most loud when they are the least lucid, should take a lesson from the great volume of Nature; she often gives us the lightning even without the thunder, but never the thunder without the lightning.

JUST IN TIME.

A doctor called in Bedford Row,
 (It matters not how long ago)
 To see a patient. When he knock'd,
 Now, only think how he was shock'd,
 When instantly the footman said—
 ‘Dear doctor, our poor lady's dead!’

Dead? surely not; it may by chance
 Be nothing but a sleeping trance;
 I'll just walk up and see for certain.
 He did so, and undrew the curtain;
 Where laid the lady, pale and calm,
 The usual guinea in her palm.
 ‘I see,’ he cried (and took the fee)—
 ‘The poor dear soul expected me!’

An Arabian, having brought a blush on a maiden's cheek by the earnestness of his gaze, said to her, ‘My looks have planted roses in your cheeks; why forbid me to gather them? the law permits him who sows to reap the harvest.’

A young gentleman recently found himself in the company of three young ladies, and generously divided an orange amongst them. “You will rob yourself!” exclaimed one of the damsels.—“Not at all,” replied the innocent; “I have three or four more in my pocket.”

At a pow wow of Indians, on Columbia River, the subject of white women's "bustles" was discussed by chiefs, squaws, and medicine men. One squaw took a bag of feathers, tied it behind her, and imitated the way in which the pale-faced women walk with them on. A warrior guessed it was to catch insects. Another thought it had something to do with the perspiration. At last the old doctor—the medicine man—from whose decision there is no appeal, gave the signal for silence, and then said, "That the white women had not so good forms as the Indian women, and that the white men were very fond of good forms, and that the women wore these bags to make the white men think they were well formed." He then sat down amid repeated grunts.

GUESSING A DOG'S NAME.

"Drive him out!" screamed Mrs. Partington, as Ike whistled in an immense dog one wet day, who perambulated the kitchen, dotting the newly-washed floor with flowers in mud, and audaciously smelling Mrs. Partington's toes as the old lady stood up on a chair to avoid him. "Drive him out; what is his name, Isaac?"—"Guess, aunt," replied Ike. "I can't; perhaps it's Watch, or Ponto, or Cæsar; what is it?"—"Why, Guess."—"I tell you I can't guess; perhaps it's Hector, or Tiger, or Rover. What is his name?"—"Guess, aunt."—"Oh, you provoking creature, I'll be tempted to whip you within an inch of your skin, if you tease me so. Why don't you tell me?"—"I did tell you the first time," blubbered Ike; "his name is *Guess*." The old lady was melted by his emotion, and as soon as the dog was sent out, some nice quince jelly settled the difficulty. "He is such a queer child," said she to herself—"so sharp; I suppose because he was weaned on pickles."

A country fellow came to the city to see his intended wife, and for a long time could think of nothing to say. At last a great snow falling, he took occasion to tell her that his father's sheep would be undone. 'Well,' said she, kindly taking him by the hand, 'I'll keep one of them.'

Hard Run for Husbands.—An exchange paper says—"The girls in some parts of Pennsylvania are so hard run for husbands that they sometimes take up with lawyers and tailors."

A PROSE POEM.

Once upon a midnight stormy, a lone bachelor attorney pondered many a curious volume to his heart's forgotten lore; while he nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping, as of some one gently rapping—rapping at his chamber door. 'Tis the spirits!' and he started, 'rapping at my chamber door. Oh! for help! I'm frightened sore!'

Then into this chamber flitting (not even one permitting him to fly into the closet or to go behind the door), came the ghosts of fond hearts broken (with many a ring, and many a token), and they sat them down beside him, on the dusty, book-strewn floor—sat amidst the volumes of most venerable lore. Quoth the lawyer, 'What a bore!'

'It must be something serious; this is certainly mysterious, quite an advent of the spirits—resurrection *con amore*. But I understand them mostly!'—here there came a rap so ghostly, that he could not more dissemble as he had done heretofore, and his face grew pale and paler as he started for the door—down he fell upon the floor.

Then there came a clatter, clatter, and his teeth began to chatter, as the spirits gather'd round him, and accused him very sore; how with handsome face all smiling, and with winning words beguiling, he had charmed away the senses of fair maidens by the score! and each lass had fondly fancied 'twas her he did adore. Quoth the Lawyer, 'Never more!'

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken, for the answer, strange enough, quite a relevancy bore; they began a noisy rapping—sort of spiritual clapping, which the lawyer thought could be but a fashionable encore—and again, as if his soul in that word he would outpour, did he groan out, 'Never more!'

Presently his soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer—'Oh!' said he, 'sweet spirits, your forgiveness I implore; on my knees, to every ghostess, who to love has played the hostess, I will promise to recant the many faithless things I swore! Will you promise then to leave me?' here he pointed to the door. Rapped the spirits, 'Never more!'

'Be that word our sign of parting,' said the hapless wight upstarting, 'hie ye hence into the darkness, seek ye out some distant shore. In the noisy camp or forum, in the lonely *sanc. sanctorum*—such ghostly grim ungainly guests were never seen before. Leave my loneliness unbroken,'—here he opened wide the door. Rapped the spirits, 'Never more!'

So these vixen sprites of evil—spirits still, though most uncivil—they will never leave the lawyer, though in tears he may implore. At his false heart they are tapping, they are rapping, rapping, rapping, and he wishes, oh, how vainly! that his haunted life was o'er; and he often sighs—'Oh! could I but recall the days of yore, I would FLIRT—Oh! never more!'

PETITION TO TIME.

Touch us gently, Time !
 Let us glide adown thy stream
 Gently,—as we sometimes glide
 Through a quiet dream !
 Humble voyagers are We,
 Husband, wife, and children three—
 (One is lost—an angel, fled
 To the azure overhead !)

Touch us gently, Time !
 We've not proud nor soaring wings :
 Our ambition, *our* content
 Lies in simple things.
 Humble voyagers are We,
 O'er Life's dim unsounded sea,
 Seeking only some calm clime :—
 Touch us *gently*, gentle Time !

ANECDOTES OF THE BAR.

SERGEANT BOND related the following anecdote. He was the unquestionable original. 'I once,' said he, 'bought a horse of a horse-dealer, warranted sound in all his points. I thought I had got a treasure, but still wished to find out if he had *any* fault. I therefore, when I paid for him, said to the seller 'Now, my friend, you have got your money, and I the horse, so that the bargain is closed ; but do, like an honest fellow, tell me fairly of any fault which he has.' 'Why, sir,' says he, 'you have dealt with me like a gentleman, and as you ask me to be frank with you, I must tell you that the horse has one fault.' I pricked up my ears : 'What is it, my friend ?' 'Why, sir,' says he, 'it is that he will not go into the yard of the Crown Inn, at Uxbridge.' 'Pooh, pooh,' said I, 'if that is all I'm not likely to put him to the trial, as I have nothing to do with, or to lead me to Uxbridge.'

'It however so happened, that I had occasion to go to Uxbridge, and I determined to try if my horse retained his dislike to the yard of the Crown Inn. I accordingly rode up the street until I came opposite to the inn-yard of the Crown. I faced about,' said the sergeant, 'seated myself firmly in my stirrups,' at the same time exhibiting the attitude in which the feat was to be performed. 'Expecting a plunge from my horse, I stuck my spurs into his sides, and pushed him forward into the yard ; but what was my surprise to find him enter the yard as quietly as a cow that had

just gone in before him. But I was not long in doubt as to what appeared to be the cause of this change in his antipathies, by the landlord's coming up to him and tapping him on the shoulder: 'Ha, Jack!' says he, 'I'm glad to see you again; I thought I had lost you.' 'What do you mean, Mr. Landlord.' 'Sir,' says he, 'this horse was stolen from me about six months ago, and I have never seen him since.' I did not much relish this piece of information,' rejoined the sergeant, 'but I could not help laughing at the conceit of the horse dealer, to prevent me from going to a place where his theft of the horse would be discovered: I wished I had attended to his caution, as the sale to me was not regular, and I was left to make the best terms I could with the landlord.' What they were he kept to himself.

I have repeatedly heard Fielding say, that the lowest class of the Irish had more native humour than any other body of people in the same rank in life. He would then relate, in proof of it, the event of a bet which was made on the subject at one of the club-houses in St. James's Street, which then was crowded with English and Irish chairmen, and which was to be decided by the reply of one of each country to the same question. It was, 'If you were put naked on the top of St. Pauls, what would you be like?' The English chairman was first called in, and the question being put to him, he ran sulky, and refused to give any direct answer, saying they were making fun of him. Pat was then introduced, and the question being propounded to him: 'What should I be like?' says he; 'why, like to get could, to be sure, your honours.' 'This,' says he, 'they call mother wit; and the most illiterate have a quickness in parrying the effect of a question by an evasive answer. I recollect hearing Sir John Fielding giving an instance of this, in the case of an Irish fellow who was brought before him when sitting as a magistrate at Bow Street. He was desired to give some account of himself, and where he came from. Wishing to pass for an Englishman he said he came from Chester. This he pronounced with a very rich brogue, which caught the ears of Sir John. 'Why, were you ever in Chester?' says he. 'To be sure I was,' said Pat; *'wasn't I born there?'* 'How dare you,' said Sir John Fielding, 'with that brogue, which shows that you are an Irishman, pretend to have been born in Chester.' 'I didn't say I was born there,' says he, 'I only asked your honour whether I was or not.'

'I think our church will last a good many years yet,' said a waggish deacon to his minister; 'I see the *sleepers* are very *sound*.'

“WHAT is the reason,” said a young lady, “that there is nothing said in the Bible about a ‘certain woman,’ as well as a ‘certain man?’” A gentleman answered the lady’s question in the following impromptu:—

‘A certain man’s’ a phrase in Scripture common,
But nothing’s said about a ‘certain woman;’
The reason all may see that are not blind,
A woman’s never *certain* of her mind.

Peter the Great.—It being term time while the Czar was in London, he was taken into Westminster Hall; he inquired who all those busy people in black gowns and flowing wigs were, and what they were about? Being answered, ‘They are lawyers, sire;’—‘Lawyers!’ said he, with marks of astonishment, ‘why I have but *two* in my whole dominions, and I believe I shall hang one of them the moment I get home.’

QUAKER WOOING.—‘Martha, does thee love me?’ asked a Quaker youth of one at whose shrine his heart’s fondest feelings had been offered up. ‘Why, Seth,’ answered she, ‘we are commanded to love one another, are we not?’ ‘Ay, Martha; but does not thee regard me with that feeling that the world calls love?’ ‘I hardly know what to tell thee, Seth: I have greatly feared that my heart was an erring one; I have tried to bestow my love on all; but I may have sometimes thought, perhaps, that thee was getting rather more than thy share.’

Common Sense.—In the course of a lecture delivered by the Rev. G. Gleig, it was observed that the late Duke of Wellington had a great respect for what he called common sense. In illustration thereof he used to tell the following anecdote:—‘When I was following a rajah, in India, we came to a great sandy plain, to cross which was impossible, with the enemy’s cavalry hovering about us. The spies said there was a river in front which I could not cross as it had no bridges, and that I must therefore take a *detour* to the right or left. I, however, took the cavalry, and pushed on to the river, till I was near enough to take a view of it with my spy glass, when I saw that there were two villages opposite each other, on different sides of the river. I immediately said to myself, ‘People would never be fools enough, to build two towns immediately opposite on a great river if they could not get from one to the other.’ So I moved on, and sure enough there was a bridge between the towns. We crossed it, and licked the rajah.’

A PRECISE ANSWER.—A young man pertly said to an aged gentleman, ‘Pray, sir, is your son going to be married?’—‘It is a possible case.’—‘And pray who is it he intends to marry?’—“Should he marry, she is a descendant of a man who never had a mother, and whose wife was never born.”

WHEN WILT THOU RETURN?

When wilt thou return?

The silver clouds are closing
Like billows o’er the fairy path
Of sunset there reposing;
The sapphire fields of heaven,
With its golden splendour burn,
And purple is the mountain peak,—
But when wilt thou return?

When wilt thou return?

The woods are bright with summer,
And the violet’s bower is grac’d
With the rose—a queenly comer;
The stars, that in the air
Like ethereal spirits burn,
Seem watching for thy steps,—
Oh! when wilt thou return?

When wilt thou return?

The sheathless sword is idle,
And each warrior from his steed
Has thrown aside the bridle.
Hark!—’tis the trumpet’s call!
With hope our bosoms burn;
Its echo wakes the distant hills.
Announcing thy return!

LEARNED ‘LADIES.’—Mr. Murphy used to relate the following story of Foote’s, the heroines of which were the ladies Cheere, Fielding, and Hill, the last the widow of the celebrated Dr. Hill. He represented them as playing at ‘I love my love with a letter.’ Lady Cheere began and said, ‘I love my love with an N, because he is a Night;’ Lady Fielding followed with ‘I love my love with a G, because he is a Gustis;’ and ‘I love my love with an F;’ said Lady Hill, ‘because he is a Fizishun.’ Such was the imputed orthography of these learned ladies.

THE Rev. Theodore Parker in a recent lecture at New York, remarked:—John Bull and Brother Jonathan quarrel a little sometimes; John Bull may grumble, and Brother Jonathan shake his fist in return, but the trouble is soon settled. John Bull is very proud of having so fine a son, and we are very proud of being the son of such a father; and soon this Anglo-Saxon race—that is, the Anglo-Saxon Britons and the Anglo-Saxon Americans—will control the whole world. Three hundred years ago the Anglo-Saxon Britons did not own the whole of Great Britain, and see what they have now!

COOLNESS

Sometime ago the whole of the gable end of the Hare and Hounds Inn, at Barnsley, fell down, fortunately without injuring any of the inmates. According to a local paper, a lodger sleeping in the room adjoining the wall was not awoken by the noise, and on the landlord going to him and telling him to get up, as the house was falling, he made answer by saying, 'It may fall then; I've paid for my bed, and I'll take good care that I have my sleep out.' Thus the lodger laid his wonted time, exposed to the weather and the gaze of a large number of persons that had been drawn there by the accident. This story reminds us of the man who being shaken up and told that the house was on fire, turned round again to sleep, and said, 'Well, you must speak to my wife; I don't meddle with household affairs;' and of the other member of the same cool family who, when told in bed that his wife had expired, nestled under the clothes, and murmured, 'Dear me! how sorry I shall be in the morning.' There is really something grand in coolness of this description!

THE celebrated Dr. Brown, of London, paid his addresses to a lady for many years, but unsuccessfully; during which time he was accustomed to propose her health in company when called on for a toast. But being observed one day to omit it, a gentleman present reminded him that he had forgotten to toast his favourite lady. "Why, indeed," said the doctor, "I find it all in vain. Since I have *toasted* her for so many years and still cannot make her *Brown* I am resolved to *toast* her no longer."

A country girl, coming in from the fields, was told by her cousin that she looked as fresh as a daisy kissed with dew. 'Well, it wasn't any fellow of that name, but Bill Jones, that kissed me; and I told him every body would find him out.'

A DREAM OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

"Another scene where happiness is sought !
A festive chamber with its golden hues,
Its dream-like sounds and languishing delights."

R. MONTGOMERY.

I stood in the light of the festive hall,
Gorgeously wrought was its pictured wall;
And the strings of the lute replied in song,
To the heart-breathed lays of the vocal throng.

Oh ! rich were the odours that floated there,
O'er the swan-like neck and the bosom fair ;
And roses were mingled with sparkling pearls,
On the marble brow and the cluster'd curls.

I stood in that hall, and my lips were mute,
And my spirit entranced with the elfin lute ;
And the eyes that look'd on me seem'd fraught with love,
As the stars that make Night more divine above.

A sorrowful thought o'er my spirit came,
Like thunder-clouds kindling with gloom and flame ;
For I knew that those forms in the dust would lie,
And no passionate lips to their songs reply.

But the music recalled me, the hall glow'd with light,
And burst like a vision of heaven on my sight ;
'Oh thus,' I exclaimed, 'will dark feelings depart,
When the sunshine of beauty descends on the heart.'

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THE following anecdote illustrative of railroad facility is very pointed :—A traveller inquired of a negro the distance to a certain point. "Dat 'pends on circumstances," replied the dorky. "If you gwine afoot, it'll take you about a day ; if you gwine in de stage or de homneybuss, you make it in half a day ; but if you get in one ob dese smoke-waggon, you be *almost dar now* !"

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A credulous peasant went to the clergyman of his parish, and told him, with symptoms of great consternation, that he had seen a ghost.—"Where did you see it?"—"Why," said Diggory, "as I war going, an' please your reverence, by the church, right up against the wall I sees the ghost."—"In what shape did it appear?"—"I'or the world like a great donkey."—"Go home and hold your tongue," replied the clergyman ; "you are a timid creature, and have been frightened at your own shadow."

Miss Bremer's Opinion of Married Men.—I confess, then, that I never find, and never have found, a man more lovable, more captivating, than when he is a married man—that is to say, a good married man. A man is never so handsome, never so perfect, in my eyes, as when he is married—as when he is a husband, and the father of a family—supporting in his manly arms wife and children, and the whole domestic circle, which, in his entrance into the married state, close around him, and constitute a part of his home and his world. He is not merely enobled by his position, but he is actually beautified by it. Then he appears to me as the crown of creation; and it is only such a man as this who is dangerous to me, and with whom I am inclined to fall in love. But then propriety forbids it; and Moses, and all European legislatures declare it to be sinful.

SOMETHING TO LOVE.

Something to love, some tree or flow'r
 Something to nurse in my lonely bow'r,
 Some dog to follow where'er I roam,
 Some bird to warble my welcome home.

Some tame Gazelle, or some gentle dove,
 Something to love—oh! something to love
 Something to love—oh! let me see,
 Something that's fill'd with a love for me.

Belov'd by none, it is sad to live,
 And 'tis sad to die and leave none to grieve
 And fond and true, let the lov'd one prove,
 Something to love—oh! something to love.

It is proposed, in a Boston paper, that every man should constitute himself a self-examining committee, to inquire into his own conduct. It is believed the business each committee would have to transact would keep it constantly and usefully employed

'I want to borrow a hundred pounds,' said a fast young man to a Jew usurer. 'What security can you give?' 'My own personal security, sir.' 'Very well—go in here,' says the Jew, lifting up the lid of a large iron chest. 'Get in there!' exclaimed the other, in astonishment; 'what for?' 'Why that is the place where I always keep my securities.'

DURING the last war, a Quaker was on board an American ship engaged in close combat with an enemy. He preserved his peace principles calmly until he saw a stout Briton climbing up the vessel by a rope which hung overboard. Seizing a hatchet, the Quaker looked over the side of the ship, and remarked, 'Friend, if thee wants that piece of rope, thee may have it;' when, suiting the deed to the word, he cut off the rope, and down went the poor fellow to his long watery home !

A gentleman, troubled with an unfortunate stuttering impediment, in the following poetic strain 'popped the question' to the fair idol of his heart —

'Oh boo-boo-beateous Mary say,
When shish-shish-shall we wedded be;
Nin-name the ha-ha-happy day
That will us marr-married see.

Nay, did-did-dearest, though thy cheek
A crick-crick-crimson blush hath dyed
I could not wait a wee-wee-week
Without my jo-jo-joyful bride.

'Then Mary, let us fif-fif-fix
For To-To-Tuesday next the day,
When in the morn at sis-sis-six,
I'll fy-fy-fetch thee hence away.

Then to some bub-bub-blissful spot
To pass the mum-mum-month we'll go,
A coo-coo-coach I've gee-gee-got,
Thou could'st not say nin-nin-ny no !'

A SHORT SERMON, by a QUAKERESS, runs as follows.—'Dear friends, there are three things I greatly wonder at. The first is, that children should be so foolish as to throw up stones and brick-bats into fruit trees to knock down fruit: if they would let it alone it would fall itself. The second is, that men should be so foolish, and even so wicked, as to go to war and kill each other: if let alone they would die themselves. And the third and last thing which I wonder at is, that young men should be so unwise as to go after young women: since, if they would stay at home, the young women would come after them.'

WHEN Nineveh has departed and Palmyra is in ruins—when Imperial Rome has fallen and the Pyramids themselves are sinking into decay—it is no wonder (sighed a French humorist) that my old black coat should be getting seedy at the elbows!

A lady renowned for repartee, and a gentleman noted for tenacity to his own opinion, were overheard in deep and earnest conversation. Says Mr. M. (waxing rather warm), 'Mrs. C., facts are stubborn things.' Says Mrs. C. to Mr. M., 'Then what a fact you must be.'

THE COBBLER and the CLOWN.

A country clown, just come from tillage,
Intent to reach the nearest village,
Was seen to hurry o'er the ground,
In hopes a dentist might be found;
For he was troubled with a pain,
Which sadly went against the grain.
It made him wince and twist about—
He wish'd his tooth was quickly out!

In gazing at a parish clock
A butcher's tray his tooth did knock;
He swore with rage, and with a frown,
That he would knock the rascal down.

But ah! alas! the pain was worse,
And oft he vented many a curse;
He could not fight, so look'd about,
And spied, at last, a cobbler out.

The stall he entered with delight,
Thinking the man would draw it right;
And ask'd him, in his awkward manner,
To draw his tooth for one small tauner.

Says he, "My lad, you need not doubt
But very soon I'll have it out;
And ease you of your pain right quickly,
I see that you look rather sickly."
So straightway got his tools in order,
To cure his patient's bad disorder;
And bade him on his stool be seated,
Till he his wax a little heated.
And getting down his best of twine,
By rubbing quick, soon made it shine;

Then fixed it to his tooth quite neatly,
In hopes to do the job completely.

"Stop!" says the clown, "the one you've tied,
Is wrong—its on the other side:
The tooth I'd swear to, in a minute,
By looking at the blackness in it!"
"Then, lad, your teeth would any bother
For all are black as one another."

At last he got it fix'd quite right,
By tying it, with all his might,
Down to the stool on which he sat,
And laughed to think what he was at.

For fun this cobbler was inclin'd,
And slyly took his awl behind,
To prick him in the hinder part,
Which made the clown upright to start!
So quickly did his tooth extract,
He thought that his poor jaw was crack'd;
And likewise, in his sudden jump,
His head against the roof went bump.

"Odd zounds!" he cried, and gave a shout—
"Is this the way you get it out?
By goles! you laugh as if 'twas fun,
But really, zur, to me it's none.
When I came in just now, d'ye see,
I had one sore, but now I've three!"

Much did he grieve for what he'd borne,
So paid his fee—and then was gone,
But not much farther than the door,
The clown a tickler had in store.
Conceal'd beneath his smock, he had
The cobbler's last—(it was too bad!)
And muttering to himself, he said—
He'd like to send it at his head!
Which straight he did with all his might,
And ran till he was out of sight.

A blacksmith brought up his son, to whom he was very severe,
to his trade. One day the old man was trying to harden a cold
chisel, which he had made of foreign steel, but he could not suc-
ceed. 'Horsewhip it, father,' exclaimed the young one; 'if that
will not *harden* it, I don't know what will.'

A barber once headed his advertisement with the following parody on Goldsmith:

Man wants but little *beard* below,
Nor wants that little *long*.

Mrs. Dobbs, upon being summoned to court as a witness, asked her husband what she should say if the lawyers inquired her age. 'Say, madam,' replied her husband: 'why, tell them you have not yet reached the years of discretion'

A FLIRTATION WITH A FAIR AMERICAN.

"What flirts all you men are," said she. But oh, my sakes! ain't that tree lovely! just one mass of flowers. Hold me up, please Mr. Slick, till I get a branch of that apple-tree. Oh dear! how sweet it smells."—Well, I took her in my arms and lifted her up, but she was a long time a choosin' of a wreath, and that one she put round my hat, and then she gathered some sprigs for a nosegay.—"Don't hold me so high, please. There, smell that, ain't it beautiful? I hope I ain't a showin' of my ankles."—"Lucy, how my heart beats," said I and it did too, it thundered like a sledge hammer; I actilly thought it would have torn my waistcoat buttons off—"Don't you hear it go bump, bump, bump, Lucy? I wonder if it even bursts like a biler; for holdin' such a gal as you be, Lucy, in one's arms ain't safe, it is as much as one's ——"—"Don't be silly," said she, larfin', "or I'll get right down this minute. No," she said, "I don't hear it beat; I don't believe you've got any heart at all."—"There," said I, bringin' her a little farther forward, "don't you hear it now? Listen."—"No," said she, "it's nothin' but your watch tickin'," and she larfed like anythin'; "I thought so."—"You hav'n't got no heart at all, have you?" said I.—"It never has been tried yet," said she; "I hardly know whether I have one or not."—"Oh! then you don't know whether it is in the right place or not?"—"Yes it is," said she, a pullin' of my whiskers; "yes, it's just in the right place, just where it ought to be," and she put my hand on it, "where else would you have it, dear, but where it is? But, hush!" said she; "I saw Eunice Snare just now; she is a comin' round the turn there. Set me down quick, please. Ain't it provokin'? that gal fairly harnts me. I hope she didn't see me in your arms."—"I'll lift *her* up to the tree too," said I, "if you like; and then——"—"Oh no!" said she, "it ain't worth while. I don't care what she says or thinks one snap of my finger."—*Sam Slick.*

"I think," said a farmer, "I should make a good Parliament man, for I use their language. I received two bills the other day, with request for immediate payment; the one I ordered to be laid on the table—the other to be read that day six months."

MATTHEW LANSBERG used to say, 'If you wish to have a shoe made of durable materials, you should make the upper leather of the mouth of a hard drinker, for that never lets in *water*.'

THE INCORRIGIBLE.

A good story is told in an eastern paper of the treatment of a drunken husband by his amiable spouse. After trying various expedients, all to cure drunkenness, she at last bethought herself of another plan of making a reformed drunkard of her lord. She engaged a watchman for a stipulated reward to carry Philander to the watch-house, while yet in a state of insensibility, and to frighten him a little when he recovered. In consequence of this arrangement Philander awoke about eleven o'clock at night, and found himself lying on a pine bench, in a strange and dim apartment. Raising himself upon his elbow, he looked around until his eye rested on a man seated by a stove, smoking a cigar. 'Where am I?' said Philander.—'In a medical college,' said the cigar smoker.—'What a-doing there?'—'Going to be cut up.'—'How came that?'—'Why, you died yesterday, while you were drunk, and we bought your body to make a natomy.'—'It's a lie; I'm not dead.'—'No matter. We bought your carcass from your wife, who had a right to sell it, for it's all the good she could ever make of you. If you're not dead that's no fault of the doctors, and they'll cut you up, dead or alive.'—'You will do it, eh?' asked the old sot.—'Ay, to be sure we will: now, directly,' was the resolute answer.—'Well, can't you let me have something to drink before you begin?' This last speech satisfied the watchman that Philander was a hopeless case, and, as his reward was contingent on his successful treatment of the patient, he was not a little chagrined at the result; so, with no gentle handling, he tumbled the irreformable incubiate out of the watch-house.—*American Paper*.

Universal Agreement.—There is one passage in the Scriptures to which all the potentates of Europe seem to have given unanimous assent and approbation, and to have studied so thoroughly as to have it quite at their *fingers' ends*. '*There went out a decree from Claudius Cæsar, that all the world should be taxed.*'

A gentleman having called a ticket-porter to carry a message, asked his name; the reply was Russell. 'And, pray,' said the gentleman, jocularly, 'is your coat of arms the same as the Duke of Bedford's?'—'As to our arms, your honour,' said the porter, 'I believe they are much alike; but there is a great difference between our coats.'

A man was in the habit of making great profession when he was sick, but always returned to his old ways when he got well. In one of his illnesses, when he was, as usual, making loud protestations of his change of heart, a homely neighbour said to him—'Wait a bit, John, thou'st got the handcuffs on now.'

Merely a Trifling Difference.—In a country parish in the north of Cumberland the inhabitants lately took it into their heads to have an harmonium for their parish church, which was accordingly ordered, and was duly announced as being ready at the nearest railway station, awaiting its transportation to its destination, which was to be by means of the cart of a farmer who had kindly offered to take it up to the village, at the same time that he carried home a "Patent Time-Saving Washing Machine," which the farmer's wife had persuaded the good man to invest in, to get up their household linen. Now it happened that he being the leading man of the village, and the churchwarden, the instrument was addressed to him. Safely deposited in his cart, the two "new-fangled things" got home; but lo! "Which is t' thing et weshes t' cleas?" and which "t' new organ fiddle?" Neither had ever been seen at work by the puzzled churchwarden, and "for t' varra leyfe on em" he could not tell "whilk was whilk." At last, however, the larger of the two—both being fitted up in neat oak cases—was pitched upon as being mere like the harmonium, and was set in its appointed place in the church, the other being deposited in the washhouse, ready for use at the next wash. We may leave it to our readers to imagine the astonishment of the schoolmaster on being taken down in the evening to "give a tune or two" to the village choir, and a select circle, on what turned out to be a washing machine! The farmer defends himself from the jokes of his friends by saying "they were so much alike, particularly the washing-machine, that it was impossible to tell the difference."

An Englishman, boasting of the superiority of the horses in his country, mentioned that the celebrated Eclipse had run a mile in a minute. "My good fellow," exclaimed an American present, "that

is rather less than the average rate of our common roadsters. I live at my country seat, near Philadelphia, and when I ride in a hurry to town, of a morning, my own shadow can't keep up with me, but generally comes into the store to find me, from a minute to a minute and a half after my arrival. One morning the beast was restless, and I rode him as fast as I possibly could several times round a large factory—just to take the old Harry out of him. Well, sir, he went so fast, that the whole time I saw my back directly before me, and was twice in danger of riding over myself."

The Infant Yankee.—A late lecturer remarked that it wouldn't be a very violent stretch of the imagination to believe, "that a Massachusetts's baby, six months old, sits in his mother's lap, eyeing his own cradle, to see if he could not invent a better; or at least suggest some improvement."

FUNERAL EULOGY.

A very infamous woman, in the reign of Charles II, who had pursued the atrocious occupation of procuress for thirty-six years, desired in her will to have a funeral sermon preached, for which the preacher was to have ten pounds; on the express condition, that he should say nothing but *well* of her. The minister concluded a sermon on the general subject of mortality, by saying—"By the will of the deceased it is expected that I should mention her, and say nothing but *well* of her. All that I shall say of her therefore is this: she was born *well*, she lived *well*, and she died *well*; for she was born with the name of *Cresswell*, she lived in *Clerkenwell*, and she died in *Bridewell*."

NAPOLEON I.

Soon after the elevation of Buonaparte to the consulship, he sent for Madame de Montesson, the reputed widow of the Duke of Orleans, and desired to know if there was any thing in which he could be of service to her. 'General,' said she, 'I have no claim upon your generosity.' 'Do you not know,' said Buonaparte, 'that I received from you my first crown? You came to Brienne, with the duke of Orleans, to distribute the prizes, and placing upon my head the laurel wreath which was the precursor of others, you said, 'May it be lucky to you!' It is said that I am a fatalist: thus it is very natural that I should remember this circumstance, which you have forgotten. It will afford me great pleasure to be of service to you.'

Powers of Memory.—Boys are sometimes endowed with remarkable memories. The Keen family, of the state of Texas, consisted of three girls and a boy—the later only four years old. They were all sitting round the fire one evening, engaged in telling how far back they could recollect. One of the girls recollected when she had “a doll that winked with both eyes.” Another recollected when she was “a little baby at the breast, and Nancy tickled her feet.” Johnny Keen, who was the last and least of them all, said he recollected “*wuss than that.*” ‘How wuss?’ said all the girls in a breath. ‘Oh, I recollect three weeks afore I’ze born, and how I cried all the time *for fear I’d be a gal!*’

CURRAN'S SCHOOLMASTER.

AN account of his interview with Boyse, the friend and educator of his youth, is thus related by himself. ‘About five and thirty years after leaving the school at Middleton, when I had risen to some eminence at the bar, and when I had a seat in parliament, on my return, one day, from court, I found an old gentleman seated alone in my drawing-room; his feet familiarly placed on each side of the chimney-piece, and his whole air bespeaking the consciousness of one quite at home. He turned round—it was my friend of the Ball-alley. I rushed instinctively into his arms, and burst into tears. Words cannot describe the scene that followed: ‘You are right, sir: you are right,’ said I; ‘the chimney-piece is yours—the pictures are yours—the house is yours. You gave me all I have—my friend—my father—my benefactor!’ He dined with me; and in the evening I caught the tear glistening in his eye, when he saw poor little Jack, the creature of his bounty, rising in the House of Commons to reply to a right honourable. Poor Boyse! he is now gone: and no suitor had a larger deposit of practical benevolence in the court above. This is his wine; let us drink to his memory.’

A stranger having entered the apartment where the Emperor Napoleon was shaving himself, when in a little town in Italy, he said, “I want to see your great emperor—what are you to him?” The emperor replied, “I shave him.”

‘Don’t you think the Rev. Mr. K. a preacher of great power?’ asked a gentleman, in reference to a pompous, long-winded divine, who spoke in a high-keyed, drawling voice. ‘Yes, *high-draw-lic* power,’ was the reply of the person addressed.

Smart 'Uns.—'First class in astronomy, stand up. Where does the sun rise?' 'Please, sir, down in our meadow; I seed it yesterday.' 'Hold your tongue, you dunce; where does the sun rise?' 'I know—in the east.'—'Right, and why does it rise in the east?' 'Because the 'east makes every thing rise.' 'Out, you booby.'

BUTTERY DICK.

My neighbour Dick was sent one day,
With a message for Old Farmer Ray,
Whose farm was just beside the moor,
Consisting of land both rich and poor.

Well-pleased was Dick to have an out,
He cross'd the moor with many a shout,
And came at length to the old farm-gate,
To give his message in joyful state.

He knock'd at the door, and made his bow,
Just in the way his mother did show,
And told his tale so very polite,
That Farmer Ray was full of delight.

Now Farmer Ray was a wealthy chap,
And liberal too with his bread and tap;
But in haste to send an answer back,
He forgot to give poor Dick a snack.

For messenger Dick had hungry grown,
Since he had quitted the distant town;
His empty stomach gave loudest calls,
His hunger was rife to break through walls.

At the farm it had been churning day,
The butter was not yet put away,
'Twas on the table in numerous rolls,
And tempting it was to hungry souls.

Thought hungry Dick, that butter looks nice,
I wish in my heart I had a slice
Well spread upon a twopenny cake,
I think it would cure the stomach ache.

So when the old Farmer did withdraw,
Says Dick to himself, I'll have a go;
He rose from the seat on which he sat
And dropped a pound into his hat.

As I return, I will buy some bread,
And on it the butter I will spread ;
Though thieving makes me feel on a flutter.
I'm rather uneasy with this butter.

Old Ray is rich—has plenty to spare,
He'll never miss it—so do not care ;
He'd do the same if as hungry he felt,—
I must be gone, ere the butter shall melt.

What a time he is !—I cannot stop,
The butter gives notice that it will drop ;
O if he does not release me quick,
With flutter and grease I shall be sick.

Ah ! buttery Dick, thou didst not see,
That old Farmer Ray was watching thee ;
He saw thee take it ; and he did mutter,
' I'll make him smart, and baste him with butter.'

' I'll teach him to steal when he comes here,
And I'll make that pound of butter dear :
So then here's to work to cure him right,
I'll have him soon in a greasy plight.'

In merry mood now old Ray came in,
While hungry Dick did tremble and grin : —
' My lad, you appear impatient quite,
But wait till I a letter shall write :

Come, sit in this chair, beside the fire,
And warm your feet—they are cold with mire ;
The fire is low—Molly, mend it up,
And bring more coals, and some ale to sup :

And put some giuger and nutmeg in,
Afterwards bring him a glass of gin ;
Be at home, my lad, you're cold and flutter,—
Moll, let him have some bread and butter.'

So Dick regaled on butter and bread,
With hot foaming ale, well peppered ;
While Farmer Ray his letter did write,
Eyeing buttery Dick with rare delight.

The sweating process did now commence,
To give the culprit a proper sense ;
The pound of butter had softer grown,
And about his ears came leaking down.

The letter done—the Farmer did say,
' Be at home, my lad, now eat away ;

Then drink this gin—I'll have no excuse,
For this cold day, it will be of use.'

Poor Dick was press'd on every side,
What with food and fire, he could not bide;
The steam was rais'd to such a degree,
The butter came down in streams right free.

It trickled down upon all his hair,
Shirt, collar, and clothes received a share;
No part of his face from butter was free,
It filled his eyes—he could scarcely see.

Poor Dick exceeded priest Aaron now,
When the ointment on his beard did flow,
And on his garments its odour spread;
So Dick was greas'd—but no fragrance shed.

Farmer Ray was overcome with mirth,
'Twas the rummest thing he'd seen on earth;
Dick seasoned and roasting like a goose,
When the fat from the skin is seen to ooze.

'I wonder,' said Ray, 'that you have sat,
Before the fire, having on your hat;
If you take it off, you'll feel more easy,
You will not sweat and be so greasy.'

'Ah! master Ray, please excuse me now,
My ringworm I do not like to show,
My mother charg'd me before I sped,
'Be sure to keep thy hat on thy head.'

'Well, I will not urge it, use your choice,
To see you happy makes me rejoice;
I hope this cheer your taste has met,
And done you good, though it makes you sweat.'

'The fire gets low,—Moll, bring some fuel,
Some of us soon may want some gruel;
Put on more coals, and fire away,
I am pleas'd this lad will with me stay.'

'I thank you, master, for being kind,'
But my way home I must try to find;
'You must not go yet,' old Ray replied
'Till a glass of brandy you have tried.'

As Molly passed poor Dickey's chair,
She saw him sweat, and did declare,

' I never saw such a sight before,
The sweat pours from him to the floor.'

' It is not sweat, it looks like butter,
Ay, down his face I see it scutter ;
It may be butter or bacon fat ;
Why does it come from under his hat ?

' I've got a sore head, poor Dick replied ,
And every remedy I have tried ;
But still the wound progressed the faster
Until I tried a buttery plaster.'

' And now you see that it melts with heat,
And falls on my Sunday clothes so neat.'
' I hope the plaster will do it good,'
Said Farmer Ray in a laughing mood.

' It is cold,' said Ray, ' mend up the fire,
Yes, raise it fully one foot higher ;
Come, come, my lad, that brandy sup,
You shall have another, so drink it up.'

But now poor Dick began to faint,
And was forced to utter this complaint ;—
' O Farmer Ray, I begin to tire,
Let me withdraw from this hot fire.'

' I cannot stop any longer here,
I assure you that I do feel queer ;
Permit me to go, I'm all a-sweat,
Shirt, stockings, coat, breeches,—all are wet.'

' Very well, lad, the process is past,
The butter's gone—may the lesson last ;
I'd have you to learn when you come here,
That stealing and lying will cost you dear.'

' You took the butter, I saw you do it,
And sadly you lied to get through it ;
I lift up your hat, and what do I see ?
Not the disease you mentioned to me.'

' I care not for the butter you took,
If you will now at the warning look ;
Stealing and lying together will go,
Filling with sorrow, leading to woe.'

So now, my lad, I will give you ease,
After your purgatory in grease ;
Hie home as fast as you can scutter,
And don't forget the pound of butter.'

A Dutiful Child.—‘How old are ye?’ said Mr. Major Kiplins to a dwarfish young man.—‘Twenty.’—‘I wonder you aren’t right down ashamed of being no bigger; you look like a boy of ten.’—‘All comes of being a dutiful child.’—‘How so?’—‘When I was ten, father put his hand on my *head*, and said ‘*Stop there*,’ and he then ran away; I’ve never seen him since, and didn’t think it right in me to *go on growing without his leave*.’”

THE LADIES.

A TOAST.

‘No skylights or heeltaps,’ exclaimed Costigan, standing up with oratorical pomp, and looking round to see that every glass was full. ‘Sir—there are moments when the human heart is agitated by emotions—don’t laugh, young man, you’ll know better when you grow older. We’ve enjoyed, sir, at your hospitable board this day, an intellectual feast that’ll be remembered by our great-grandchildren, to whom we will feel it our duty to communicate the rich trate. A grateful posterity, sir, will hold the day in reverence, and every mother’s son of them will emulate your example, and consider himself bound to give a dinner on the occasion. But I appale to every one o’ you, in your concave and convex connections with the world at large, as husbands, fathers, sons, brothers, lovers, and cousin-germans, what would this intellectual trate have been without the presence of lovely woman? The eye of woman, sir, is the growing refulgence that lights up the transparency of human life. Is there a heart amongst you that doesn’t respond to my appale? Sir, the extent of our obligations to that sex is unknown. From the cradle to the grave—I spake advisedly—woman is with us everywhere. We are born of woman, and when we die we go back to her arms, for aren’t we then put to sleep in our mother earth? Everything that’s beautiful, and grand, and glorious is of the female gender. Isn’t Liberty a woman? Isn’t Britannia a woman? and when does she look so like a real divinity as when she’s leaning on her anchor, and shaking hands across the green waters with her sister Hibernia? Aren’t the Muses and the Graces women to a man? And the only bull in the fine ancient heathen mythology was making Love a little boy. If we had had the making of the gods and goddesses in Ireland, may be we wouldn’t put petticoats upon Cupid, and convert him into a girl! If Love isn’t a woman, the deuce is in the dice. A bumper, boys, for woman, upstanding, with one foot on your chairs, and three times three, and all the honours! Immaculate, immutable woman! Take the fire from me—The ladies, sir, that have left us, and may they never leave us again, and may blessing be on them wherever they go. One, two, three, hurrah!—bathershin!—one, two, three hurrah! hurrah!’

Singing and Jumping.—Handel was once the proprietor of the Opera house, London, and at the time presided at the harpsichord in the orchestra. His embellishments were so masterly that the attention of the audience was frequently diverted from the singing to the accompaniment, to the frequent mortification of the vocal professors. A pompous Italian singer was once so chagrined at the marked attention paid to the harpsichord, in preference to his own singing, that he swore, that if ever Handel played him a similar trick, he would jump down upon his instrument, and put a stop to the interruption: upon which Handel thus accosted him:—‘Oh! oh! you vill jump, vill you? very vell, Sare; be so kind, and tell me de night ven you vill jump, and I vill advertishe it in de bills; and I shall get grate dale more money by your jumping than I shall get by your singing.’

BUONAPARTE.

One day at the camp of Boulogne, Napoleon, accompanied by some engineers, was walking on the beach, and an old sailor was there also; they met, and the old tar, without seeming the least embarrassed, answered with much promptness to the questions put to him. During this discourse, the Emperor took out his gold snuff-box and opened it mechanically; the sailor, on seeing it, first saluted the Emperor familiarly, and then plunged his two fingers into the box. ‘The deuce!’ exclaimed Napoleon, ‘it seems, comrade, that you like it.’ The sailor disconcerted at this remark, let fall the pinch, and began to apologize. The emperor shut the box. ‘Here, my brave fellow,’ said he, ‘as you like the snuff so well, take the box also.’ The old sailor ever after was continually relating this anecdote. There was not a cabin boy but was anxious to see the snuff-box; and this little adventure rendered Napoleon more popular in the fleet, than if they had received a present of six months’ pay.

A certain Bishop had a Biscayan man-servant whom he ordered one festival to go to a butcher, who was called David, for a piece of meat, and then come to church where the Bishop was to preach. The Bishop in his sermon, bringing authorities from the scriptures in this manner: ‘Isaiah says thus:’ ‘Jeremiah says thus:’ At last, happening to turn towards the door as his servant came in, went on. ‘And what says David?’ upon which the Biscayanman roared out, ‘He swears to God, that if you do not pay your old bill, you need never send to his shop again.’

A dignified Clergyman when returning from a journey, met near his house a comical old chimney-sweeper, with whom he used to chat, 'So, John,' says the doctor, 'from whence come you?' 'from your house,' says Mr. Soot, 'for this morning I have swept all your chimneys.' 'How many were there?' says the doctor, 'No less than twenty,' quoth John. 'Well, and how much a chimney have you?' 'Only a shilling a piece, sir.' 'Why then,' quoth the doctor, 'you have earned a great deal of money in a little time.' 'Yes, yes, sir,' says John, throwing his bag of soot over his shoulders, 'we black coats get our money easy enough.'

THE RICH MAN AND THE POOR MAN

So goes the world ;—if wealthy, you may call
This friend, that brother,—friends and brothers all ;
Though you are worthless—witless—never mind it ;
You may have been a stable boy—what then ?

'Tis wealth, good sir, makes honourable men—
You seek respect, no doubt, and you will find it.

But if you are poor, heaven help you ! though your sire
Had royal blood within him, and though you
Possess the intellect of angels, too,
'Tis all in vain ;—the world will ne'er inquire
On such a score ;—why should it take the pains ?
'Tis easier to weigh purses, sure, than brains.

I once saw a poor fellow, keen and clever,
Witty and wise :—he paid a man a visit,
And no one noticed him, and no one ever
Gave him a welcome. 'Strange,' cried I 'whence is it ?'
He walk'd on this side, and then on that,
He tried to introduce a social chat ;
Now here, now there, in vain he tried ;
Some formally and freezingly replied,
And some
Said by their silence—'Better stay at home.'

A rich man burst the door,
As Cræsus rich—I'm sure
He could not pride himself upon his wit ;
And as for wisdom, he had none of it ;
He had what's better,—he had wealth.
What a confusion !—all stand up erect—
These crowd around him—ask him of his health ;
These bow in honest duty and respect ,

And these arrange a sofa or a chair,
 And these conduct him there.
 'Allow me, sir, the honour,'—then a bow
 Down to the earth,—Is't possible to show
 Meet gratitude for such kind condescension?

The poor man hung his head,
 And to himself he said :—
 'This is, indeed, beyond my comprehension :'
 Then looking round,
 One friendly face he found,
 And said—'Pray tell me why is wealth preferr'd
 To wisdom?'—'That's a silly question, friend !'
 Replied the other—'have you never heard,
 A man may lend his store
 Of gold and silver ore,
 But wisdom none can borrow, none can lend?'

Three Chances for a Wife.—I once courted a gal by the name of Deb Hawkins. I made up to get married. Well, while we was going up to the deacon's, I stepped my foot into a mud puddle, and spattered the mud all over Deb's new gown, made out of her grandmother's chintz petticoat. When we got to the deacon's I asked Deb if she would take me for her lawful wedded husband?—"No," says she, "I shan't do no such thing."—"What on airth is the reason?" says I.—"Why," says she, "I've taken a mislikin' to you." Well, it was all up with me then, but I gave her a string of beads, a few kisses, some other notions, and made it up with her; so we went up to the deacon's a second time. I was determined to come up to her this time, so when the deacon asked me if I should take her for my lawfully wedded wife, says I, "No, I shan't do no such thing."—"Why," says Deb, "what on airth is the matter?"—"Why," says I, "I've taken a mislikin' to you now." Well, there it was all up again, but I gave her a new apron, and a few other little trinkets, and we went up again to get married. We expected then we should be tied so fast that all nature couldn't separate us, and when we asked the deacon if he wouldn't marry us, he said, "No, I shan't do no such thing."—"Why, what on airth is the reason?" says we.—"Why," says he, "I've taken a mislikin' to both on you." Deb burst out cryin', the deacon burst out scoldin', and I burst out laughin', and sich a set of reg'lar bursters you never did see.

'How is it,' said a gentleman to Sheridan, 'that your name has not an O attached to it? Your family is Irish, and no doubt illustrious.'—"No family has a better right to an O than our family," said Sheridan, 'for we *owe* every body.'

TIPPERARY.

DR. FITZGERALD, in his poem of the 'Academic Sportsman,' introduces the following apostrophe to his birth-place, the village of Tipperary :

'And thou, dear village, loveliest of the clime,
Fain would I name thee, *but I can't in rhyme.*'

This catching the observation of some of our English wits, gave rise to the following laughable *Jeu de mot*.

A bard there was in sad quandary
To end his rhyme with—Tipperary !
Long laboured he through January,
But all in vain for—Tipperary !
Toil'd every day in February,
But toil'd in vain for—Tipperary !
Exploring 'Byshe's Dictionary,'
He miss'd the rhyme for—Tipperary !
Search'd Hebrew text, and commentary,
Yet found no rhyme for—Tipperary !
And though of time he was not chary,
'Twas thrown away on—Tipperary !
For still the line would run contrary,
Whene'er he turn'd to—Tipperary !
The stubborn verse he ne'er could vary,
To that unlucky—Tipperary !
Strange that a wight so wise and wary,
Could find no rhyme for—Tipperary !
He next implored his mother Mary
To tell him rhyme for—Tipperary !
But she, good woman, was no fairy,
Nor witch, though born in—Tipperary !
Knew every thing about her dairy,
But not the rhyme for—Tipperary !
Drawing from thence a corollary
That nought would rhyme with—Tipperary !
And of his wild-goose chase most weary,
He vowed to leave out—Tipperary !

Wild Beasts.—Diogenes being asked what kind of beast was the worst, replied, among wild beasts, the back-biter, among tame ones, the flatterer.

A YANKEE IN LOVE.

Oh, dear, what nonsense people talk about love, don't they? Sleepless nights—broken dreams—beatin hearts—pale faces—a pinin' away to shadders—fits of absence—loss of appetite—nervous flutterins, and all that. I haven't got the symptoms, but I'll swear to the disease. Folks take this talk, I guess, from poets; and they are miserable, mooney sort of critters, half mad, and whole lazy, who would rather take a day's dream than a day's work any time, and catch rhymes as niggers catch flies to pass time—hearts and darts, cupid and stupid, purlin' streams and pulin' dreams, and so on. It's all bunkum! Spooney looks and spooney words may do for school-boys and seminary gals; but for a man like me, and an angeliferous critter like Sophy, love must be like electricity—eye for eye, heart for heart, telegraphed backwards and forwards like 'iled lightnin.'—*Sam Slick.*

SLEEPING THREE IN A BED.

MR. G. Sykes, a respectable Itinerant Preacher, was remarkable for wit and humour, as well as for eloquent preaching. Being once on a journey, and night coming on before he could possibly reach the residence of any of his friends, he was under the necessity of tarrying all night at a village Alehouse. Happening to be the Fair day there, the landlady informed him that he was welcome to stay if he could accommodate himself to sleep with other two gentlemen, as they had but one spare bed, and that was already engaged to carry double. He told her that he preferred a bed even on those conditions to none. However about bed-time, he contrived to be the first to retire to rest. After having secured the door with all possible precaution, he fell asleep—from which he was quickly roused by the chamber-maid. 'Who's there?' inquired our traveller.—'The two gentlemen want to go to bed,' replied the girl.—'I think the bed is full enough already,' said he.—'Well, who is there?'—'Here is George Sykes,' calmly replied the man of God, 'a Methodist preacher, and myself.' The maid was satisfied, and Mr. Sykes slept comfortably till morning.

MARSHAL Soult, once showing the pictures he stole in Spain, stopped before one, and remarked: 'I value that picture very much; it saved the lives of two estimable persons.' An aide-camp whispered in the listener's ears: 'He threatened to have them both shot unless they gave it up.'

A LAWYER'S NAME.—A lawyer wrote *rascal* in the hat of a brother lawyer, who, on discovering it, entered a complaint in open court against the trespasser, who, he said, had not only taken his hat, but had written his *own* name in it.

Wellington.—During the battle of Waterloo, while he stood in the centre of the high road, in front of mount St. John, several guns were levelled at him. The balls repeatedly grazed a tree on the right hand of the road, which now bears his name. ‘That’s good practice,’ observed the Duke to one of his suite, ‘I think they fire better than in Spain.’

WATCH AND PRAY.

THE Rev. Mr. Leppington had a practice of making a very long extempore Grace before meat:—Being one day on a visit to a friend’s house, who was *blessed* with a son endued with a larger portion of *wit* than *grace*; when the company had sat down to dinner, which was neat but plain, and served up in one or two dishes, and all were leaning their closed eyes in their hands, some with real and some with affected devotion, attending to the minister, the waggish youth contrived slyly and silently to remove the catables into an adjoining apartment, the door of which stood open. He had recovered his seat in time enough to raise his head with the rest of the company. ‘What is become of the dinner,’ was the extemporaneous exclamation of every tongue, when the place was discovered ‘where the *dinner* was not.’—‘Tis a judgment,’ observed the youth, ‘on us for not sufficiently attending to the injunctions of the scripture.’—‘I think we were complying exactly with the commands of scripture,’ said Mr. Leppington, ‘for we were praying.’—‘Yes,’ says the youth, ‘but the scripture says we must *watch* as well as *pray*. Had one of us been *watching* as attentively as you were *praying*, we had not lost our dinner.’

IT is said that of five hundred and forty young ladies who fainted away last year, more than one half fell into the arms of gentlemen. Only two had the misfortune to fall on the floor.

‘MA,’ said little Katy, ‘I don’t think Solomon was as rich as they say he was,’ ‘Why, my dear?’ asked the astonished mother. ‘Because he slept with his fathers, and I think if he had been so very rich he would have had a bed of his own.’

A proud parson and his man riding over a common, saw a shepherd tending his flock, who had a new coat on, the parson asked him, in a haughty tone, who gave him that coat? 'The same,' said he, 'that clothed you, the parish.' The parson, nettled at this, rode on, murmuring, a little way, and then bade his man go back and ask the shepherd, if he would come and live with him, for he wanted a fool? The man went accordingly to the shepherd, delivered his master's message, and concluded as he was ordered, that his master wanted a fool. 'Why are you going away then?' said the shepherd. 'No,' answered the other. 'Then you may go and tell your master,' replied the shepherd, 'his living cannot maintain three of us.'

AN ODE TO DELIA.

Thy *ruby eyes*, my charming fair,
And *snowy cheeks* have won my heart
May heav'n in mercy hear my prayer,
And never let thee feel the smart.

I've often wish'd that I might be
A *dishclout* in thy rosy hands;
Or, but the favour'd *myrtle* tree,
That in thy chamber window stands.

For if a *dishclout*, then I might
Be press'd in thy lov'd hand by day;
Or if a *myrtle*, then by night,
I could thy rapt'rous charms survey.

Antiquity.—A lawyer and a doctor were discussing the antiquity of their respective professions, and each cited their authority to prove his the most ancient. 'Mine,' said the disciple of Lycurgus, 'commenced almost with the world's era. Cain slew his brother Abel, and that was a *criminal* case in law.' 'True,' rejoined Esculapius, 'but my profession is coeval with the creation itself. Old Mother Eve was made out of a rib taken from Adam's body, and that was a *surgical operation*.' The lawyer dropped his green bag.'

WHY are people who stutter unsafe to rely on? Because they're always *breaking their word*.

SWIFT AND SHERIDAN.

Dr. Sheridan was extremely vain of his estate at Quilca, and *improved* it by a number of foolish whims. This was to Dean Swift a fair subject; and he seized every opportunity to ridicule the Doctor upon it. Happening to be in company with the Bishop of Meath, and some other persons, among whom was Sheridan, the Bishop observed that he was without a house, as his palace was then undergoing a repair. Upon this the Dean offered the use of his parsonage at Laracor to the Bishop. Dr. Sheridan who would not be outdone in generosity, made the Bishop an offer of his mansion at Quilca. The Dean was tickled with the folly of the schoolmaster, and produced, for the information of the company, the following ludicrous description of Quilca:

Let me thy properties explain;
 A rotten cabin, dropping rain,
 Chimneys with scorn rejecting smoke;
 Stools, tables, chairs, and bedsteads broke.
 Here elements have lost their uses,
 Air ripens not, nor earth produces.
 In vain we make poor Shelah toil,
 Thro' all the valleys, hills, and plains,
 Fire will not roast, nor water boil.
 The Goddess *Want* in triumph reigns;
 And her chief officers of state,
Sloth, Dirt, and Theft around her wait!

The Doctor sat crest fallen a few moments, and then slipped out of doors—wrote a humorous inventory of the Dean's goods at Laracor—folded it up, and gave it with a shilling to a beggar, to present, as a petition, to the Bishop. While the Bishop read the letter, the Dean railed at beggars; but silence seized him when he took the paper himself and read:—

'A true and faithful inventory of the goods belonging to Dr. Swift, Vicar of Laracor, upon his offering to lend his house to the Bishop of Meath, till the Bishop's be finished.

"An oaken, broken, elbow chair;
 A caudle cup, without an ear;
 A batter'd, shatter'd, ash bedstead;
 A box of deal without a lid;
 A pair of tongs, but out of joint;
 A backsword poker, without point;
 A pot that's crack'd, across, around,
 With an old knotted garter bound;

An iron lock, without a key;
 A wig, with hanging quite grown grey;
 A curtain worn to half a stripe;
 A pair of bellows without pipe;
 A dish which might afford good meat once,
 An Ovid, and an old Concordance;
 A bottle bottom, wooden platter;
 (One is for meal, and one for water;)
 There likewise is a copper skillet;
 Which runs as fast out, as we fill it;
 A candle-stick, snuff-dish, and save-all;
 And thus his household goods you have all.
 These to your Lordship, as a friend,
 Till you have built, I'll freely lend.
 They'll serve your Lordship for a shift;
 Why not as well as Dr. Swift?"

The retaliation was allowed to be complete, and the parties continued faithful friends as usual.

HANDEL.

Handel had such a remarkable irritation of nerves, that he could not bear to hear the tuning of instruments, and therefore this was always done before he arrived at the theatre. A musical wag, who knew how to extract some mirth from Handel's irascibility of temper, stole into the orchestra, on a night when the Prince of Wales was to be present, and untuned all the instruments. As soon as the Prince arrived, Handel gave the signal of beginning *con spirito*; but such was the horrible discord, that the enraged musician started up from his seat, and having overturned a double bass, which stood in his way, he seized a kettle drum, which he threw with such violence at the leader of the band, that he lost his full-bottomed wig in the effort. Without waiting to replace it, he advanced, bare-headed, to the front of the orchestra, breathing vengeance, but so much choked with passion that utterance was denied him. In this ridiculous attitude he stood staring and stamping for some moments, amidst a convulsion of laughter; nor could he be prevailed upon to resume his seat, until the Prince went in person, and with much difficulty appeased his wrath.

A secret is like silence—you cannot talk about it and keep it; it is like money—when once you know there is any concealed it is half discovered. 'My dear Murphy,' said an Irishman to his friend, 'why did you betray the secret that I told you?' 'Is it betraying, you call it? Sure, when I found I wasn't able to keep it myself, didn't I do well to tell it to somebody that could?'

THE LOVER'S PETITION

'Give me a tress of curling hair,
 Above thy forehead, love, reclining,
 And next my faithful heart I'll wear
 The golden treasure, brightly shining.'
 Thus spoke I to my Laura dear,
 And brightly on her cheek the blushes
 Of modesty and love sincere
 Glow'd in their rosy transient flushes.

Repulsing me, she gently strove
 To free her tresses from my fingers,
 And as I sought the gift of love,
 The glance she gave in mem'ry lingers—
 'Twas partly anger, partly fear—
 I wonder'd at her strange emotion,
 When in my hand her *wig* fell down!—
 A cooler to my love's devotion.

 RULES TO DISCOVER MARRIED COUPLES.

1. If you see a gentleman and a lady disagree upon trifling occasions or correcting each other in company, you may be assured they have tied the matrimonial noose.
2. If you see a silent pair in a hackney or any other coach, lolling carelessly one at each window, without seeming to know they have a companion, the sign is infallible.
3. If you see a lady drop her glove, and a gentleman by the side of her, kindly telling her to pick it up, you need not hesitate in forming your opinion; or,
4. If you see a lady presenting a gentleman with any thing carelessly, her head inclined another way, and speaking to him with indifference; or,
5. If you meet a couple in the fields, the gentleman twenty yards in advance of the lady, who, perhaps is getting over a stile with difficulty, or picking her way through a muddy path; or,
6. If you see a lady whose beauty and accomplishments attract the attention of every gentleman in the room but *one*, you can have no difficulty in determining their relationship to each other—the *one* is her husband.
7. If you see a gentleman particularly courteous, obliging, and good-natured, relaxing into smiles, saying smart things, and toying with every pretty woman in the room, excepting *one*, to whom he

appears particularly reserved, cold, and formal, and is unreasonably cross—who that *one* is, nobody can be at a loss to discover.

8. If you see a young or an old couple jarring, cliecking and thwarting each other, differing in opinion before the opinion is expressed; eternally anticipating and breaking the thread of each other's discourse, yet using kind words, like honey bubbles floating on vinegar, which are soon overwhelmed by the preponderance of the fluid; they are, to all intents, man, and wife!—it is impossible to be mistaken.

The rules above quoted are laid down as infallible in just interpretation—they may be resorted to with confidence; they are upon unerring principles, and deducted from every day's experience.

Gallantry.—A gallant old gentleman of the name of Page, finding a young lady's glove at a watering-place, presented it to her with the following words:—

‘If from your glove you take the letter G,
Your glove is love, which I devote to thee.’

To which the lady returned the following neat answer:—

If from your Page you take the letter P,
Your Page is age, and that won't do for me.’

Craniology.—A professor of *Craniology* passing the other morning through a Church yard near London, while they were opening some old graves, took up several skulls, and affected to distinguish very accurately the characters of their owners. ‘This now,’ said the professor, ‘belonged to a philosopher.’ ‘Like enough, your honour,’ replied the grave digger, ‘for I see it is a bit *cracked*.’

SOME time before the breaking up of the British head quarters at Cambray, an Irish soldier, a private in the 23rd Regiment of foot, was convicted of shooting at, and robbing a French peasant, and was sentenced to be hanged. On arriving at the place of execution, he addressed the spectators in a stentorian voice, as follows:—‘Bad luck to the Duke of Wellington, he's no Irishman's friend any way. I have killed many a score of Frenchmen by his orders, and when I just took it in my head to kill one on my own account, by the powers, he has tacked me up for it.’

‘BEWARE,’ said the potter to the clay, and it became ware.

A scholar of Dr. Bushby's coming into the parlour where the doctor had laid a fine bunch of grapes for his own eating, took it up, and said aloud, 'I publish the banns between these grapes and my mouth; if any one knows any just cause or impediment why these two should not be joined together, let them now declare it.' The doctor being in the next room, overheard all that was said, and coming into the school, he ordered the boy who had eaten his grapes to be taken up, or as they called it, hors'd on another boy's back; but before he proceeded to the usual discipline, he cried out aloud, as the delinquent had done; 'I publish the banns between my rod and this boy's breech, if any one knows any just cause or impediment why these two should not be joined together, let them declare it.' 'I forbid the banns,' cried the boy. 'Why so?' said the doctor. 'Because the parties are not agreed,' replied the boy, which answer so pleased the doctor, who loved to find any readiness of wit in his scholars, that he ordered the boy to be set down.

Two Friends, who had not seen each other for some time, met at the Exchange. 'How are you,' said one of them. 'Not very well,' said the other. 'So much the worse; what have you been doing since I saw you last?' 'I have being getting married.' 'So much the better.' 'Not so much the better; for I married a bad wife.' 'So much the worse.' 'Not so much the worse, for her dowry was 2000 Louis.' 'So much the better.' 'Not so much the better; for I laid out a part of that sum in sheep, which have all died of the rot.' 'So much the worse.' 'Not so much the worse; because the sale of their skins has brought me more than the price of the sheep.' 'So much the better.' 'Not so much the better; for the house in which I had deposited the sheep skins and the money, has just been burned.' 'Oh! so much the worse.' 'Not so much the worse; for my wife was within.'

MERIT REWARDED — 'Sam,' said one little urchin to another, 'does your schoolmaster ever give you a reward of merit?' 'I s'pose he does,' was the rejoinder; 'he gives me a lickin' every day, and says I merit two.'

A Gentleman. — 'There have been many definitions of a gentleman, but the prettiest and most poetic is that given by a lady in New York. 'A gentleman,' said she, 'is a humble being combining a woman's tenderness with a man's courage.'

Irish Forecast.—A friend of mine told me, that he was at a funeral sometime since; and, although the Church stood on rising ground, it was so wet that the corpse was covered with water as soon as it was let down into the grave. An Irishman who was at the funeral, seemed much affected on seeing the water cover the coffin—and said in a serious and feeling manner—‘If ever I die while I live, which I hope I never shall, I will not be buried in this Church-yard, to be drowned all the days of my life!’

AN EPIGRAM.

Cum Bet, says Jack, let's hev a smack;
 I've langt for't boon a week.—
 Here take it then, says Bet again;
 An slapt 'im reet o' th' cheek!

Tom Treddlehoyle's Violoncello.—When ah wor at me last skooil, ah tuck ta playin a blether-baise ov a new destruckshan,—hey, an ah wor soa afleard a onny boddy seein it, at ah uze't ta be teed up in a seck whenivver ah play'd it, ah wor, indeed; an, ah remember, wun winter time, ah wor e pracktisin a varry still piece, an thear they went ta bed, do yo naw, did ar owd foaks, an left me teed up it seck all't neet, an when they gat up it mornin, thear ah wor at bottam at stairs, hommast smuthard,—hey, yo ma laff, but ah sud a been an noa mistack, if ah heddant a nattard a hoyle we me teeth, ta breath throo. Another thing, let ma tell yo, it wor a varry difficult instrument ta finger wor this, an so Lindlay ad say if he wor ta see it, an heez wun at furst baise scrapers e this country, at least they tell me so, duz't foaks; but if he iz, an hez onny consate in hizsen upa baiseology, ah doant mind tryin a bit ov a contest we him, for a trifle, awther upa Hickam common, Skyer's moor, Boadhill flat, or onny where else at heeze a mind ta menshan, wethin't terrytory a Yorksher; an them at beats, sal be ta let t'winnen's goa tut benefit a Pudsa Dorcas Sasiaty; but mind, wot ah sal play al be this, if it cums to a saig, an now't else, an that iz't 'Bull solo,' 'Sither grinder's fantazia,' an't 'Mule choras, wit variations; an rare hard things too, for ah reckaleckt wunce, when ah wor e playin t'furst on em, ah split three a me finger-nails we goin daan three staves, below dubble D, fifteen times e wun bar; an that last av naim'd, yo mind, iz no waister, for it racks seven paund a rozin ta goa throo it, an do it az it owt ta be dun; more then that, when ah get fair intat middle on't, at Lindlay weant be able ta be within a cloiselength on ma, sa much more a bar, heele sneeze so wit rozin-dust, for it flies e claad's allas e this piece, eaze sa menny simmy-dimmy quavers; wha, yo ma think wot its like, when am twenty minnits an caan't be seen.

Miser's Dinner.—Swift having dined with a rich miser, pronounced the following grace after dinner;

'Thanks to this miracle, it is no less
Than finding manna in the wilderness.
In midst of famine we have found relief,
And seen the wonder of a chine of beef!
Chimneys have smok'd, that ne'er have smok'd before;
And we have din'd, where we shall dine no more.'

ADVENTURES OF TOMMY DIXON, IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.

I said to myself, Tommy, said I, it is quite time for thee to think of *laiting* a wife. I had for two or three years said a smooth word or two to Ellen Mayfield; but then I thought there were sure to be better lasses somewhere than Ellen. It would be very curious if the best young woman in the world should happen to be born at How House. I knew nought amiss by Ellen; but then if I went farther, I might fare better. I therefore resolved to go into Lancashire, and get a right good one. That, Ellen lived in Lancashire to be sure, and she was a Lancashire lass; but then she had seen nothing, and I wanted a wife that knew something.

When I got to Lancaster, I called on my cousin Ned, and told him I was going down into Lancashire to *lait* a wife. Ned was so pleased with my resolution that he laughed right heartily. 'Thou'rt quite a dandy,' said Ned; 'thou'll win one any where.' To be sure I was no way a *despiseable chap*; for I had got a new brown jacket, new red plush waistcoat, new velveteen breeches, blue grey stockings, and quarter boots; and there was not a smarter young fellow went from about Grayrigg, though I say it.

'What kind of a wife would you have?' said Ned. 'I would have one with a little bit of brass,' said I, 'for I shall have a decent estate when my father, Lord rest him, has done with it.'

I was sitting at the Bear and Staff, while I was talking with Ned, and such a beautiful young *lady*, as I thought her, brought us something to drink. When she was gone, Ned says, 'Well, Tommy, will that suit you, as you seem to admire her.' 'If I could catch her,' said I, 'she would do; but a country lad like me, has no chance of getting a Lancaster lady. Nay, Ned, I must be content with one like myself; but if I had been a gentleman I would have had that lady.' 'That lady,' said Ned, 'is only the bar-maid. Her father is a weaver in Penny-street; but fine feathers, it seems, make fine birds, Tommy.'—I puzzled a long while to think how servant lasses could *afford* to dress like ladies, but I couldn't make it out.

But I was more surprised with what I saw at Chorley than what I

was with this. Bill Stitch, our tailor's son was living at Chorley, so I called upon him and told him what I was after. 'That's right,' said Bill, 'we'll just take a walk to a public-house or two, and try to find one of your mind, Tommy.' 'To a public-house to *lait* a sweetheart!' I exclaimed. 'Yes,' said Bill, 'whither else would you go?'—We went, and there they were sure enough. Half a dozen sitting drinking as comfortably as you could wish.

'I'll tell you what, Bill,' said I, 'I'll just set back to Grayrigg, tell my father what I have seen, and set off and wed Ellen immediately.'—'You'll never do better,' said Bill. I took his advice; and in less than three weeks I wedded Ellen, and I believe I liked her better since I knew what kind of women the world contained. She neither spends my money in fine clothes, nor drinks; but seems as anxious as I do to make ends meet nicely, and get a little matter to spare against a wet day.

Thus, said the pannier man, it is not necessary to travel far to get a good wife. 'You will generally find,' said the old man, 'that heaven has so wisely ordered all things, that our marriages will uniformly be most happy when we are united to one whom we know—No doubts or suspicions torment the mind. We are both among our friends, and constitute one little family. I recommend also to marry as nearly as possible in the same rank of life. Our ideas then of proper and improper concerns will be more nearly alike. Our pursuits, and the means of accomplishing our ends will not be so often thwarted. But I am a silly old man for attempting to advise young ones. A bright eye, or a cherry cheek will destroy all the arguments I could invent. If I should preach to you for a month, the smiling lip of a young and lovely female would make you forget my discourse in a minute. I know this was the case with me at your years, and I naturally suppose it will be the same with you.'

AN Irishman attending the University of Edinburgh waited upon one of the most celebrated teachers of the German flute, desiring to know on what terms he would give him a few lessons. The flute-player informed him, that he generally charged two guineas for the first month, and one for the second. 'Then by my soul,' replied the cunning Hibernian, 'I'll come in the second month.'

SERMONS AND SALUTATIONS.—A good sermon is like a kiss—it requires but two heads and a little application.

'Oh! Nauny, wilt thou gang wi' me?' as the fellow said when he was trying to steal the goat.

Satin Waistcoat.—Many years since, a French teacher, resident in Oxford, of the name of Ducane, called on Mr. Wickham, a mercer, who lived opposite University College, for a waistcoat piece, but could not recollect the name of the material he wished for. He said that ‘he thought it was de English for de Diable.’ Mr. Wickham mentioned the several names of his infernal Highness, such as Old Nick, Beelzebub, etc.—‘No, no, it was not dat.’ was the reply. At last Mr. W. thought of *Satan*. ‘O dat is vat I vant,’ said Ducane, ‘I vant a Satan vestcoat.’

Fine Antitheses.—A Gentleman, known for habitual tardiness, was invited to join a party at Nahant; and appointed for that purpose to be at a friend’s house at an early hour in the morning. Contrary to all expectations, he was the first on the ground, and his friend, in surprise at his punctuality, burst out in the following *lucid* apostrophe: ‘So you have come *first at last*; you used to be *behind before*; I suspect you get up *early of late*; ’tis well you called in season, you would not have found me *within without*.’

Fanny Fern on Husbands and Wives.—‘If your husband looks grave, let him alone; don’t disturb or annoy him.’ Oh, pshaw! when I’m married, the soberer my husband looked, the more fun I’d rattle about his ears. ‘*Don’t disturb him!*’ I guess so! I’d salt his coffee, and pepper his tea, and sugar his beefsteak, and tread on his toes, and hide his newspaper, and sew up his pockets, and put pins in his slippers, and dip his cigars in water, and wouldn’t stop for the Great Mogul, till I had shortened his face to my liking. Certainly he’d ‘get vexed’—there wouldn’t be any fun in teasing him if he didn’t—and that would give his melancholy blood a good healthful start, and his eyes would snap and sparkle, and he’d say: ‘Fanny, will you be quiet or not?’ and I should laugh and pull his whiskers, and say, decidedly, ‘Not!’ and then I should tell him I hadn’t the slightest idea how handsome he looked when he was vexed—and then he would pretend not to hear the compliment, but would pull up his dickey, and take a sly peep in the glass (for all that!) and then he’d begin to grow amiable, and get off his stilts, and be just as agreeable all the rest of the evening *as if he wasn’t my husband*—and all because I didn’t follow that stupid advice, ‘to let him alone.’ Just as if I didn’t know! Just imagine ME, Fanny, sitting down on a cricket in the corner, with my forefinger in my mouth, looking out of the sides of my eyes, and waiting till that man got ready to speak to me! You can see at once it would be. Well, the amount of it is, I *shouldn’t do it*.

TIM TURPIN.

TIM Turpin he was gravel blind,
And ne'er had seen the skies—
For nature, when his head was made,
Forgot to dot his eyes.

So like a Christian pedagogue
Poor Tim was forced to do—
Look out for pupils, for he had
A vacancy for two.

There's some have spees to help their
sight,
Of objects dim and small—
But Tim had specks in both of his
Yet could not see at all.

Now Tim, he wooed a servant maid,
And took her to his arms,
For he, like Pyramus, had cast
A wall-eye on her charms.

By day she led him up and down,
Where'er he wished to jog,
A happy wife—altho' she led
The life of any dog.

But just when Tim had lived a month
In honey with his wife,
A surgeon op'd his Milton eyes—
Like oysters—with a knife.

But when his eyes were open'd thus
He wished them dark again,
For when he looked upon his wife,
He saw her very plain!

Her face was bad, her figure worse,
He couldn't bear to eat,
For she was any thing but like
A grace before his meat!

Now Tim, he was a feeling man—
For when his sight was thick,
He used to feel for every thing,
And that was with a stick!

So, with a cudgel in his hand,
(It was not slight or slim)
He knock'd at his wife's head, until
'It opened unto him.'

And when the corpse was stiff and
cold,
He took his slaughtered spouse,
And laid her in a heap with all
The ashes of her house!

But like a wicked murderer,
He lived in constant fear
From day to day—and so he cut
His throat from ear to ear!

The neighbours fetched a doctor in,
Says he, this wound, I dread
Can hardly be sewed up—his life
Is hanging on a thread!

But when another week was gone,
He gave him stronger hope—
Instead of hanging on a thread,
Of hanging on a rope!

Ah! when he hid his murderous
work
In ashes round about,
How little he supposed the truth
Would soon be sifted out!

But when the parish dustman came
His rubbish to withdraw—
He found more dust within the heap
Than he contracted for.

A dozen men to try the fact,
Were sworn that very day,
And though they were all jurors, yet
No conjurers were they.

Said Tim unto the jury men—
You need not waste your breath,
For I confess myself at once,
The author of her death.

And, oh! when I reflect upon
The blood that I have spilt,
Just like a button is my soul—
Inscribed with double gilt!

Then turning round his head again,
He saw before his eyes
A great judge and a little judge—
The judges of a-size!

The great judge took his judgment
cap,
And put it on his head,
And sentenced Tim, by law, to hang
Till he was three times dead!
So he was tried, and he was hung,
(Fit punishment for such)
On Horsham drop, and none can say
It was a drop too much!

JOE STANDFAST'S DESCRIPTION of a SEA-FIGHT.

We were cruising off the Lizard: on Saturday the 29th of October, at seven minutes past six, a. m. a sail hove in sight, bearing southwest, with her larboard tacks on board; clear decks; up sails, away we stood; the wind right east as it could blow; we saw she was a Monsieur of superior force, and awful heavy metal. We received her fire without a wince, and returned the compliment; 'till about five-and-twenty minutes past eight, we opened our lower deck ports, and, as we crossed, plumpt it right into her. We quickly wore round her stern, and gave her a second part of the same tone; ditto repeated (as our doctor writes on our doses). My eyes! how she rolled! she looked like a floating mountain! 'T'other broadside, my boys,' says our captain, 'and hang-me you'll make the mountain a mole-hill!'—We followed it up, till her lantern-ribs were as full of holes as a pigeon-box. By nine, she had shivered our canvass so, I thought she'd have got off, for which she crowded all sail. We turned to, however, and wore; and in half an hour got along-side a second time: we saw all her mouths wide open, and we drench'd her sweetly. She swallowed our English pills by dozens: but they griped her awfully. At forty minutes after nine, we brought all our guns to bear at once; bang—she had it. Oh! hang-me, 'twas a settler. In less than two minutes after, she cried 'Peccavi!'—In five more she took fire abaft; and just as we were going to board her, and clap every lubber upon his beam end—whush!—down she went by the head.—My eyes! what a screech was there.—Out boats; not a man was idle—we picked up two hundred and fifty odd, sound and wounded; and if I did not feel more joy at heart at saving their lives, than at all the victories I ever had a share in, hang-me!

Mus. Partington says that her minister preached about 'the parody of the probable son.'

HUMOROUS TIT-BITS.

THE POETRY AND THE PROSE OF NATURE.—The most beautiful sight in nature, met lately by a florid correspondent, was a woman: ‘Grace was in her step, heaven in her eye, and in her arms a baby.’ A rose-bush with a bud clinging to it was nothing compared with such a heavenly combination. But what was poor John like, when the baby was handed to him to carry?

THE SCHOOL FOR GOOD MANNERS.—As George III. was walking the quarter-deck of one of his men-of-war, with his hat on, a sailor asked his messmate ‘who that fellow was who did not douse his peak to the admiral?’ ‘Why, it’s the King.’ ‘Well, king or no king,’ retorted the other, ‘he’s an unmannerly dog?’ ‘Lord! where should he learn manners?’ replied Jack. “he was never outside of land in his life.’

THE man who has never been struck by the glance of a bright eye deserves to be struck himself; he who bows not to love ought to be trimmed with a hickory bough; and the one who needs not the soft consolation of a gentle and devoted wife should be well kneaded with hard rubs.

A ‘FAST MAN’ AND A TROTTER.—A creditor, whom he was anxious to avoid, met Sheridan coming out of Pall Mall. There was no possibility of avoiding him, but he did not lose his presence of mind. ‘That’s a beautiful mare you are on!’ said Sheridan. ‘Do you think so?’ ‘Yes indeed! how does she trot?’ The creditor, highly flattered, put her into a full trot. Sheridan bolted round the corner, and was out of sight in a moment.

HUSBAND.—Well, my love, I’ve sold Carlo. **WIFE** [who abhors dogs]—Now, Charles, that’s kind in you—the dirty, nasty brute—you ought to have done it long ago. **HUSBAND**—Yes, my love; got fifty dollars—good trade—all in pups—five at ten dollars a piece.

A Lady compositor explained to her ‘fellow’ the other day the difference between printing and publishing, and at the conclusion of her remarks, by way of illustration, she said. ‘you may print a kiss on my cheek, but you must not publish it.’

CURIOUS CONUNDRUM OR REBUS.—A waggoner passing a store, was asked what he had in his waggon. He replied :

Three-fourths of a cross, and a circle complete
An upright where two semi-circles meet ;
A rectangle triangle standing on feet ;
Two semi-circles and a circle complete.

Query.—What was in the waggon?

This is a very 'puzzle'—but after some study, we can cry '*eureka*. Thus three-fourths of a cross is a T. A circle complete is an O. An upright where two semi-circles meet is a B. A triangle standing on feet is an A. Two semi-circles are CC, and a circle is O. TOBACCO is what was in the waggon.

The waggoner may *wag* on.

BOAR-HUNTING IN THE EAST INDIES.

I assisted the other day in a stirring scene, the narration of which may amuse the sporting portion of your readers. Three of us sallied forth one fine morning to rouse the wild boar from his lair. We had not beat long before we started a boar, who went away at a spanking rate. I got the lead with my chestnut galloway, and pressed him hard. As I was closing up alongside to receive his charge, two bullocks, tied together by a long rope, ran across my path, and nearly upset me. My friend Mr. Allan W., of Phoolbariah Factory, Dacca district, now came in for the first spear. As Mr. W. speared the animal, it got between his horse's fore legs; and, in a moment, horse, rider, and hog, were rolling over each other in a cloud of dust. Before W. could pick himself up, the boar rushed at him, seized him by the coat (which luckily, was loose), lifted him off the ground, and shook him as a terrier would shake a rat. Mr. W. had the presence of mind to lie still, and pretend to be dead. His horse Rainbow—a beautiful grey Arab—jumped up and ran towards me, as if for protection—shaking and shivering in every limb. He then snorted wildly, and galloped off. Having got free from W's horse, I went at the pig, who immediately left W. and rushed at me with blood-shot eye and champing tusks. My spear arrested his headlong career, and wheeling my horse off with bit and spur, I got safe away from the infuriated animal, who, giving a savage grunt, dashed at Mr. D., of Sreemoodde factory, a celebrated hog-hunter and daring rider. The pig received a terrific job from Mr. D's herculean arm; but this only appeared to madden him. Again he rushed at Mr. D., whose excellent horsemanship enabled him to avoid the onset. The savage brute foiled in his rush, now stood grimly at bay, his small malignant eye glaring on his foes, and his huge tusks gleaming snow-white from out of the blood-

covered jaws. After an instant's pause, the boar charged at each of us in our turn—Mr. W., who was unable to help, as his horse was not caught until after the fray, looking on as a spectator. From each of us the boar received many a severe wound, but he still gallantly kept up the fight. A powerful bull mastiff of mine now coming up, seized the pig by the snout, and held him for a short time. He threw the dog off, but after receiving some more spears, fell upon the field. A more gallant pig never walked the jungle plain.

Strange to say, Mr. W. escaped with no further injury than a graze from the boar's tusks along the ribs of the left side; and the evening's festive board found him singing the well-known song:—

Then pledge the boar—the mighty boar!
 Fill high the cup with me;
 Here's luck to all who fear no fall,
 And the next grey boar we see.

You can fancy we joined most heartily in the chorus.

CROSS READINGS.

We had a violent gale of wind on Monday last—Which was conducted in the most private manner.

The Workinton Auxiliary Bible Society—Is found to be remarkably reduced in flesh.

Ulverston cock-fights begin on the 10th instant—Lord Melville is appointed Governor.

To be sold by private contract—The Chancellorship of the University of St. Andrews.

Yesterday, his Grace the Duke of Wellington—Was safely delivered of three fine children.

Last week, a field of barley was cut in—The venerable parish church of Ulverston.

The Tower-steeple of St. Nicholas Church, Liverpool—Is licensed to sell ale and spirituous liquors.

The assistance of the well-disposed is required in support of—The small Lottery containing 5000 tickets.

Money wanted—The greatest discovery in the memory of man.

Upwards of 8000 acres of waste land have—Arrived at Liverpool from Miramichi.

On Saturday the 12th regiment of Dragoons—Was attacked by a mad bull, and dreadfully gored.

During the late storm, a ship was driven on shore—In Kentmere fell heads.

On Thursday last, was launched in the Lune at Lancaster—Several sums of £1000, £500, and £200.

Married on Monday last, Mr. W. Simpson to — A prize of twenty thousand pounds.

CROSS TALKING.

The following is something very nearly similar to the foregoing; and will follow extremely well:—

A writer in the *New Monthly Magazine* gives the following pleasant illustration of a cross dialogue:—‘Talking of incongruities puts me in mind of the steam-boat, and of a conversation between two parties, one conversing of their children, the other settling the ingredients of a wedding dinner, whose joint colloquies, as I sat between them, fell upon my ear in the following detached sentences:—

‘Thank Heaven; my Sally is blessed—with a calf’s head and a pig’s face.

‘Well, if I should have another baby I shall have it immediately—skinned and cut into thin slices.

‘I love to see little Tommy well-dressed—in the fish-kettle over a charcoal fire.

‘To behold the little dears dancing before one—in the frying-pan.

‘And to hear their innocent tongues—bubble and squeak.

‘My eldest girl is accomplished—with plenty of sauce.

‘I always see the young folks put to bed myself—and smothered in onions.

‘And if they have been very good children, I invariably order—the heart to be stuffed and roasted, the gizzard to be peppered and deviled, and the sole to be fried.’

 JOHN AND JOAN.

No plate had John and Joan to hoard,
 Plain folks in humble plight;
 One tankard only crown'd their board
 And that was filled each night.

Along whose inner bottom, sketch'd
 In pride of chubby grace,
 Some rude engraver's hand had etch'd
 A baby angel's face.

John swallow'd first a moderate sup,
 But Joan was not like John,
 For when her lips first touch'd the cup,
 She swill'd till all was gone.

John often urged her to drink fair,
 But she ne'er changed a jot,
 She loved to see the angel there,
 And therefore drain'd the pot.

When John found all remonstrance vain
 Another card he play'd,
 And where the angel stood so plain,
 He got a devil pourtray'd.

Joan saw the horns, Joan saw the tail,
 Yet she as stoutly quaff'd ;
 And ever, when she seized her ale,
 She clear'd it at a draught.

John stared, with wonder petrified,
 His hair rose on his pate ;
 And ' Why, does guzzle now,' he cried
 At this enormous rate ?

' Oh, John,' said she, ' am I to blame ?
 I can't in conscience stop ;
 For sure 'twould be a burning shame,
 To leave the Devil a drop.'

A Couple of Legs.—It had been a stormy November day, when a commercial traveller alighted at the door of the Swan Inn. Mr. A., the lawyer, sat on one side of the fire ; the new comer, in what was called Traveller's Chair, on the other, Mr. A's leg was covered with a black silk stocking, the traveller's was eased in stout leather ; when a bet was laid that the wearer of the silks would hold his leg longer in hot water than the wearer of the leathers. The experiment was tried in boiling water. In two minutes the stranger was in agony, while the lawyer looked on with astonishing composure—for his was a *cork leg*.

DR. BEESWAY, in his ' Essay on woman,' says, ' I have made woman my study for a series of years, but I never found one who stuttered. I meet with any number of men, every day, who s-s-stammer, but never have I seen a woman who couldn't blow an unbroken blast.'

A HEN'S MISTAKE.—The Woonsoeket Patriot editor makes merry over a mistake of an old Shanghae hen of his, that has been ' setting' for five weeks upon—*two round stones and a piece of brick!* ' Her anxiety,' quoth he, ' is no greater than ours, to know what she will hatch. If it proves a brickyard—that hen is not for sale.'

An Irish Dinner.—Will you dine with me to-morrow?' said a Hibernian to his friend. 'Faith an' I will, with all my heart.' 'Remember 'tis only a family dinner I'm asking ye to.' 'And what for not? A family dinner is a mighty plisant thing! What have ye got?' 'Och! nothing *by* common! Jist an illigant pacc of corned beef and potatoes.' 'By the powers! that bates the world! Jist my own dinner to a hair—*barring the beef!*'

DR. HERSCHEL

Dr. Herschel, the celebrated astronomer, was originally brought up to his father's profession, that of a musician, and accompanied a German regiment to England as one of the band, performing on the haut-boy. While acting in this humble capacity, in the north of England, a new organ was built for the parish church of Halifax, by Snetzler, which was opened with an Oratorio by the well-known Jonah Bates. Mr. Herschel and six other persons became candidates for the organist's situation. A day was fixed, on which each was to perform in rotation. When Mr. Wainwright, of Manchester, played, his finger was so rapid that old Snetzler, the organ builder, ran about the church, exclaiming, 'He run over de key like one cat; he will not give my pipes time to speak.' During Mr. Wainwright's performance, Dr. Miller, the friend of Herschel, inquired of him what chance he had of following him? 'I don't know,' said Herschel; 'but I am sure that fingers will not do.' When it came to his turn, Herschel ascended the organ loft, and produced so uncommon a richness, such a volume of slow harmony, as astonished all present, and after this extemporaneous effusion, he finished with the Old Hundredth Psalm, which he played better than his opponent. 'Aye, aye,' cries Old Snetzler, 'tish is very good, very good indeed; I will luf tis man, he gives my pipes time to speak.' Herschel being asked by what means he produced so astonishing an effect, replied, 'I told you fingers would not do,' and producing two pieces of lead from his waistcoat pocket, said, 'One of these I laid on the lowest key of the organ, and the other I put on the octave above, and thus by accommodatng the harmony, I produced the effect of four hands instead of two.' This superiority of skill obtained Herschel the situation: but he had other and higher objects in view, to suffer him long to retain it.

JERRY BRYANT, Esq. says there is one place in the world where a man may always find happiness, which is in the dictionary.

A correspondent of the *Nashville Gazette*, who signs 'Sophia,' says that woman is twice as good as man, and proves it thus by the very orthography. W-O-M-A-N—double *you*, O, man!

Hogg's Tales.—'Any commands, Miss, for Watherford?' says I. 'Yes,' says she; 'go to the library and bring me Hogg's Tales; I want them very much.' 'To the library to fetch hog's tails!' says I; 'that's a quare place to get them.' 'Not at all,' says she; 'at the English library. Where else would you get Hogg's Tales?' 'Oh! very well, Miss,' says I; 'as it's the *English* library, I suppose they keep all *sortings* there.' 'To be sure they do,' says she; 'you won't forget.' 'Did I ever forget any thing you bid me?' says I. 'When I do,' says I, 'it'll be time enough for you to be backbiting me,' says I; 'which is a thing no young lady ought to do to a dacent man;' and off I went in a huff. Well, the bustle of the town and one thing or another bothered me so, that I forgot *where* she said I was to get the hog's tails: so I walked off to the shambles, and hunted every stall in the place, but never a man there would cut off the tail of his pig for me, because they all said the tail was the beauty of the baste. So, whin I couldn't get the tails, I bought two of the *prettiest bacon faces* you ever saw, thinking they'd do for Miss Car'line as well as the hog's tails! And to be sure the laugh they riz again me, for it turned out that what she wanted was a story-book, written by one Mister Hogg—and sure that's a queer name for a Christian.'

TO PEOPLE ABOUT TO MARRY.

MRS. BEAKEY'S TABLE (AND CHAIR) TALK.

THE following conversation will convey to our readers who are about to enter on the duties of Housekeeping, a hint worth remembering:—

"Well, my love, Charles thought that as I had vowed I would never marry into furnished lodgings, we had better wait until he had saved money enough to furnish a house comfortably. I was sillier then than I am now, and I thought his wanting to postpone our marriage didn't look much like love, so I sulked. He was sillier then than he is now, and minded a woman's sulks. He furnished a house completely from top to bottom, from an advertising warehouse, and the whole bill came to 29*l.* 11*s.* 3½*d.* We married and took possession. Here is my diary of the week, love; I preserve it for any of my young friends who are in a hurry to marry.

"MONDAY.—Charles, while shaving, rested his left hand heavily on the dressing-table. It smashed under his hand, he cut himself severely, and it was a mercy he didn't have his dear nose cut off. I flew to the drawers for something to stop the bleeding, and the keys broke or the locks wouldn't work, and we had to open the drawers with the shovel. The hay, with which the easy chair was stuffed, smelt so disagreeably that we were obliged to send it out of the room, and, as Ann was car-

rying it, the chair came in halves, the back and halves falling away from the seat.

“TUESDAY.—The frame of the looking-glass gave way, the glass fell out, and smashed the beautiful little French clock dear uncle Brooks gave us.

“WEDNESDAY.—I had a head-ache, so Charles wheeled the sofa near the fire for me. Doing so, two of the legs came off. He propped it up with books, but, by-and-by, I heard a sort of frizzling; it was the glue, which the fire was frying. Hastily removing the sofa, we divided it between us. Charles fell down with the end, and I got the back on my poor toes.

“THURSDAY.—The dining-room table suddenly parted in the middle. The lamp fell on Charles’s head (making him swear sadly), and I received a lovely goose, and all the gravy, into the lap of my new satin dress. That night, the screws of the bed slipped in the rotten wood, and one side gave way. We came to the floor; I was sadly bruised, and Charles hurt his head, and used very strong language against the advertising wretches.

“FRIDAY.—One of the brackets of the curtain rod broke, the curtains, rings and all came on mamma’s head, crushing her new bonnet. Getting on a footstool to dust a picture, the stool broke, and I fell against the picture, breaking the glass, and cutting my forehead. The pole of a music desk came out of the stand, the candles fell and greased the carpet (which was actually beginning to lose its colour already,) and the book smashed Charles’s violoncello. N.B.—Not so sorry about this last.

“SATURDAY.—Moved into furnished lodgings, where we stayed until we could afford to deal with a respectable upholsterer.”

EPITAPH

ON A COMPOSITOR.

No more shall *copy bad* perplex my brain,
 No more shall *type's small face* my eyeballs strain;
 No more the *proof's fond page* create me troubles,
 By *errors, transpositions, outs, and doubles*;
 No more my *back shall ache* from authors' whims,
 At *over-runings, driving outs, and ins*;
 The *surly pressman's frown* I now may scoff,
Revis'd, corrected, finally wrought off.

A REASON FOR NOT LIKING STEPFATHERS.—A little fellow once observed, ‘I do not like these new papas; they whip the old papa’s children.’

At the time when the beautiful picture of the 'Court of Death,' was exhibited in Boston, says the *Herald* of that city, the painter sent the late Dr. Osgood a ticket, on which was written, 'Admit the bearer to the Court of Death.' The old gentleman, having never heard of the picture, was utterly confounded. 'I expected to go before long,' said he, 'but I was not prepared for so abrupt a summons.'

A SNUFFY FUNERAL.

THE following copy of the will of Mrs. Margaret Thompson, who died April 2nd, 1776, at her house in Boyle-street, Burlington Gardens, affords a notable specimen of the ruling passion strong in death:—

"In the name of God, Amen. I, Margaret Thompson, &c., being of sound mind, &c., do desire that when my soul is departed from this world, my body and effects may be disposed of in the manner following: I also desire that all my handkerchiefs, that I may leave unwashed at the time of my decease, after they have been got together by my old and trusty servant, Sarah Stuart, be put by her, and by her alone, at the bottom of my coffin, which I desire may be made large enough for that purpose, together with such a quantity of the best Scotch snuff, (in which she knoweth I always had the greatest delight,) as will cover my deceased body; and this I desire the more especially as it is usual to put flowers into the coffins of their departed friends, and nothing can be so fragrant and refreshing to me as that precious powder. But I strictly charge that no man be suffered to approach my body till the coffin is closed, and it is necessary to carry me to my burial, which I order in the manner following: Six men to be my bearers, who are well known to be the greatest snuff-takers in the parish of St. James's, Westminster; instead of mourning, each to wear a snuff-coloured beaver hat, which I desire may be bought for that purpose and given to them. Six maidens of my old acquaintance, viz., &c., to bear my pall, each to wear a proper hood, and to carry a box filled with the best Scotch snuff, to take for their refreshment as they go along. Before my corpse I desire the minister may be invited to walk, and to take a certain quantity of the said snuff, not exceeding one pound; to whom also I bequeath five guineas on condition of his so doing. And I also desire my old and faithful servant, Sarah Stuart, to walk before the corpse, to distribute every twenty yards a large handful of Scotch snuff to the ground, and upon the crowd who may possibly follow me to the burial place; on which condition I bequeath her £20. And I also desire that at least two bushels of the said snuff may be distributed at the door of my house in Boyle-street."

She then proceeds to order the time of her burial, which is to be at twelve o'clock at noon. She then particularizes her legacies, and over and above every legacy, she desires may be given one pound of good Scotch snuff, which she calls the grand cordial of nature.

'JULIUS, is you better dis morning?

'No, I was better yesterday, but I got over it.

'Am der no hopes den of your discovery.'

'Discovery of what?

'Your discovery from the convalescence which fetched you on your back.'

'Dat depends, Mr. Snow, altogether on de prognostications which amplify the disease; should they terminate fatally the doctor thinks Julius is a gone nigger; should dey not terminate fatally he hopes dis colored individual die anoder time. I said before it all depends on the prognostics, and these come so a head, it is hard telling wedder the nigger will discontinue dis time or not.'

SINGULAR SERMON.

In the fifth chaper of Job, verse seventh, you will find these words: "Yet man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upwards."

I shall divide this discourse and consider it under the three following heads:—

1st. Man's ingress into the world.

2nd. Man's progress through the world.

3rd. Man's egress out of the world.

And

1st. Man's ingress into the world,

Is naked and bare;

2ndly. His progress through the world,

Is trouble and care;

3rdly. His egress out of the world,

Is nobody knows where.

To conclude,

If we do well here, we shall do well there,

I can tell you no more, if I preach a whole year

A PROFITABLE THREAT.—The *Post* say that a denizen of a certain village, with whom he is acquainted, having had *sanded sugar* sold to him, inserted in the *Weekly Times* the following: 'Notice.—I purchased of a grocer in this village a quantity of sugar, from which I obtained one pound of sand. If the rascal who cheated me will send to my address seven pounds of good sugar (Scripture measure of restitution), I will be satisfied: if not I shall expose him.' On the following day, nine seven-pound packages of sugar were left at his residence, from as many different dealers, each supposing himself the intended.

A YANKEE TRICK.

Two Englishmen, fresh from the mother country, in travelling through the west on horseback, happened to pass an evening at a house situated on the banks of the Mississippi river, where they met with a Yankee pedlar who had just disposed of his stock of goods, and was ready to go to any part of the world where interest might call him. By shrewd guesses, he soon found out every thing in relation to the circumstances, residence, and business of his companions, and then kindly gave a history of himself. He no sooner announced himself as a Yankee, than the strangers, who had often heard of the shrewdness of their character, were all anxiety that he should play them a Yankee trick. This he modestly declined. They insisted; and offered to give him five dollars for a good Yankee trick. The money was taken with the promise, either to refund it, or play a good trick; and morning was selected as the time for an exhibition of the Yankee's skill. Pleased with each other, they all retired to bed in the same apartment; and when morning came, the Yankee rose up with the first light, gently dressed himself in the clothes of one of the strangers, took a pair of saddle-bags to which he had no title, and quietly leaving the house, was observed to go on board of a flat boat bound for New Orleans. The strangers soon after awoke, and upon getting up to dress, beheld the sad reality of a Yankee trick. Having much money in their saddle-bags, they ascertained which way the Yankee had gone; and obtaining a small skiff, set out after him. The skiff was light; and moving rapidly, an hour or two brought it alongside of the flat boat, where sat the Yankee perfectly composed, in quiet possession of their clothes and saddle bags. With much apparent pleasure he arose, inquired after their healths, and asked how they were pleased with the trick. The idea that they then had of the Yankee is left to the imagination of the reader. However, he soon delivered their saddle-bags, which had not been opened, and exchanged clothes. The strangers, having deposited their saddle-bags in the skiff, very much dissatisfied, were about to leave, when the Yankee insisted upon their taking a parting glass together; and, while drinking, he stepped back, jumped into the skiff, and pushed off. Amid the execrations of the crew, he plied his paddle, and the skiff darted away from the flat boat. Going up stream, pursuit with the flat boat was useless. He was observed to land on the Arkansas shore, where there is little doubt he speedily doubled the money thus obtained.

A STRONG PRESCRIPTION.—An alderman once called on Dr. Francis, when the following dialogue took place:—‘Doctor, I have a strong tendency to gout; what shall I do to arrest it?’ ‘Take a bucket of water and a ton of anthracite, three times a week.’—‘How?’—‘Drink the former, and carry the latter up three pair of stairs.’

‘MY brethren,’ said Swift in a sermon, ‘there are three sorts of pride—of birth, of riches, and of talents. I shall not now speak of the latter, none of you being liable to that abominable vice.’

The Evil Eye.—A well-known maiden lady, in the Tennessee listric, returning home one evening from a ball, accidentally dropped one of her eyes, which was a false one. The next morning the town-crier was heard, ‘in full cry,’ and the goodly citizens were thus highly edified: ‘Oh, yes! oh, yes! lost, stole, or strayed, a *high! a high!* Whosumhever *nose* any thing about it, please to bring it *ear*, &c. Ring de ding, Ring de ding.’

Dining with the President.—Colonel Crockett gives the following account of his dining with the President:—“Well, I walked all round the long table, looking for something that I liked. At last I took my seat just beside a fat goose, and I helped myself to as much of it as I wanted. But I hadn’t took three bites, when I looked away, up the table, at a man they called *Tash* (attache.) He was talking French to a woman on t’other side of the table. He dodged his head, and she dodged her’s, and then they got to drinking wine across the table. But when I looked back again, my plate was gone, goose and all. So I jist cast my eyes down to t’other end of the table, and sure enough, I seed a white man walking off with my plate. I says, ‘Hello, Mister, bring back my plate.’ He fetched it back in a hurry, as you may think; and when he set it down before me, how do you think it was? Licked as clean as my hand. If it wasn’t I wish I may be shot. Says he, ‘What will you have, sir?’ And says I, ‘You may well say that, after stealing my goose.’ And he began to laugh. ‘Then, says I, ‘Mister, laugh if you please; but I don’t half like such tricks upon travellers.’ I then filled my plate with bacon and greens; and whenever I looked up or down the table, I held on to my plate with my left hand. When we were all done eating, they cleared every thing off the table, and took away the table-cloth. And what do you think? There was another cloth under it. If there wasn’t I wish I may be shot. Then I saw a man coming along, carrying a great glass thing, with a glass handle below, something like a candlestick. It was stuck full of little glass cups, with something in them that looked good to eat. Says I, ‘Mister, bring that thing here!’ Thinks I, let’s taste them first. They were everlasting sweet, and mighty good, so I took a dozen of ‘em. If I didn’t, I wish I may be shot.’

A Lucky Epigram.—Mr. James Smith, one of the authors of *Rejected Addresses*, was once well paid for a trifling execution of his muse; for having met at a dinner-party the late Mr. Strahan, the king's printer, then suffering from gout and old age, though his faculties remained unimpaired, he sent him next morning the following *jeu d'esprit*:—

Your lower limbs seemed far from stout
When last I saw you walk;
The cause I presently found out
When you began to talk.
The power that props the body's length,
In due proportion spread,
In you mounts upwards, and the strength
All settles in the head.

Mr. Strahan was so much gratified by the compliment, that he made an immediate codicil to his will, by which he bequeathed to the writer the sum of three thousand pounds.

The Quiet Mr. Smith.—‘What a quiet man your husband is, Mrs. Smith!’—‘Quiet! a snail is an express train to him! If the top of this house should blow off, he’d just sit still and spread his umbrella. He’s a regular pussy-cat; comes into the front door as though the entry was paved with eggs, and sits down in his chair as if there was a nest of kittens under the cushion. He’ll be the death of me yet. I read him all the horrid accidents, dreadful collisions, murders, and explosions, and he takes it just as easy as if I was saying the ten commandments. He is never astonished, or startled, or delighted. If a cannon ball should come through that window, he wouldn’t move an eyelash. If I should make the voyage of the world, and return some fine day, he’d take off his spectacles, put them in the case, fold up the newspaper, and settle his dickey, before he’d be ready to say, ‘Good morning, Mrs. Smith.’ If he’d been born of a poppy he couldn’t be more soporific. I wonder if all the Smiths are like him. When Adam got tired of naming his numerous descendants, he said, ‘Let all the rest be called Smith!’ Well, I don’t care for that, but he ought to have known better than to call my husband ABEL Smith. Do you suppose, if I were a man, I would let a woman support me? Where do you think Abel’s coats and cravats and canes and cigars come from? Out of my brain! ‘Quiet!’—it’s perfectly refreshing to me to hear of a comet, or see a locomotive, or look at a streak of chain lightning! I tell you he is the expressed essence of chloroform”

A Grandman's Compliment.—Mrs. Flowerdale had been a pretty girl, and was a pretty woman still, when, after a long absence Captain Sparkler of the Guards called upon her. ‘What an age since we met!’ she exclaimed as he entered. ‘Twelve years,’ replied the gallant soldier, ‘by the almanac, but only yesterday by your looks!’ The lady was more convinced than ever ‘that none but the brave deserve the fair.’

A Stock Sermon.—A young man on the eve of going out to Australia heard his father preach a sermon from the text, ‘Adam, where art thou?’ On his return after a long absence, he went on the first Sunday, as was but proper, to his father’s church, when the old gentleman read out the same text, ‘Adam, where art thou?’ ‘Mother,’ said the son, who was somewhat of a wag, ‘Has my father not found Adam yet?’

Ice.—In some hot countries, to which ice is sent, it is considered as a great luxury. An African journal relates, that a gentleman who had purchased some lumps of it, sent it to his cook, with orders to have it sent up for dinner. The cook was at a loss what to do with it; but as he had a pot of boiling water over the fire, he dropped the ice into it. At the dinner-table, the master said, when the dessert was ready: ‘Now fetch on the ice.’ ‘All gone, massa.’ ‘Gone! where is it gone to?’ ‘Why, massa, me put it in the pot to boil, and when me look for it, it wasn’t there!’ The poor fellow had a bottle thrown at his head for his blunder.

THE amusing performances of some of the lucky ‘Australian diggers,’ who never possessed property before, is scarcely credible. The best story we have heard is of a digger who came down with £700, and paid a man 8s. a day as his companion to help him to spend it.

If a woman don’t want her hair to fall out, she should be careful and not ‘fall out’ with her husband, the more especially if he wears red hair, and keeps possession of a sanguinary temperament.

A minister at a camp meeting said, ‘If the lady with the blue hat, red hair, and cross eyes, don’t stop talking, she will be pointed out to the congregation.’

VAT YOU PLEASE.

Two Frenchmen once to England's isle came over,
 Half starv'd, but *toujours gai*,
 (No weasels e'er were thinner)
 Trug'd up to town from Dover,
 Their slender store exhausted on the way,
 Extremely puzzled how to get a dinner!

'Twas morn, and from each ruddy chimney top
 The dun smoke-wreaths were slowly curling!
 Each house-maid, cherry-cheek'd, her snow white-mop
 Before the door was gaily twirling.

From morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve,
 Our Frenchmen wander'd on their expedition;
 Great was their need, but sorely did they grieve,
 Stomach and pocket in the same condition.
 At length, by mutual consent they parted
 And different ways on the same errand started.

This happened on a day most dear
 To epicures, when gen'ral use
 Sanctions the roasting of the savoury goose!—
 Towards night, one Frenchman, at a tavern near,
 Stopp'd, and beheld the glorious cheer:
 While greedily he snuff'd the luscious gale in,
 That from the kitchen windows was exhaling,
 He instant set to work his busy brain,
 And sniff'd and long'd, and long'd and sniff'd again,
 Necessity's the mother of invention
 (A proverb I've heard many mention);
 So now, one moment saw his plan completed,
 And our sly Frenchman at a table seated.
 The ready waiter at his elbow stands—
 'Sir, will you favour me with your commands?
 We've roast and boil'd, sir, choose you those or these?'
 'Sare! you're very good, sare!—Vat you please!'

Quick at the word,
 Upon the table smokes the wish'd-for bird!
 No time in talking did he waste,
 But pounced pell-mell upon it;
 Drumstick and merry-thought he pick'd in haste,
 Exulting in the 'merry thought' that won it!
 Pie follows goose, and after pie comes cheese:—
 'Stilton, or Cheshire, sir?'—'Ah, vat you please!'

And now our Frenchman, having ta'en his fill,
 Prepar'd to go, when—'Sir, your little bill!'

'Ah, vat you're *Bill!* vell, Mr. Bill, good day!
Bon jour, good Villiam!'—'No sir, stay;
 My name is Tom, sir, you've this bill to pay.'

'Pay!—Pay?—*ma foi!*
 I call for nothing, sure—*pardonnez moi!*
 You bring me vat you call your goose, your cheese,
 You ask-a me to eat—I tell you, Vat you please!'

Down came the master, each explained the case,
 The one with cursing, the other with grimace;
 But Boniface, who dearly loved a jest,
 (Altho' sometimes he dearly paid for it,
 And finding nothing could be done you know,
 For when a man has got no money,
 To make him pay some would be rather funny!)
 Of a bad bargain made the best,
 Acknowledg'd much was to be said for it;
 Took pity on the Frenchman's meagre face,
 And, Briton-like, forgave a fallen foe,
 Laughed heartily, and let him go!

Our Frenchman's hunger thus subdued,
 Away he trotted in a merry mood;
 When, turning round the corner of a street,
 Who but his countryman he chanc'd to meet!

To him, with many a shrug and many a grin,
 He told how he had taken Jean Bull in!
 Fired with the tale, the other licks his chops,
 Makes his congee, and seeks this shop of shops.
 Ent'ring, he seats himself just at his ease—
 'What will you take, sir?'—'Vat you please!'

The waiter looked as pale as Paris plaster,
 And, up stairs running, thus address'd his master:—
 'These French Mounseers came over, sure, in pairs:
 Sir, there's another 'Vat you please' down stairs!'

This made the landlord rather crusty,
 Too much of one thing—the proverb's something musty
 Once to be 'done,' his anger didn't touch,
 But when a second time they tried the treason,
 It made him 'crusty,' sir, and with good reason:—
 You would be 'crusty,' were you 'done' so much.

There is a kind of instrument
 Which greatly helps a serious argument,
 And which, when properly applied, occasions
 Some most unpleasant tickling sensations!

'Twould make more clumsy folks than Frenchmen skip,
 'Twould *strike* you presently—a stout horse whip!
 This instrument our *maitre d'hote*
 Most carefully conceal'd beneath his coat—
 And, seeking instantly the Frenchman's station,
 Address'd him with the usual salutation.

Our Frenchman, bowing to his threadbare knees,
 (Determin'd whilst the iron's hot to strike it);
 Quick with his lesson answers—'Vat you please!
 But scarcely had he let the sentence slip,
 Than round his shoulders twines the pliant whip!

'Sare, sare! ah, misericorde! parbleau!

Curse you, Monsieur! vat makes you use me so?

Vat call you dis?'—'Lord, don't you know?

That's 'what I please,' (says Bonny)—how d ye like it?—
 Your friend, although I paid so dearly for his funning,
 Deserv'd the goose he gain'd, sir, for his cunning;
 But you, Monsieur, or else my time I'm wasting,
 Are goose enough yourself—and only want a basting!"

Sam Slick's Illustration of Courting.—Courtin' a gal, I guess, is like catching a young horse in the pasture. You put the oats in a pan, hide the halter, and soft-sawder the critter; and it comes up softly and shily at first, and puts its nose to the grain, and gets a taste, stands off and munches a little, looks round to see that the coast is clear, and advances cautious again, ready for a go, if you are rough. Well you soft-sawder it all the time: so—so, pet, pet! that's a pretty doll, and it gets to a kind a like it, and comes closer, and you think you have it, make a grab at its mane, and it ups head and tail, snorts, wheels short round, lets go both hind feet at you, and off like a shot. That comes of being in a hurry. Now if you put your hand up slowly towards its shoulder, and felt along the neck for the mane, it might perhaps have drawed away, as much as to say, 'Hands off, if you please; I like your oats, but I don't want you!' the chance is you would have caught it. Well, what's your play now you have missed it? Why you don't give chase, for that only scares a critter; but you stand still, shake the oats in the pan, and say, 'Cope, cope, cope!' and it stops, looks at you, and comes up again, awful skittish, stretches its neck out ever so far, steals a few grains, and then keeps a respectful distance. Now what do you do, then? Why, shake the pan and move slowly, as if you were going to leave the pasture, and make for home; when it repents of bein' so distrustful, comes up, and you slips the halter on.

THE BOOK OF
THE DEAD ALIVE.

Some hypochondriacs have fancied themselves miserably afflicted, some in one way, and some in another. Some have insisted that they were teapots, and some that they were town clocks; one that he was extremely ill, and another that he was actually dying. But perhaps none of this blue devil class ever matched in extravagance a patient of the late Dr. Stevenson of Baltimore.

This hypochondriac, after ringing the change of every mad conceit that ever tormented a crazy brain, would have it at last that he was dead, actually dead. Dr. Stevenson having been sent for one morning in great haste, by the wife of his patient, hastened to his bedside, where he found him stretched out at full length, his hands across his breast, his toes in contact, his eyes and mouth closely shut, and his looks cadaverous.

'Well, Sir, how do you do? how do you do this morning?' asked Dr. Stevenson in a jocular way, approaching the bed. 'How do I do!' replied the hypochondriac faintly; 'a pretty question to ask a dead man.' 'Dead!' replied the Doctor. 'Yes, sir, dead, quite dead. I died last night about twelve o'clock.'

Dr. Stevenson putting his hand gently on the forehead of the hypochondriac, as if to ascertain whether it was cold, and also feeling his pulse, exclaimed in a doleful note, 'Yes, the poor man is dead enough; 'tis all over with him, and now the sooner he can be buried the better.' Then stepping up to his wife, and whispering to her not to be frightened at the measures he was about to take, he called to the servant: 'My boy, your poor master is dead; and the sooner he can be put in the ground the better. Run to C—m, for I know he always keeps New England coffins by him ready made; and, do you hear, bring a coffin of the largest size, for your master makes a stout corpse, and having died last night, and the weather being warm, he will not keep long.'

Away went the servant, and soon returned with a proper coffin. The wife and family having got their lesson from the Doctor, gathered around him, and howled not a little, while they were putting him in his coffin. Presently the pall-bearers, who were quickly provided and let into the secret, started with the hypochondriac for the churchyard. They had not gone far before they met one of the town's people, who having been properly drilled by Dr. Stevenson, cried out, 'Ah, doctor, what poor soul have you got there?'

'Poor Mr. B—,' sighed the doctor, 'left us last night.'

'Great pity he had not left us twenty years ago,' replied the other; 'he was a bad man.'

Presently another of the townsmen met them with the same question, 'And what poor soul have you got there, doctor?'

'Poor Mr. B—,' answered the doctor again, 'is dead.'

'Ah, indeed!' said the other, 'and he is gone to meet his deserts at last.'

‘Oh, villain!’ exclaimed the man in the coffin.

Soon after this, while the pall-bearers were resting themselves near the church-yard, another stepped up with the old question again, ‘What poor soul have you got there, doctor?’

‘Poor Mr. B—,’ he replied, ‘he is gone.’

‘Yes, and to the bottomless pit,’ said the other; ‘for if he is not gone there, I see not what use there is for such a place.’ Here the dead man bursting off the lid of his coffin, which had been purposely left loose, leaped out, exclaiming, ‘O you villain! I am gone to the bottomless pit, am I? Well I have come back again, to pay such ungrateful rascals as you are!’ A chase immediately commenced by the dead man after the living, to the petrifying consternation of many of the spectators, at the sight of the corpse, in all the honours of the winding sheet, running through the streets. After having exercised himself into a copious perspiration by the fantastic race, the hypochondriac was brought home by Dr. Stevenson; freed from all his complaints; and by strengthening food, generous wine, cheerful company, and moderate exercise, was soon restored to perfect health.

MAKING A SHIFT.

A Mrs. Kelly, of Saffron hill, London, lately gave her female servant in custody to a police officer, who took her before a magistrate, on a charge of having stolen a sheet off the bed on which she lay, and of having made it into a shift for herself. The magistrate asked the prisoner what she had to say to the charge against her, who answered as follows:—‘Yesterday morning my mistress says to me, Sally, go and bring down one of the sheets off your bed to be washed, and make a *shift* with the other; I says, thank you ma’am, and went up and brought one sheet to the washer-woman, and being much distressed for a shift, I sat up all night and made myself a shift of the other sheet. In the morning, my mistress says to me again, Sally, bring down your other sheet to be washed. I told her I had made it into a shift, as she desired me, on which she got into such a passion that she called me a thief, and sent for an officer, and had me brought before your worship.’ The manner of her telling the story, and mistaking her mistress’s order, whether intended or accidental, caused much mirth.—The worthy magistrate advised the prosecutrix to try to settle it with the prisoner, to which she consented, and the prisoner was discharged. The parties afterwards retired home together good friends.

EPIGRAM.

Whether tall men or short men are best
 Or bold men, or modest, and shy men,
 I can’t say, but I this can protest,
 All the fair are in favour of Hy-men.

THE WORLD'S A TUNE.

There was a bard in a former age
 Compared the world to a player's stage,
 And most folks think he hit it;
 But I believe, and I may be right,
The world's a TUNE that we sing at sight,
 We learn it—to forget it.

We all are *notes* in a different *key*,
 Some *flats*, some *sharps*, some *naturals* be,
 Some *quicker*, and some *slower*!
 Like HANDEL'S, some are full of grace—
 Like PLEYDEL'S, some are *thorough bass*—
 Some *higher*, and some *lower*.

In life's short tune what *airs* we find,
 Bold, cheerful, gloomy, dull, refin'd,
 In full *symphoniale*;
 Our *time* is *quick*, and soon we *close*,
 We *beat* away without a *pause*,
 Till death sings the *finale*.

The world, I own, has *ties* most sweet,
 Yet many a *bar* and *slur* we meet,
 Though very much we fear them;
 Some men can nought but *discords trill*,
 With some the world sings *counter* still,
 Nor gives *one note* to cheer them.

The *pitch-fork* tunes the farmer's voice,
 The *sack-but* is the miller's choice;
 And all men's the *viola*;
 The maiden plays the *flageolet*,
 While married folks sing a *duett*,
 And bachelors a *solo*.

Blackburn Dick.—A poor idiot well known by the name of Blackburn Dick, was walking at his usual slow pace through Blackburn streets, when he had the good fortune to pick up a shilling. A man who was close in the rear, and observing poor Dick's prize, tapped him on the shoulder, at the same time demanding the shilling, saying that he had just lost it. Dick turned round with a presence of mind seldom equalled by those possessing their intellectual faculties, and asked, '*Hez thoine a hoil through?*'—'Yes,' said the man.—'Then,' says Dick, '*this is nin o' thoine; for it hezn't a hoil in.*'

THE DANGER OF MUSICAL TITLES.

A Lady of fashion (the well-known Marchioness of Finsbury) had been loitering for nearly an hour in a fashionable music-shop. She had purchased a copy of nearly every piece of music that had a sentimental title. She had sent out to her carriage a whole Canterbury full of 'Love'—going through every mood of the feeling, past, present, or future—and was following their example, when she paused upon the step, as if meditating whether she should take it or some other step that was evidently turning itself over in her mind. The shopman, who had been somewhat moved by the tender tone of voice in which she had asked him, 'Wilt thou love me then as now?' watched her with an anxiety that betrayed itself too plainly in the adjustment of his shirt collar and the arrangement of his hair. Suddenly the marchioness seemed resolved. As with one bound she cleared the pavement, and breathless, pale, her auburn ringlets fluttering in the wind, stood once more before the admiring shopman.

'I had nearly forgotten,' she said, in a voice that seemed to veil her blushing words; 'dear! dear! I cannot tell where my head is to-day! I have come back to ask you if by chance'—here she paused, as if to take new courage, whilst the trembling shopman posted his two thumbs elegantly on the mahogany counter, and leant his body inquiringly forward—'to ask you to be kind enough to give me 'one kiss before parting?'

'M-a-a-a-d-a-m!' exclaimed the astonished shopman.

'I want you,' repeated the marchioness, 'to let me have one kiss before parting—one will do, if you please.'

She raised her beautiful blue eyes full upon his, and met them boldly and unblushingly. She then, without betraying any emotion, repeated her question, adding, as calmly as possible: 'If you cannot give it me now, I will call some other time.'

He could doubt no longer! Springing over the counter, he seized hold of the marchioness's fair form, and then and there gave the kiss she so earnestly begged for previous to departure. To his great astonishment, the only return the marchioness gave was to give him a box on the ears. This was followed by a volley of blows dealt by her parasol over his head, which was accompanied with an equal number of shrieks, that never terminated till the police came into the shop.

The affair was carried to Bow Street, but was soon dismissed, upon its being explained that 'One kiss before parting,' was the name of a song, which the unsophisticated shopman, blissfully green from his native fields, had never heard of before. It was a favourite joke with the Old Duke to ask the marchioness, whenever she was at the piano, if she would mind giving him just 'One kiss before parting.'

BOTHER.—The word Bother was first used by a serjeant, who, being exposed to the volubility of two Irishmen, one at each ear, cried, 'Don't *both* ear me!' Hence the word to *bother*.

T' PARSON AN POSNIT;

BEIN AN OWD TALE MENDAD ABIT.

YOL understand, at thear wor a parson wunce whent throo hoame, ta sum Taan or anuther, abaght three mile off where he liv'd; but hav sich an a bad memory, av quite fogattan t' name at spot nah; but amsumivver, before he set off, he heard hiz wife say ta wun at sarvant lassas, at shoo wantad a two gallan iran posnit, varry badly, so when id gottan to hiz jurney-end, an wor e waukin daan wun at streets, he saw a chap peark't on a raand table, sellin a lot a posnits be auction, an when he gat up to him, thear wor an owd womman just biddin eighteenpence for wun, the vary size he wanted, so they nodad an bidad wun agean't tuther, for noabdy naws hah long, till at last t' owd womman gav in, an daan it wor knock't tut Parson, for two and tuppence. After payin for it, he samd houd at steil, an away he whent, carryin it furst e wun hand, and then it tuther, for it wor a rare weight, yo mind.

After waukin abaght a mile a that fashans, hiz shoolders aikt ta that degree, he cuddant bide ardlly, so he off we hiz hat, an carrid t'posnit at top of his head, hollow side daanads; an away he cut across t'cloises, az foaks muddant see him, for they made sa much gam; but he hed-dant goan far, befoar he cum at a wideish dyke, an thear bein no way but ta jump it, he tacks a good long start, an ovver he flew like a steg, an leeting at tuther side, he whent sos agean, an hiz head beng intat posnit. Thear he tried ta get it off agean, but, not soa, for it wor az fast az if it hed grown thear. An hah ta get hoame he diddant naw; but, amsumivver, off he started, an groapt az weel az he cud; but he heddent goan menny yards, befoar he gat t'posnit steil fast in a gate;—thear he wor, potterin abaght, an sweatin like a brock, for a full clock haar, tryin ta extricate hizsen. Hahivver az luck ad hav it, oa sud cum bye but Bobby Brushwood, an nawin t'Parson bit shap of his legs, sed, "Mestur, wotivver ar yo doin here a this fashans?" "Ha! iz that yo, Bobby?" call'd aght t'Parson, "am glad summadiz eum—whereivver am e? wot an a misfortan this is." "Wha, mestur," sigh'd Bobby, "oaze dun it? caant yo get t'posnit off?" "Noa, Bobby, my lad, it's fast enif, an um affread it al nivver be gottan off na more; tak owd n me hand, an lead ma hoam." "Hey, an welcum," sed Bobby, "but it's a varry bad job, mestur, cos yol not be able ta preich ta uz na more we this a yer head." Parson sed nowt ta this, but gav n sort ov a moan. An when they gat tut Taangate, bairns cum runnin e all dereckshans, ta see wot wor amiss; sum sed, "sitha, sitha, Bobby's gettan a yung Elefant;" uthers call'd aght, "nay, it izant, heeze catch't padfoot." But when they gat hoam, warrant thear a bonny to do, all t'dockters raand abaght, boath fur an near, wor sent for, but they cuddant do na good, nivver n wun on em, for they screw'd an pull'd, un t'Parson bawkt aght, but it wor all ta no use,—thay cuddant get t'posnit off at noa price. At last, Billy said, "stop ah naw hah it's ta be dun nah; let's goa tut smithy;" so away thay whont, reddey enif, es-

pecially t'parson, an when they gat intat shop, Bobby sed, " nab, mes-tur, lig yer head upat stithey ;" so he did az he wor tell'd that minit, an't Blacksmith tuck wun at bigist hammers he hed it place, an we a swing-stroke, brack t'posnit inta a thaazand pieces. My wurd, but diddant Parson look rare an wackan when he saw dayleet ; an hoam he eut at a dog-trot, houdin boath hiz ears, pleaz'd enif ; an Bobby after him, wit posnit steil in hiz hand, which he hez ta this day, hung up e thare hause, for antickety's sake, an e memory at event.

'A Dead Sell.'—An amusing story is told of a young Parisian artist, who lately painted a portrait of a duchess, with which her friends were not satisfied—declaring that it was totally unlike. The painter, however was convinced that he had succeeded admirably, and proposed that the question of resemblance or no resemblance be left to a little dog belonging to the duchess, which was agreed to. Accordingly, the picture was sent to the hotel of the lady next day, and a large party assembled to witness the test. The dog was called in, and no sooner did he see the portrait than he sprang upon it, licked it all over, and showed every demonstration of the greatest joy. The triumph of the painter was complete, and all present insisted that the picture had been re-touched during the night ; which was actually so—the painter having rubbed it over with a thin coating of *lard* ! The dog's nose was sharper than the critic's eyes.

A Love Scene.—Overheard and phonographically reported by Phrederick Phinephun.—'Pharest of the phair,' sighed the lover, 'phancy my pheelings, when I phorsee the phearful consequences of our phleeing phrom your phather's phamily. Phew phellows could have phaced the music with as much phortitude as I have ; and, as phiekle phortune phails to smile on our loves, I phind I must phorego the pleasure of becoming your husband. Pharest Phrances, pharewell phor ever.' 'Hold, Phranklin, hold !' screamed Phrances, 'I will phollow you phor ever.' But Phranklin had philed and Phrances phainted.

A young physician asking permission of a lass to kiss her, she replied : 'No, sir ; I never like a *doctor's bill* stuck in my face.'

DERIVATION OF BUS.—To kiss. Rebus—To kiss again. Blunderbus—To kiss an old woman. Silly-bus—Two girls kissing each other. Omni-bus—To kiss all in a room.

THE BOOK OF
WITTICISMS, &c.

A DOCTOR'S REASON.—A practitioner being asked by his patient why he put so many ingredients into his prescriptions, is said to have answered, more facetiously than philosophically, 'in order that the disease may take which it likes best.'

CAN SUCH THINGS BE?—It is said that a 'fast' young gentleman heats his shaving water every morning with the fire of his own genius.

'JANE what letter in the alphabet do you like best?' 'Well I dont like to say, Mr. Snobbs.' 'Pooh, nonsense; Tell right out Jane; which do you like best?' 'Well (blushing and dropping her eyes), I like U best.'

A lawyer,' said Lord Brougham, (in a facetious mood) 'is a learned gentle man who rescues your estate from your enemies, and keeps it himself.

A GOOD WORKMAN WANTED.—He must be able to 'rivet the attention,' must understand how to join 'a broken rest,' be able to 'sharpen the understanding;' and to bring rambling arguments 'to the point.' Any 'old file' having a few 'wise saws' will probably suit. Persons bad at 'vice' need not apply.

Rabbits in Paris.—A gentleman, relating the incidents of his travels while in Paris, says:—'I entered a *restaurant* on the other side of the Seine, and ordered a rabbit. I was green—verdant as the first cucumber, even as early peas—or I should not have done this. The rabbit came, and I offered the *Moniteur* to an old Frenchman opposite, whose eyes were fixed upon my plate, but he bowed a negative. The bow puzzled me. It was too much. 'Monsieur has not been long in Paris?' 'No, I have just arrived.' 'Monsieur is going to eat that?' 'Yes; may I offer you a slice?' 'Monsieur will allow me to make a small observation?' inquired the Frenchman, with a frightful grimace. 'Certainly,' I replied, becoming alarmed. 'Monsieur, that rabbit *once mewed*,' he replied, with the utmost gravity.'

A DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT.—Why is a man ascending Vesuvius like an Irishman trying to kiss a pretty girl? Because he wants to get at the crater's mouth.

CAPTAIN SCOTT, in his *Recollections of a Naval Life*, relates the following instance of daring courage on the part of a private marine on board the *Blanche*, in the action in which that ship captured *La Gueriere*:—"A remarkably handsome young marine, whose enthusiastic ardour led him to mount the main rigging, that he might fire with more destructive effect on the enemy's deck, excited the admiration of his shipmates by his gallant bearing. He maintained his exposed station, keeping up a constant fire amid a shower of round and grape shot, slapping his seat of honour in derision of his enemies every time he discharged his musket, till an eighteen pound shot carried away the fleshy part of both thighs and the lower part of the abdomen; the brave fellow was then assisted down by two blue jackets, exclaiming, as he reached the deck, that he had at least given them forty shots for their one. He survived this afflicting wound several days, and died with the same devoted feelings that had distinguished his conduct on the day of action: he was universally regretted on board."

ADMIRAL DUNCAN.—Admiral Duncan's address to the officers who came on board his ship for instructions previous to the engagement with Admiral de Winter, was both laconic and humorous: 'Gentleman, you see a severe *winter* approaching; I have only to advise you to keep up a good fire.'

OLD Cock was known as a miser, and had amassed a large fortune.

On his death-bed, when the last gasp was approaching a tallow candle was burning upon the stand, and a flickering flame in the fire-place. He watched the candle and then the fire. Suddenly he called his son—

'Woodbury, come here.'

The son approached his bedside, when the old man whispered.

'Woodbury, blow out that candle; tallow's most as dear as butter.'

Extensively Laid Out.—A plain old father had a son much given to the vanities of the toilet, and in coming home in a new fashioned great coat, with something less than a score of capes, was asked what kind of *thatching* he had got on his shoulders.

'Capes—only capes, father.'

'So, so,' said the old man, passing his hands over them; 'Cape Hatteras, Cape Henlopen, I suppose, and here,' clapping his hand on his head, 'is the Light-house.'

‘I have very little respect for the ties of this world,’ as the chap said when the rope was put around his neck.

SOMEBODY stole a water-melon from a patch in Fitchburg the other night, and left a pocket-book on the ground containing five hundred dollars. The proprietor of the patch advertises that he has a few more melons left!

A WISE SAW.—A sawyer, after sawing with a very blunt saw, exclaimed; ‘Of all the saws I ever saw saw, I never saw a saw saw as that saw saws.’

‘FIRST class in sacred music, stand up. How many kinds of metre are there?’—‘Three, sir—long metre, short metre, and *meet her* by moonlight alone!’

CROSS READINGS.

The case of Howard and Gibbs came on—richly ornamented in bronze and or-molu.

Obstructions in the viscera removed by—Ramo Samee swallowing a sword sixteen inches long.

Excessive vomiting was quickly produced by—the Time’s paper during the late queen’s trial.

MURDER.—On Friday, the trial came on of—Cain, a mystery, by Lord Byron.

Mr. Waithman then addressed the common-hall—opium fell considerably last week.

During this awful ceremony—Il Diavolo Antonio exhibited on the corde volante.

The ball and cross of St. Paul’s have been often quoted as—a comfortable retreat for ladies during their confinement.

Wanted, by a footman out of place—six thousand pounds, by way of annuity.

The judge, then, thus addressed the prisoner—‘Extinguish the Gas, give it him, Neate, go it, my boy.’

The witness, a watchman, said he had been emptying—Lady Morgan’s notorious work called Italy.

Another melancholy instance of hydrophobia occurred in—the address of thanks voted to Alderman Wood, from *little* Britain.

When the balloon had attained a considerable height—the prisoner disposed of the silk and absconded.

Murried, on Saturday last, Miss Ann Jones—she was strongly recommended to mercy.

Mr Jackson handed 400 sovereigns to Neate—who appeared perfectly resigned to his fate.

THE most tender-hearted man we ever saw was a shoemaker, who always shut his eyes and whistled when he ran his awl into a shoe.

HOW TO MAKE LOVE.—If you cannot inspire a woman with love of you, fill her above the brim with love of herself. All that runs over will be yours.

‘Dear me!’ exclaimed Mrs. Partington, sorrowfully, ‘how much a man will bear, and how far he will go, to get this soddered dross, as Parson Martin called it, when he refused the beggar a sixpence for fear it might lead him into extravagance! everybody is going to California and Chagrin arter gold. Cousin Jones and the three Smiths have gone; and Mr. Chip the carpenter has left his wife, and seven children, and a blessed old mother-in-law, to seek his fortin too. This is the strangest yet, and I don’t see how he could have done it; it looks so ongrateful to treat heaven’s blessings so lightly. But there, we are told that the love of money is the root of all evil, and how true it is, for they are now rooting arter it like pigs arter ground nuts! Why, it is a perfect moneymania among everybody!’ and she shook her head doubtingly as she pensively watched a small mug of cider with an apple in it simmering by the winter fire; she was somewhat fond of drink made in this way.

If a ship is of the feminine gender, why are not fighting vessels called *women-of-war* instead of men of war?—Answer that, will you?

‘What is the meaning of syntax, mother?’ inquired a little girl. --‘It is a tax on sin, and this is the only thing that is not taxed now-a-days!’ was the reply.

A gentleman who has a warm side for a young lady, was making fun of a sack which she wore. ‘You had better be quiet, or I’ll give you the *sack*,’ replied the lady archly. ‘I should be most happy,’ was the gallant’s response, ‘if you would give it to me as it is, *with yourself inside of it!*’

A little lawyer appearing as evidence in one of the courts, was asked by a gigantic counsellor, what profession he was of; and having replied that he was an attorney, ‘You a lawyer (said Brief) why I could put you in my pocket.’ ‘Very likely, you may, (re-joined the other) and if you do, you will have more law in your pocket than in your head.’

Crowle, the Punster.—Once on a circuit with Page, a person asked him if the Judge was just behind: he replied, ‘I don’t know, but I am sure he was never just before.’ Of this wag Lord Oxford also tells the following anecdote—that on being reprimanded on his knees by the Speaker of the Common’s House, as he rose from the ground he wiped his knees and said, ‘It was the dirtiest house he had ever been in.’

Two gentlemen standing together as a young lady passed them, one of them said, ‘there goes the handsomest woman I ever saw!’ she hearing, turned back, and observing him to be very ugly, answered, ‘I wish, sir, I could in return say as much of you.’ ‘So you may, madam, (says he) and lie as I did.’

Full Measure.—A Quaker alighting from the Bristol W. S. Coach, on entering the Inn, called for some Beer and observing the pint to be deficient in quantity thus addressed the Landlord. ‘Pray, friend, how many Butts of Beer dost thou draw in a month?’ ‘Ten, sir,’ replied Boniface, ‘and thou wouldst like to draw eleven,’ rejoined Ebenezer, ‘certainly,’ exclaimed the smiling landlord, ‘then I will tell thee how, friend,’ added the Quaker, ‘Fill thy Measures!’

Fontenelle lived to be nearly one hundred years old. A lady of nearly equal age, said to him one day, in a large company, ‘Monsieur, you and I stay here so long, that I have a notion death has forgotten us!’ ‘Speak as softly as you can, Madam,’ replied Fontenelle, ‘lest you should remind him of us.’

A countryman, very much marked with the small-pox, applied to a magistrate for redress in an affair where one of his neighbours had ill-treated him; but not explaining the business so clearly as the justice expected, ‘Fellow,’ said he, in a rage, ‘I don’t know whether you were inoculated for the small pox or not, but I am sure you have been for stupidity.’ ‘Why, an’t please you,’ replied the man, ‘perhaps I might, as you say, be inoculated for stupidity; but there was no occasion to perform that on your worship, for you seem to have had it in the natural way.’

All the teeth of a certain talkative lady being loose, she asked the chevalier Ruspim the cause of it, who answered, ‘It proceeded from de violent shocks her ladyship did giv’em with her tongue.’

WHEN Lieutenant O'Brien, (who was afterwards called Skyrocket Jack), was blown up at Spithead, in the Edgar, he was saved on the carriage of a gun; and when brought to the Admiral all black and wet, he said with pleasantry, 'I hope, sir, you will excuse my dirty appearance, for I came out of the ship in so great a hurry that I had not time to shift myself.'

A military officer of diminutive stature was drilling a tall Irish recruit; 'Hold up your head,' said the officer, elevating the chin of the Irishman with the end of his cane to an angle of nearly forty degrees; 'Hold up your head, so;' 'and must I always do so, captain?' asked the recruit: 'Yes, always;' answered the officer. 'Then fare you well, my dear little fellow,' rejoined Paddy, 'for I shall never see you more.'

A young lady going into the barrack-room at Fort George, saw an officer toasting a slice of bread on the point of his sword, On which she exclaimed, 'I think, Sir, you have got the staff of life on the point of death.'

WHILE Napoleon was a Subaltern in the army, a Russian Officer, with much self-sufficiency, remarked, 'that his country fought for glory, and the French for gain.' 'You are perfectly right,' answered Napoleon, 'for every one fights for that which he does not possess.'

Two Oxford scholars meeting on the road with a Yorkshire hostler, they fell to bantering him, and told the fellow, that they would prove him to be an horse or an ass. 'Well,' said the hostler, 'and I can prove your saddle to be a mule.' 'A Mule!' cried one of them, 'how can that be?' 'Because,' said the hostler, 'it is something between a horse and an ass.'

WHEN the celebrated Bean Nash was ill, Dr. Chayne wrote a prescription for him; the next day the doctor coming to see his patient, inquired if he had followed his prescription. 'No faith,' said Nash, 'if I had I should have broke my neck, for I threw it out of a two pair of stairs window.'

A culprit asked Jack Ketch if he had any commands for the other world. 'Why,' said Jack, 'not many; I'll only,' added he, 'just trouble you with a line.'

AN Irishman telling his friend, that in passing along the street, he saw a person on the other side with whom he thought he was acquainted, said, 'I crossed to see him, I thought I knew him, and he thought he knew me, but, by Jasus, my honey, it was neither one nor t'other of us.'

Cook, the Actor.—A physician, seeing Cook about to drink a glass of brandy, exclaimed, don't drink that filthy stuff. Brandy is the worst enemy you have. 'I know that,' replied Cook, 'but the Scriptures command us to love our enemies, so here goes!'

A WHITE CHOKER.

What means that sudden groan?

Old gentleman, declare,

Why drop that chicken bone

With such a dreadful air?

Why roll thine eyes beneath

Thy specs of bottle-green?

Why thus in spasms breathe?

Old gent! what *do* you mean?

The guests in awe regard

His horror-stricken face—

The features plain and hard

Convulsed with dire grimace.

'Speak!' cries the festive crowd,

He answers, in a pet,

'My teeth! (he groans aloud)

I've swallow'd the whole set!'

Two country attorneys, overtaking a waggoner on the road, and thinking to be witty upon him, asked why his fore horse was so fat and the rest so lean? The waggoner knowing them, answered, that the fore horse was a lawyer, and the rest were two clients.

Napoleon.—Among the other costly relics belonging to one of the richest convents in Valladolid, there was a brick of massive gold, of nearly one foot in length by an inch thick, which contained a thorn, said to be from the crown which Christ wore on the cross. It was presented to Napoleon by one of his generals, and he received it; but, taking out the thorn, 'There,' said he, 'give that back to the monks—I keep the brick.'

A lady whom some musicians were serenading, was so little complimented by their performance that she resented it by throwing stones at them. A wag, who was passing by, exclaimed, your music is as powerful as that of Orpheus, for it moves the very stones.

ASTROLOGY.

Boulainvilliers and Calonne, who both enjoyed a high reputation at Paris for their skill in astrology, had predicted to Voltaire that he should die at the age of thirty-two. 'I have been mischievous enough,' he wrote, in 1757, 'to deceive them already, by about thirty years, for which I humbly beg their pardon.' He deceived them still further by more than twenty years.

An astrologer fixing his eyes upon the countenance of the Duke of Milan, said to him, 'My lord, arrange your affairs, for you have not long to live.'—'How dost thou know this?' asked the Duke.—'By my acquaintance with the stars,' answered the astrologer.—'And pray how long art thou to live?'—'My planet promises me a long life.'—'Well thou shalt shortly discover that we ought not to trust to the stars.' And he ordered him to be hanged instantly.

Heggiages, an Arab general, under the Caliph Valid, consulted in his last illness, an astrologer, who predicted to him his approaching death. 'I rely so completely on your knowledge,' replied Heggiages to him, 'that I wish to have you with me in the other world; and I shall therefore send you thither before me, in order that I may be able to employ your services from the time of my arrival.' And he ordered the head of the soothsayer to be struck off, although the time fixed by the planets had not yet arrived.

Henry VII., king of England, asked an astrologer if he knew where he should pass the festivities of Christmas. The astrologer answered, that he knew nothing on the subject. 'I then am cleverer than *thou* art,' replied the king, 'for I know that thou wilt pass them in the Tower of London.' The individual was immediately conducted thither.

An astrologer foretold the death of a lady whom Louis XI. passionately loved: she did, in fact, die; and the king imagined that the prediction of the astrologer was the cause of it. He sent for the man, intending to have him thrown through the window as a punishment: 'Tell me, thou who pretendest to be so clever and learned a man, what thy fate will be?' The soothsayer, who suspected the intentions of the prince, and who knew his foible, replied, 'Sire, I foresee that I shall die three days before your majesty.' The king believed him, and was careful of the astrologer's life.

A clergyman choose for his text the following words: 'Which of you will go up with me to Ramoth-Gilead?' then pausing, he again and again repeated the words, when a gallant *tar* started from his seat, and looking around him with an eye of indignation, exclaimed, 'Will none of you go with the worthy gentleman? As for my part, I go for one!'

A person asked an Irishman, why he wore his stockings the wrong side outwards, He answered, 'Because there was a hole on the other side.'

A charitable divine, for the benefit of the country where he resided, caused a causeway to be begun; and as he was one day overlooking the workmen, a certain nobleman passing by, said to him, 'Well, doctor, for all your pains and charity I don't take this to be the highway to heaven.' 'Very true,' replied the doctor, 'for if it had, I should have wondered to have seen your lordship here.'

A man with an enormously large mouth called on a dentist to get a tooth drawn. After the dentist had prepared his instruments, and was about to commence operations, the man of mouth began to strain and stretch his mouth till he got it to a most frightful extent. 'Stay, sir,' said the dentist, 'don't trouble yourself to stretch your mouth any wider, for I intend to stand on the outside of it to draw your tooth.'

GENEROUS.—'I will give you a thousand pounds,' said a young buck to an old gentleman. 'How?' 'You have a daughter, and you intend to give her ten thousand pounds as her portion.' 'I do.' 'Sir, I will take her with nine thousand!'

It appears, that in New Zealand, when the marriage ceremony takes place, it is a common custom to knock the heads of the bride and the bridegroom together, previous to their union.

In England, now, it isn't so;
The bridegroom and the bride
To loggerheads but seldom go,
Until the knot is tied.

'Why don't you wheel that barrow of coals, Ned?' said a learned miner to one of his sons. 'It is not a very hard job; there is an inclined plane to relieve you.' 'Ah,' replied Ned, who had more relish for wit than work, '*the plane may be inclined*, but hang me if I am.'

The father of the present Lord Abingdon, riding through a village in the county of Oxford, met a lad dragging a calf along, who, when his lordship came up to him, made a stop and stared him full in the face. His Lordship asked the boy if he knew him. He replied, 'Eees.' 'What is my name?' said his Lordship. 'Why, Lord Abingdon,' replied the lad—'Then why don't you take off your hat?' 'So I will, sir,' said the boy, 'if ye'll hold the calf.'

HOW DAVID PRICE CURED HIS WIFE'S SHOCKING BAD TEMPER.

David, a man of meek and kindly spirit, had long suffered from the patter-clatter, never-ending scolding tongue of his *worser* half. One day, a herb doctor greeted David at his work, with a 'Well, Master David, and how be you?'—'Oh! I be very well, thanks to ye; but my wife's not so very nicely.' 'Indeed!' said the gatherer of simples, with a quick ear for an ailment, 'what may be the matter wi' she, Master David?'—'Well,' said David, in his usual dry and quiet way, 'she hav a bad breaking out about her mouth every now and then, that troubles her and me varry sore, I 'sure ye, Master Doctor.' 'Well,' said the latter, 'I could make a grand cure of her, I'll warrant—I hev a salve 'at I makes fra the juice of the juniper tree, and by boiling up a vast o' different kinds o' things, 'quite cure that in no time!'—'Deed,' said Davie, 'and what might your charge be, now, for a box o' that 'intment, 'at would quite cure her?' 'Oh!' said the herbalist, looking anxiously up in David's face, 'only a matter of a shilling.'—'Well, that's dirt cheap,' said David; 'if you cures her, I'll give you eighteen pence, there now!' With this offer the doctor set off home to prepare his nostrum, and straightway hied the very next day to David's house, box in hand. There he found Mrs. Price, and went at once to business. 'Well, Mrs. Price, your master tells me you hev betimes a bad breaking out about the mouth, and I've brought a box o' fine 'intment, 'at will quite cure ye!' With this announcement, Mrs. Price firing up—at once seeing her husband's jest—raised the brush with which she was sweeping the floor, and pummelled the doctor to her heart's content, even following to beat him a field from her house—he screaming out all the while, 'Oh! Missus Price, be you gone mad?' From that day, however, Mrs. Price has been wholly cured of her scolding habits. David has only to look up in her face and say, 'I'll get a box o' that 'intment,' and there's an end of the matter, David honourably paid the doctor his 1s. 6d., and treated him, to make him forget his pummelling. The whole of these circumstances are strictly true.—*Durham Chronicle*.

A preacher in Arabic having for his text a portion of the Koran - 'I have called Noah;' after twice repeating his text, made a long pause: an Arab then present, thinking he was waiting for an answer, exclaimed, 'If Noah will not come, what hinders you from calling somebody else.'

ABSENCE OF MIND.

A gentleman addicted to taking snuff, let fall his handkerchief; stooping to pick it up, he seized hold of a lady's dress, wiped his nose with it, and then commenced stuffing it into his coat pocket. He did not discover his mistake till a somewhat irascible gentleman kicked him out of the house.

The other day a man in Baltimore, intending to wind up his watch, through a sudden attack of absence of mind, wound up himself. He did not perceive his mistake until his creditors refused to allow him to go upon *tick* any longer!

The 'Nashville Observer' informs us of the following case of absence of mind, which took place in the person of an old lady, who, after stirring the fire with her knitting needle, proceeded to knit with the poker, and did not discover her error till she commenced scratching her head with it.

A woman, in Ohio, put her baby into the washing-tub, and its dirty frock and petticoat into the cradle, and set her little boy to rock it. She did not discover her mistake until the baby cried out when she pinned its left leg to the line, as she hung it out in the yard to dry.

PEOPLE in love are very apt to forget themselves, instance the following :—A lady, having written, folded, and sealed a *billet-doux*, tripped away to the post-office at Baltimore. Her mind being engrossed in imagining the delight the fond object she had addressed would experience in receiving her communication, caused her to make a slight mistake; she dropped the letter unconsciously on the footpath, and posted herself! nor did she discover her error until the post-master asked, when about to stamp her, whether she was *double* or *single*!

WE learn from the 'Nashville Banner,' that a land-agent down there, by name Hiram S. Botts, having to ride out in great haste one day last week, actually elapped the saddle upon his own back instead of his mare's, and never found out the mistake till he was quite fatigued with vainly trying to get upon himself.

WITTICISMS, &c.

A GREAT CALF.—Sir William B. being at a parish meeting, made some proposals which were objected to by a farmer. Highly enraged, "Sir," said he to the farmer, "do you know that I have been at two universities, and at two colleges at each university?" "Well, sir," said the farmer, "what of that? I had a calf that sucked two cows, and the observation I made was, the more he sucked the greater calf he grew."

A CHANCERY PUN.—Lord Eldon (the Chancellor) related of his predecessor, *Lord Erskine*, that being at a dinner-party with Captain Parry, after his first voyage of discovery, he (Lord Erskine) asked the intrepid navigator, what himself and his hardy crew lived on, when frozen up in the polar seas. "On the *Seals* to be sure," replied Parry. "And very good living too," said the ex-chancellor, "if you keep them long enough!"

A gentleman sitting in one of the boxes in company with the late Lord North, not knowing his lordship, entered into conversation with him, and seeing two ladies come into an opposite box, turned to him, and addressed him with, "Pray, sir, can you inform me who is that ugly woman that is just come in?" "Oh," replied his lordship with great good humour, "that is *my wife*." "Sir, I ask you ten thousand pardons: I do not mean her, I mean that shocking monster who is along with her." "That," replied his lordship, "is *my daughter*."

THE MINISTER AND HIS MAN.—'Sam,' said a late minister of Drumblade one day to his man of works, 'you must bottle the cask of whisky this forenoon; but as the vapour from the whisky may be injurious, take a glass before you begin, to prevent intoxication.' Now, Samuel was an old soldier, and never was in better spirits than when bottling whisky; and having received from his master a special license to taste, went to work most heartily. Some hours after the minister visited the cellar to inspect progress, and was horrified to find Sam lying his full length on the floor, unconscious of all around. 'O Sam!' said the minister, 'you have not taken my advice, you see the consequence—rise, Sam, and take a glass yet, it may restore you.' 'Sam, nothing loth, took the glass from the minister's hand, and having emptied it, said, 'Oh! sir, this is the thirteenth glass I've ta'en, bit I'm nae better.'

A Yankee and an Irishman happened to be riding together passed a gallows. 'Where would you be,' said Jonathan, 'if the gallows had its due?' 'Riding alone, to be sure,' said Pat.

FRENCH POLITENESS.—A young gentleman, lodging in a narrow street of Paris, lately conceived himself enamoured of a lady appeared occasionally at an opposite window. With the freedom of modern Lovelaces, he enclosed a copper coin in a billet-doux, to give it the necessary weight, and threw it with sufficient force, against the closed sash, to break the pane of glass and go through. His own window was left open, and, in a few minutes after, a cold roast chicken entered from the opposite side, to the leg of which was tied the following note:—‘Monsieur,—You take advantage of a means of corresponding with my wife which proves you to have read the Spanish romances to some profit. While I allow your ingenuity, however, allow me to express a wish that, in your future love-letters to her by the same post, you will let the enclosed weight be of *silver* instead of *copper*, that I may be able to repair the broken pane of glass at your expense.

Your humble servant, X.

The following is said to be the longest pause on record; An old gentleman, riding over Putney Bridge, turned round to his servant and said, ‘Do you like eggs, John?’ ‘Yes, sir.’ Here ended the conversation. The same gentleman, riding over the same bridge, that day twelvemonths, again turned round and said ‘How?’ ‘Poached, sir,’ was the answer.

COLONEL MARIBUS

A wag of a fellow, who would joke at a funeral, seeing so much solemnness about the cholera at New Orleans, told a very good anecdote which spread a grin on every countenance, and was no doubt more beneficial to the sympathetic portion of the ‘crowd’ than would have been a dose of ‘doctors’ stuff.’ ‘When the cholera first made its appearance,’ said he, ‘in one of the Eastern cities, in 1832, a sanitary committee was appointed to visit each house in the city, and enjoin cleanliness on the inhabitants. In one of the suburbs, in a dark alley, they found an old Irishwoman living in one room, which was not remarkable for cleanliness. The spokesman admonished the old lady that she would be more cleanly—as sickness was approaching the city, and she would be likely to be attacked.

“Devil’s the danger?” said the old lady, ‘d’hirt is houlsome—it niver kilt half as many as the devilish doethers.’

‘Just at this juncture a grunt, very much like the grunt of a pig, was heard to proceed from the corner in which the old lady’s bed stood, and the spokesman of the committee inquired what was under the bed?

"Me pag!" said the old lady.

"Your pig!" responded the committee.

"Yes, my pag."

"And don't you know," ejaculated the committee, "that if the Cholera Morbus comes here, and finds you in this filthy condition, and with a pig under your bed, that you will be one of its first subjects?"

"Who's Curnel Maribus?" responded the old lady, "that I should drive out me pag for him? To the devil wid yer Curnel Maribus! wasn't Ginerai Lafayette wid us, and me pag under the bed—and nobody disturbed him; and isn't he a bether man than Curnel Maribus?"

"Ah!" said the committee man, "you don't understand us. Its the disease—the sickness we means."

"Don't trouble yerselves about that," said the old lady, "for it don't trouble me. And now, gintlemen," she continued, "I won't turn out me pag for yer desase, nor for Curnel Maribus, nor for yerselves—so ye may jist as well leave me house."

They did leave—and the old lady kept her 'pag.'

GATHER YE ROSEBUDS.

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And, while ye may, go marry,
For, having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

A Sportsman coursing lost a hare, and hastily accosted a shepherd boy. 'Boy, did you see a hare come past here?' 'A hare, sir?' 'Yes, fool.' 'What a hare, sir?' 'Yes.' 'What a thing that runs fast with long ears?' 'That goes loppety, loppety, lop?' 'Yes, yes, my good fellow.' 'What very long ears?' 'Yes, dolt.' 'Ah, then,' said the boy, 'I didn't see it.'

Railway Speculation.—As Burton, a celebrated physician, was going to the house of a lady, who had sent for him in a great hurry, he received intelligence that shares had greatly fallen. Holding a considerable number of shares, the news made so strong an impression on his mind, that while he was feeling his patient's pulse, he exclaimed, 'Mercy upon me, how they fall! lower, lower, lower!' The lady in alarm flew to the bell, crying out, 'I am dying! Mr. Burton says that my pulse gets lower and lower, so that it is impossible I should live!' 'You are dreaming, madam!' replied the physician, rousing himself from his reverie, 'your pulse is very good, and nothing ails you; it was the Railway Shares I was talking of.'

THE FRENCHMAN and the RATS.

A Frenchman once, who was a merry wight,
 Passing to town from Dover, in the night,
 Near the road side an ale-house chanc'd to spy,
 And being rather tired, as well as dry,
 Resolv'd to enter: but first he took a peep,
 In hopes a supper he might get, and cheap.
 He enters—'Hollo! Garçon, if you please,
 Bring me a leetel bit of bread and cheese:—
 And, Hollo! Garçon, a pot of porter, too,' he said,
 'Which I shall take, and then myself to bed.'

His supper done, some scraps of cheese were left,
 Which our poor Frenchman thinking it no theft,
 Into his pocket put; then slowly crept
 To wish'd-for bed; but not one wink he slept—
 For on the floor some sacks of flour were laid,
 To which the rats a nightly visit paid.
 Our hero now, undress'd, popp'd out the light,
 Put on his cap, and bade the world good night;
 But first his breeches, which contain'd the fare,
 Under his pillow he had plac'd with care.

Sans cerémonie, soon the rats all ran,
 And on the flour sacks greedily began;
 At which they gorged themselves; then smelling round,
 Under the pillow, soon the cheese they found;
 And, while at this they all regaling sat,
 Their happy jaws disturbed the Frenchman's nap,
 Who, half awake, cries out, 'Hollo! Hollo!
 What is dat nibbel at my pillow so?
 Ah! 'tis one big scamp rat!
 What de diable is it he nibbel, nibbel at?'

In vain, our little hero sought repose—
 Sometimes the vermin galloped o'er his nose;
 And such the pranks they kept up all the night,
 That he on end antipodes upright,
 Bawling aloud called stoutly for a light.
 'Hollo! Maison! Garçon, I say!
 Bring me de bill for what I hav to pay!

The bill was brought, and to his great surprise
 Ten shillings was the charge—he scarce believes his eyes;
 With eager haste he runs it o'er,
 And every time he view'd it, thought it more,
 'Why, zounds, what dis mean? (he cries) I sall no pay;
 What! charge ten shillings for what I hav' mangé?
 A leetle sup of porter, dis vile bed,
 Where all de rats do run about my head?

'O, curse those rats?' the landlord muttered out;
 'I wish, by George, that I could make 'em scout:
 I'll pay him well that can.' 'Attend to me, I pray:
 Vil you dis charge forego, what I am at,
 If from your house I drive away de rat?'
 'With all my heart,' the jolly host replies,
 'Ecoutez donc, ami;' (the Frenchman cries)
 First, den—regarder if you please—
 Bring to dis spot a littel bread and cheese;
 Eh bien! a pot of porter, too;
 And den invite de rats to sup wid you;
 And after—no matter dey be willing—
 For what dey eat, you charge dem just ten shilling;
 And I am sure, when dey behold de score—
 Dey'll quit your house, and never come no more.'

THE TWO MISERS.—A Hebrew Tale.

A miser living in Kufa had heard that in Bassora also there dwelt a miser—more miserly than himself, to whom he might go to school, and from whom he might learn much. He forthwith journeyed thither, and presented himself to the great master as a humble commencer in the Art of Avarice, anxious to learn, and under him to become a student. 'Welcome!' said the miser of Bassora; 'we will straight go into the market to make some purchase.' They went to the baker. 'Hast thou good bread?'—'Good indeed, my masters, and fresh and soft as butter.'—'Mark this friend,' said the miser of Bassora to the one of Kufa, 'butter is compared with bread as being the better of the two; as we can only consume a small quantity of that, it will also be the cheaper, and we therefore act more wisely, and more savingly too,

in being satisfied with butter.' They then went to the butter merchant, and asked if he had good butter. 'Good, indeed, and flavoured and fresh as the finest olive oil,' was the answer. 'Mark this, also,' said the host to his guest, 'oil is compared with the very best butter, and therefore by much ought to be preferred to the latter.' They next went to the oil vender: 'Have you good oil?'—'The very best quality, white and transparent as water,' was the reply.—'Mark that, too,' said the miser of Basora to the one of Kufa; 'by this rule water is the very best. Now, at home I have a pailful, and most hospitably therewith will I entertain you.' And, indeed, on their return, nothing but water did he place before his guest, because they had learnt that water was better than oil, oil better than butter, butter better than bread. 'God be praised!' said the miser of Kufa, 'I have not journeyed this long distance in vain!'—*Fairy Tales from all Nations.*

THERE'S A WILL, BUT NO WAY.

Where there's a will, I hear you say,
 A man may always find a way.
 I wish you'd make this fact appear,
 For here in gaol I've been a year;
 And though my will is very stout,
 I find no way of getting out.

AN ENIGMA.

A Friend and an enemy, a blessing and a curse, a beauty and a deformity; it saves life and takes it away; it is long and short, round and square, hot and cold, straight and crooked, smooth and uneven, hard and soft, much wanted where in greatest plenty, and most useful where least regarded; it accommodates itself to all tastes; it is savoury and insipid, sweet and of a bad smell, strong and weak, sometimes able to carry great burthens, and at other times won't bear the weight of a pin; this, men make great journeys on, and yet have it at home; housewives and cooks admire it, husbandmen curse it, merchants rue it, it causes famine and plenty; it is a bane and an antidote; man and beast, fish and fowl, earth, and air, and sea, experience its influence; it has the privilege of kissing the fairest ladies lips, and assists in dressing their persons; it is a sovereign remedy for despairing lovers, and will bring them together, tho' nt a thousand miles distance; subservient and overbearing, useful and destructive, death and a medicine; it is a fluid and a solid, a mountain and a valley, has a numerous offspring and yet an enemy to children; the subject of miracles, the destruction of armies, the plague of philosophy, a theme for poets, an improvement of music, of great use in fortifications, and occasioned the first architecture in the world.

A SECOND ULYSSES.

AMERICAN POLICE.

AN old man, of very acute physiognomy, answered to the name of Jacob Wimont. His clothes looking as though they might have been bought second handed in his youthful prime, for they had suffered more by the rubs of the world than the proprietor himself.

Mayor. What business do you follow, Wimont?—*Wimont.* Business! None—I'm a traveller.

M. A vagabond, perhaps.—*W.* You are not far from wrong; travellers and vagabonds are much the same thing. The difference is, that the latter travel without money, and the former, generally, without brains.

M. Where have you travelled?—*W.* All over the continent.

M. For what purpose?—*W.* Observation.

M. What have you observed?—*W.* A very little to commend, much to censure, and very much to laugh at.

M. Humph! and what do you commend?—*W.* A handsome woman that will stay at home, an eloquent preacher that will make short sermons, a good writer that does not write too much, and a fool that has just sense enough to hold his tongue.

M. What do you censure?—*W.* A man who marries a girl for her fine dancing, a working man who believes in the sympathy of professional gentlemen, a youth who studies law or medicine while he has the use of his hands, and the people who elect a drunkard or a block-head to office.

M. Ahem! And what do you laugh at?—*W.* I laugh at the man who expects his position to command that respect which his personal qualities and qualifications do not merit.

M. Oh! I perceive you are an utterer of pithy sentences; now I am about to utter one that will surprise you.—*W.* A pithy sentence from your honour would indeed be matter for astonishment.

M. My sentence is, that you discontinue travelling for the term of thirty days, while you rest and recruit yourself at Moyamensing.

This retort was a poser, and Mr. Wimont, submitting to the requirements of the Vagrant Act, retired from the hall of justice without uttering another syllable.

Knowledge of the World.—Lord Anson, the circumnavigator of the globe, suffered much by gaming. The treasure of the Spanish galleons became the prize of some sharpers at Bath: on which occasion it was observed, 'That Lord Anson had been round the world, and over the world, but never in the world.'

LAZINESS grows on people; it begins in cobwebs, and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do the more he is able to accomplish; for he learns to economise his time.

Two Irishmen meeting one day, one of them inquired of the other if he had seen his friend Pat Murphy lately, 'for,' said he, 'he has grown so thin that you would not know him at all: you are thin, and I am thin, but, by the Powers, he is *thinner than both of us together*.'

AN English sailor observing some slaves marched down to the quay to be freighted to New Orleans slave market; said to his companion. 'I say, Jim, if the devil don't catch them 'ere fellers as drives them poor creatures along its no use having a devil, that's all.'

To the author of some bad lines on the river Dee.

Had I been U,
And in the Q,
As easy as I might B;
I'd let you C,
Whilst sipping T,
Far better lines on D.

SAMUEL FOOT

AN eccentric barber some years ago, opened a shop under the King's Bench Prison. The windows being broken when he entered it, he mended them with paper, on which appeared, 'Shave for a penny,' with the usual invitations to customers, and over the door was scrawled this poetry:—

Here lives Jemmy Wright,
Shaves as well as any man in England
Almost—not quite.

Foot, who loved any thing eccentric, saw these inscriptions, and hoping to extract some wit from the author whom he justly concluded to be an odd character. He pulled off his hat, and thrusting his head through a paper pane into the shop, called out, 'Is Jemmy Wright at home?' The barber immediately forced his own head through another pane into the street, and replied, 'No sir, he has just popt out.' Foot laughed heartily, and gave the man a guinea.

A schoolmaster said of himself, 'I am like a hone, I sharpen a number of blades, but I wear myself out in doing it'

ELECTIONEERING.

Col. Crockett says:—‘When you see me electioneering, I goes fixed for the purpose. I’ve got a suit of deer-leather clothes, with two big pockets; so I puts a bottle of whiskey in one, and a twist of tobacco in t’other, and starts out; then, if I meets a friend, why I pulls out my bottle and gives him a drink. He’ll be mighty apt, before he drinks, to throw away his tobacco; so when he’s done, I pulls my twist out of t’other pocket, and gives him a *chaw*; I never likes to leave a man worse off than when I found him. If I had given him a drink, and he had lost his tobacco, he wouldn’t have made much; but give him tobacco and a drink too, and you are mighty apt to get his vote.’

THE KENTUCKIAN AMONG LADIES.

‘Were you never among fine ladies?’ asked Chevillere. ‘Yes; and flummock me if I want to be so fixed again; for there I sat with my feet straight down under my knees, head up, and hands laid close along my legs, like a new recruit on drill, or a horse on the stocks; and twist me if I didn’t feel as I was about to be nicked. The whole company stared at me as if I had come without an invite, and I swear I thought my arms had grown a foot longer, for I couldn’t get my hands into no sort of a comfortable fix: first I tried them on my lap; there they looked like going to prayers, or as if I was tied in that way: then I slung ’em down by my side, and they looked like two weights to a clock; and then I wanted to cross my legs, and I tried that, but my legs stuck out like a pump-handle. Then my head stuck up through a glazed shirt-collar, like a pig in a poke: then I wanted to spit, but the floor looked so fine that I would as soon thought of spitting on the window: and then, to fix me out and out, they asked us all to sit down to dinner! Well, things went on smooth enough for a while, till we had got through one whet at it. Then an imp of a nigger came up to me first with a waiter of little bowls full of something, and a parcel of towels slung over his arm: so I clapped one of the bowls to my head, and drank it down at a swallow. Now, sir, what do you think was in it?’ ‘Punch, I suppose,’ said Chevillere, laughing; ‘or, perhaps apple toddy.’ ‘So I thought, and so would any body, as dry as I was, and that wanted something to wash down the fainty stuffs I had been laying in; but no! it was water! Yes, you may laugh; but it was clean warm water! The others dipped their fingers into the bowls, and wiped them on the towels as well as they could for giggling; but it was all the fault of that pampered nigger in bringing it to me first. As soon as I caught his eye, I gin him a wink, as much as to let him know if ever I caught him on my trail, I would wipe him down with a hickory towel.’

A CELEBRATED wag one evening, accompanied by a few facetious friends, took a hackney coach, and ordered the man to drive to the back of St. Clements. When they arrived there, the Duke got out and walked round the coach to the other door, and was, in consequence of a concerted plan, followed by his friends, they entered the coach on the opposite side to where the man stood, and passed through the coach one after another, eighteen times, to the astonishment of the coachman, who ran into the first public-house he saw, and in the utmost fright, declared he had been carrying a legion of devils, for he had counted eighteen of them, and they were coming out still!

THE DUTCHMAN'S DOG.

'Oh! vare, and oh! vare
 Hash ter teetle toggy gone?
 Oh! vare, and oh! vare
 Can ter raschal tog be gone?
 He's gone unto ter tivel—
 He's gone mit him, I fear.
 He may be von pig sassage—
 Mine tog—oh, tear! oh, tear!

'His park vas full ov mushick—
 It goes just like ting-tong;
 His ears were cut off short,
 His tail was cut off long.
 'He ush'd to trive ter schickens,
 And say to tem, 'Pow-wow!'
 But he'sh gone unto te dickens—
 Vy! here comes Schnappo now:

'Oh! vare, and oh! vare
 Hash ter good-for-nothin' peen?
 Oh! vare, and oh! vare
 Can ter rashcal toggy peen?
 I tink he'sh peen koon-hunting—
 I tink he'sh goot for koons,
 'Cause tere's nothin' else he'sh goot for
 Under ter stars and moons.

'Come here, you wagabone! Vere you peen, eh? O mine noshe! you smells vorse ash von schunk. I vips you now mit ter proom, for having to do mit so pad peoples ash schunks. If you runs away agin, I put you in ter papers, and you ish ruined for ever.'

'Av, Pat! Pat! Pat!' said the school-mistress to a thick-headed urchin, into whose muddy brain she was attempting to beat the alphabet, 'I'm afraid you'll never learn anything. Now, what's that letter, eh?'—'Sure, don't you know, ma'am?' replied Pat.

'Thought you could have recollected that.'—'Why, ma'am?'—

'Because it has a dot over the top of it.'—'Och, ma'am! I mind it well, but sure I thought it was a *fly speck*!'—

'Well! now remember, Pat, it's *I*.'—'You, ma'am?'—

'No! no!—not *U*, but *I*.'—'Not *I*, but *you*, ma'am—how's that?'—

'Not *I*, but *U*, blockhead.'—'Och, yis! faith, now I have it, ma'am. You mean to say that not *I*, but *you*, are a blockhead!'—

'Fool! fool!' exclaimed the pedagoguess, almost bursting with rage.—'Jist as you plaze,' quietly replied Pat; 'fool or blockhead—it's no matter which, so long as yeer free to OWN IT.'

MELTING MOMENTS.*

ONE winter evening a country storekeeper in the Mountain State was about closing his doors for the night, and while standing in the snow outside, putting up his window-shutters, he saw through the glass a lounging worthless fellow within take a pound of fresh butter from the shelf, and hastily conceal it in his hat. 'Stay, Seth,' said the storekeeper, coming in and closing the door after him, clapping his hands over his shoulders, and stamping the snow off his shoes. Seth bath his hand upon the door, and his hat upon his head, and the roll of new butter in his hat, anxious to make his exit as soon as possible. 'I say, Seth, sit down; I reckon now, on such a night, a little something warm wouldn't hurt a fellow. Come, sit down.' Seth felt very uncertain; he had the butter, and was exceedingly anxious to be off, but the temptation of "something warm" sadly interfered with his resolution to go. This hesitation, however, was soon settled by the rightful owner of the butter taking Seth by the shoulders and planting him upon a seat close to the stove, where he was so entirely cornered in by barrels and boxes that, while the country grocer sat before him, there was no possibility of his getting out; and right in this place sure enough the storekeeper sat down. "Seth, we'll have a little warm Santa Cruz," said the Mountain grocer, as he opened the stove door, and stuffed in as many sticks as the space would admit; "without it you'd freeze going home such a night as this." Seth already felt the butter setting down closer to his hair, and jumped up, declaring he must go. "Not till you have something warm. Come, I've got a story to tell you; sit down, now;" and Seth was again put into his seat by his cunning tormentor. "Oh, it's confounded hot here," said the thief, again attempt-

* The Writer of "Buttery Dick," page 168, had not read this Anecdote till some time after Buttery Dick was written, and put into type.

ing to rise. "Sit down ; don't be in such a plaguy hurry," retorted the grocer, pushing him back into the chair. "But I have got the cows to fodder, and some wood to split, and I must be agoing," continued the persecuted chap. "But you mustn't tear yourself away in this manner. Sit down, let the cows take care of themselves, and keep yourself cool ;—you appear to be fidgetty," said the roguish grocer with a wicked leer. The next thing was the production of two smoking glasses of hot rum toddy, the very sight of which, in Seth's present situation, would have made the hair stand erect on his head, had it not been well oiled and kept down by the butter. "Seth, I'll give you a toast now, and you can butter it yourself," said the grocer, yet with such an air of consummate simplicity that poor Seth still believed himself unsuspected. "Seth, here's a Christmas goose—(it was about Christmas time)—here's a Christmas goose well roasted and basted, eh ? I tell you, Seth, it's the greatest eating in creation. And, don't you never use common cooking butter to baste it with ? Fresh pound butter, just the same as you see on that shelf yonder, is the only proper thing in nature to baste a goose with. Come, take your butter ; I mean, Seth, your toddy." Poor Seth now began to smoke as well as to melt, and his mouth was as hermetically sealed up as though he had been born dumb. Streak after streak of the butter came pouring from under his hat, and his handkerchief was already soaked with the overflow. "Dreadful cold night this !" said the grocer, "Why, Seth, you seem warm. Why don't you take your hat off ? Here, let me put your hat away." "No," exclaimed poor Seth at last, with a spasmodic effort to get the tongue loose, and clapping both hands upon his hat—"No, I must go ; let me out. I ain't well ; let me go." A cataract was now pouring down the fellow's face, soaking his clothes, and sliding down his body into his very boots, so that he was literally in a perfect bath of oil. "Well, good night, Seth, if you will go," said the humorous Vermonter ; adding, as Seth got into the road, "Neighbour, I reckon the fun I have had out of you is worth 9d., so I shan't charge you for that pound of butter."

A Bad Bargain.—A Persian who kept a parrot, taught it his own language. The parrot, in answer to every question, would say, '*Der een cheek shuek*,' or, 'What doubt is there of that ?' One day the man carried the parrot to market for sale, and fixed the price at one hundred rupees. A Mogul asked the parrot, 'Are you worth a hundred rupees ?' It answered, 'What doubt is there of that ?' The Mogul was delighted, bought the parrot, and carried it home. Whatever he said, he received for answer, 'What doubt is there of that ?' He then began to repent of his bargain, and said, 'What a fool I was to buy this bird !' The parrot said, 'What doubt is there of that ?' The Mogul smiled, and gave the bird its liberty.

A Good Shot.—Two passengers coming down the Mississippi in a steam-boat, were amusing themselves with shooting birds on shore from the deck. Some sporting converse ensued. One remarked that he would turn his back to no man in killing racoons—that he had repeatedly shot fifty a-day. ‘What o’ that?’ said a Kentuckian, ‘I make nothing of killing a hundred ’coon a-day, or’nary luck.’ ‘Do you know Captain Scott, of our state?’ asked a Tennessean bystander, ‘he now is something like a shot. A hundred ’coon! wly he never pints at one without hitting him. He never misses, and the ’coon know it. T’other day he levelled at an old ’un, in a high tree; the varmint looked at him a minute, and then bawled out, ‘Halloo, Cap’n Scott! is that you?’ ‘Yes,’ was the reply. ‘Well, pray don’t shoot, I’ll come down to you—I’ll give in—I’m dead beat.’

THE BOTTLE OF GALKER.*

IN a Midland town a parson lived,
And a right good man was he;
I knew him well, and loved him much,
A better man could not be.

Old Minister Gamble went to preach
In the villages around,
Whatever he did was not for hire,
His motives right pure were found.

At the places where he told his tale,
He had nought of theirs to eat,
The folks were poor and so he took
With him some drink and meat.

It makes me laugh whene’er I think
Of a visit once he made,
To a distant village, where I went too,—
I was then a merry blade.

Old Mrs. Gamble prepared his prog,
And put it into a cloth;
And into a bottle some Galker pour’d
Disposed to ferment and froth.

Thought I, that Galker will cause a stir,
When the bottle has got heat,
There will be strife between cork and beer,
And I well know which will beat.

* Galker is very new Beer in a state of fermentation.

We reached the house of Richard Mild,
 The room was full of folk,
 Attracted there by the good old man,
 Who thus began to talk:—

‘In Matthew’s gospel find my text,
 Chapter nine, verse seventeen;
*‘No man new wine will ever put
 Into bottles old and mean.’*

*‘Should he do so, the gaseous force,
 Will the bottles rend in twain;
 The precious juice will all be lost;
 At which Tee-totallers would be fain.’*

‘My brethren, don’t you see from this,
 Your hearts are old and bad,
 And sacred things they cannot hold
 Till new ones they are made.’

On other topics friend Gamble dwelt,
 And earnestly did speak,
 While the Galker in the bottle work’d,
 And then began to squeak.

It was in his pocket by his side,
 A place that was not so fit,
 It squeak’d again, more loudly still,
 Giving notice it would quit.

The people started from their seats,
 All full of consternation,
 But none could understand the noise,
 Produced by fermentation.

To me it was rare fun indeed,
 It made me laugh and snort,
 And more so when the cork flew out,
 With a very loud report.

And the frothy liquor would not rest,
 But after the cork it flew,
 And squirted the people in the room,—
 My word, there was a stew.

Old Richard Mild received the cork,
 Upon the tip of his nose;
 The fright displaced poor Gamble’s wig,
 And the beer wet all his clothes.

I laughed aloud—who could refrain?
 It might have been a lark;
 I laugh’d—the Galker put out the lights,
 And left us all in the dark.

And when the candles were lighted again,
 I could not but laugh outright,
 To see parson and people wiping off
 The Galker with all their might.

Old Parson Gamble then explained
 The cause of the commotion,
 Which turned the service of that night
 Into a frothy devotion.

‘Brethren, there’s a place for ev’ry thing,
 Ev’ry thing be in its place,
 If I had regarded that to-night
 I should not be in disgrace.’

‘Now learn from the text a lesson good,
 By the Galker amplified,
 In the bottle there was not room enough,
 And the beer could not abide!’

‘Your hearts are not prepar’d for good,
 Of sin they’re full, no doubt,
 And if good things you should put there,
 The evil will kick them out.’

A Touching Story.—Hon. A. H. Stephens, of Ga, in a recent address at a meeting in Alexandria, for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum and Free School in that city, related the following anecdote:—‘A poor little boy, in a cold night in June, with no home or roof to shelter his head, no parental or maternal guardian or guide to protect or direct him on his way, reached the house of a rich painter, who took him, fed, lodged, and sent him on his way with his blessing. Those kind attentions cheered his heart, and inspired him with fresh courage to battle with the obstacles of life. Years rolled on; Providence led him on; he had reached the legal profession; his host had died; the cormorants that prey on the substance of man had formed a conspiracy to get from the widow her estates. She sent for the nearest counsel to commit her cause to him, and that counsel proved to be the orphan boy years before welcomed and entertained by her and her deceased husband. The stimulus of a warm and tenacious gratitude was now added to the ordinary motives connected with the profession. He undertook her cause with a will not easily to be resisted; he gained it; the widow’s estates were secured to her in perpetuity; and,’ Mr. Stephens added, with an emphasis of emotion that sent its electric thrill throughout the house, *‘that orphan boy now stands before you!’*

MISERIES OF AUTHORS.—‘Now then, Thomas, what are you burning off my writing table there?’ ‘Only the paper what’s written all over, sir; I aint touched the clean.’

TEE-TOTALISM.—Miss Martineau relates an anecdote, in her *Western Travels*, of a clergyman, who was so strict a temperance member that he refused to drink water out of the Brandwine river, but enjoyed the wine sauce eaten with plum-pudding.

An Old Maid's Will.—A maiden lady, who died in London in 1786, left the following singular legacies in her will.

“Item. I Leave to my dear entertaining Jackoo (a monkey,) £10 per annum during his natural life, to be expended yearly for his support.”

“Item. To Shock and Tib (a lapdog and a cat,) £5 each for their annual subsistence during life, but should it so happen that Shock die before Tib, or Tib before Shock, then, and in that case, the survivor to have the whole.”

The legacies in remainder, were bequeathed to her niece.

SHERIDAN.

As Mr. Sheridan was travelling to town in one of the public coaches for the purpose of canvassing Westminster, at the time when Mr. Paul was his opponent, he found himself in company with two Westminster electors. In the course of conversation, one of them asked his friend to whom he meant to give his vote? The other replied. “To Paul, certainly; for, though I think him but a shabby sort of fellow, I would vote for any one rather than that rascal Sheridan!” “Do you know Sheridan?” inquired the stranger. “Not I, sir,” was the answer, “nor should I wish to know him.” The conversation dropped here; but when the party alighted to breakfast, Sheridan called aside the other gentleman and said, “Pray who is that very agreeable friend of your’s? He is one of the pleasantest fellows I ever met with; and I should be glad to know his name?” “His name is Mr. T.; he is an eminent lawyer, and resides in Lincoln’s Inn Fields.” Breakfast over, the party resumed their seats in the coach; soon after which, Sheridan turned the discourse to the law. “It is,” said he, “a fine profession. Men may rise from it to the highest eminence in the state, and it gives vast scope to the display of talent; many of the most virtuous and noble characters recorded in our history have been lawyers. I am sorry, however, to add, that some of the greatest rascals have also been lawyers; but of all the rascals of lawyers I ever heard of, the greatest is one T., who lives in Lincoln’s Inn Fields.” The gentleman, fired at the charge, said very angrily, “I am Mr. T., sir.” “And I am Mr. Sheridan,” was the reply. The jest was instantly seen; they shook hands, and instead of voting against the facetious orator, the lawyer exerted himself warmly in promoting his election.

SCOTCH SHREWDNESS.

As two military officers, of the sister countries of Ireland and Scotland, were passing along Piccadilly, their attention was arrested by a pretty girl at work with her needle, behind the counter of a *Magazine des Modes*. The Hibernian instantly proposed to go into the shop, and purchase some trifle by way of excuse for obtaining a nearer inspection of the fair damsel. 'Hoot, awa', man,' said the equally curious but more economical Scot, 'there's na occasion to throw awa' siller; let's gang in, and ask change o' twa sixpences for a shilling!'

DISTRESS DEFINED.—A poor Yankee, upon being asked the nature of his distress, replied, 'that he had five outs and one in.'—to wit:—'*out* of money, and *out* of clothes; *out* at the heels, and *out* at the toes; *out* of credit, and *in* debt.'

A countryman going into the office of the commons where the wills are kept, and gazing on the huge volumes on the shelves, asked if they were all bibles? 'No, sir' answered one of the clerk's 'they are testaments.'

Second Thoughts are Best.—The following singular circumstance occurred on a Sunday in the month of November, 1816, in the church of Seaford. The clergyman, whilst publishing the bands, on coming to the names of a pair of neighbouring rustics, was suddenly surprised by an interruption from one of the congregation, who loudly bawled out, "I forbid the wedding." On being desired to retire to the vestry, he was asked if he was a relation of either of the parties? "No, no," replied Hodge, "I'm the bridegroom himself; but having learned that Ciss has a tongue that, after marriage, will run faster than the clack of her master's mill, I am resolved to be off; so your reverence may marry her yourself, if you please."

Laziness.—A father asked his lazy son, what made him lie in bed so long. 'I am busied,' said he, 'in hearing counsel every morning. Industry advises me to get up, sloth to lie still, and so they give me twenty reasons for and against. It is my part to hear what is said on both sides, and by the time the cause is over, dinner is ready.'

Spenser's Fairy Queen.—When Spenser had finished his famous poem of the Fairy Queen, he carried it to the Earl of Southampton, the great patron of the poets of that day. The manuscript being sent up to the Earl, he read a few pages, and then ordered his servant to give the writer twenty pounds. Reading on, he cried in a rapture, "Carry that man another twenty pounds." Proceeding farther, he exclaimed, "Give him twenty pounds more." But at length he lost all patience, and said, "Go turn that fellow out of the house, for if I read farther, I shall be ruined."

A POPE INNOCENT.

WHEN King James I. visited Sir Thomas Pope, Knt. in Oxfordshire, his lady had lately brought him a daughter, and the babe was presented to the king with a paper of verses in her hand; "which," quoth Fuller, "as they pleased the king, I hope they will please the reader."

See this little mistress here
Did never sit in Peter's chair
Or a triple crown did wear,
And yet she is a Pope.

No benefice she ever sold,
Nor did dispense with sins for gold,
She hardly is a se'nnight old,
And yet she is a Pope.

No king her feet did ever kiss,
Or had from her worse look than this;
Nor did she ever hope
To saint one with a rope,
And yet she is a Pope.

A female Pope, you'll say, a second Joan
No, sure she is Pope *Innocent*, or none!

AN Irishman, a short time since, bade an extraordinary price for an alarm clock, and gave as a reason, 'That, as he loved to rise early, he had now nothing to do but pull the string, and he could wake himself.'

AN Irish Gentleman recently remarked, that such probably would soon be the speed of travelling by steam, that one could go from London to Brighton, in a shorter time than he could stop at home.

A good story is told of a Connecticut parson. His country parish raised his salary from 300 dollars to 400 dollars. The good man objected, for three reasons. 'First,' said he, 'because you can't afford to give more than three hundred; second, because my preaching isn't worth more than three hundred; third, because I have to collect my salary, which heretofore has been the hardest part of my labours among you. If I have to collect an additional hundred, it will kill me!'

A FIT OF DESPERATION!—A young man at Niagara, having been crossed in love, walked out to the precipice, took off his clothes, gave one lingering look at the gulf beneath him, and then went—home! His body was found next morning in bed.

SAM SLICK'S 'PRIVATE MEETIN'.

'Thinks I to myself, Sam, you'd better be a movin' too. You're gettin' over head and ears in love as fast as you can, and as soft as if you never seed a gal afore. So, says I, 'Sophy, sposin' Mary and you and I take a walk down to the beach, and I will send a note on board to the captain.' And I took out a pencil, and wrote to him an invite. Well, as soon as she went to get ready, I called a council of war, and held a private meetin' between my head and my heart. So I puts my elbows on the table, and clasps my face in my hands, and opened the session. 'Sam,' says I, 'what do you think of this gal?'—'She's handsome enough to eat.'—'Will she do for transplantin' to Sackville?'—'The identical thing.'—'What do you intend to do?'—'Well, that's exactly what I want to know.'—'Will she take you?'—'It's more than I can tell.'—'You aint a Blue Nose.'—'I'm glad of it.'—'You're a clockmaker.'—'I aint ashamed of it; and if she is, she's a fool.'—'You aint young.'—'That's a fact.'—'Not much looks to brag on.'—'That's true.'—'And talk Yankee into the bargain.'—'I can't help it.'—'Well, you've wrote books.'—'Let her take the books then and leave me.'—'But aint she the finest gal you ever did lay eyes on?'—'And the sweetest?'—'Lick!'—'And modest, and all that?'—'Yes, all that, and the double of that multiplied by ten.'—'Up, then, and at her like a man.'—'What, give up all my prudence? Love on half a day's acquaintance, and have all the rest of my life to find out her faults? Women aint horses, and they want to be put through their paces, and have their tempers tried. If I'm took in, it will be myself that did it: and that aint like Sam Slick, is it?'—'Well, it aint, that's n fact.'—'What a cussed thing love is! It puts you in a twitteration all over, just when you ought to be cool, and turns a wise man into a born fool. Sleep on it.'—'You've just bit it,' says I. 'Now you talk sense; you are gettin' to be yourself again.'

School Scene.—"Boy, you seem to be quite smart—altogether *too smart* for this school; can you tell me how many six black beans are?"—"Yes, sir, half-a-dozen."

'Well, how many are half-a-dozen of white beans?'—"Six."

'Tremendous smart boy! Now tell me now many white beans there are in six black ones?'

'Half-a-dozen, *if you skin 'em!*'

In consequence of this answer, the scholar escaped being skinned himself.

Tailors Defended.—A tailor possesses the qualities of nine men combined in one, as will be seen by the following:—

1. As an economist, he always cuts his coat according to his cloth.
 2. As a gardener, he is careful of his cabbage.
 3. As a sailor, he sheers off whenever it is proper.
 4. As a play-actor, he often brandishes a bare bodkin.
 5. As a lawyer, he attends many suits.
 6. As an executioner, he supplies suspenders and gallowses for many persons.
 7. As a cook, he is generally furnished with a warm goose.
 8. As a sheriff, he does much sponging.
 9. As a rational member of society, his great aim is to form good habits for the benefit of himself.
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SHUT THE DOOR.

Dean Swift, though a good master, was very rigid with his servants. The task of hiring them was always entrusted to his house-keeper; but the only two positive commands he had for them, he generally delivered himself; these were, to shut the door whenever they came into, or went out of, a room. One of his maid servants one day asked permission to go to her sister's wedding, at a place about ten miles distant. Swift not only consented, but lent her one of his own horses, and ordered his servant to ride before her. The girl, in the ardour of her joy for this favour, forgot to shut the door after her, when she left the room. In about a quarter of an hour afterwards, the Dean sent a servant after her, to order her immediate return; the poor girl complied, and entering his presence, begged to know in what she offended, or what her master wished. 'Only shut the door,' said the Dean, 'and then resume your journey.'

You have left your bow behind you, miss,' said the conductor of an omnibus to a damsel who was stepping out of his vehicle, and from whose bonnet a small portion of the ribbon had fallen. 'I am aware of it,' was the innocent reply; 'he has gone a fishing.'

WISDOM.—There are some folks who think a good deal and say but little, and they are wise folks; and there are others again, who blart right out whatever comes uppermost, and I guess they are pretty considerable superfine darned fools.

LITTLE PEOPLE.—The littler folks be, the biggar they talk. You never seed a small man that didn't wear high heel boots, and a high crowned hat, and that warn't ready to fight most any one, to show he was a man every inch of him.

BROUGHAM AND LYNDHURST.—Brougham, speaking of the salary attached to the rumoured appointment to the new judgeship, said it was all moonshine. Lyndhurst, in his dry and waggish way, remarked: 'May be so, my lord Harry; but I have a confounded strong notion that, moonshine though it be, you would like to see the first quarter of it!'

PERFUMED LADIES.—Did you ever travel in an omnibus on a rainy day, windows and doors closed, eight on a side—limited, of course, to six—and among that number two women covered with musk? 'Drivare!' said a Frenchman, 'let me come out of ze dore! I am suffocate! You 'ave vat you call one musty rat in ze omzebus! I am no parapluie, mais I prefare ze rain-water to ze mauvais smell!'

Alexander Cruden.—Alexander Cruden, the eccentric author of 'the Concordance,' was very intimate with the famous Dr. Bradbury, a zealous dissenting clergyman. The doctor had one evening prepared an excellent supper for several friends; at the moment it was served on the table, Mr. Cruden made his appearance in the room, heated with walking. The doctor's favourite dish, a turkey, was smoking at one end of the table, and before the company could be seated, Cruden advanced, put back his wig, and with both hands plunged in the gravy, he calmly washed his hands and his face over the bird, to the no small mortification of the doctor and his company.

A YANKEE and a Frenchman owned a pig in co-partnership. When killing time came, they wished to divide the carcass. The Yankee was very anxious to divide so that he would get both hind quarters, and persuaded the Frenchman that the proper way to divide was to cut it across the back. The Frenchman agreed to it on condition that the Yankee would turn his back and take choice of the pieces after it was cut in two. The Yankee turned his back, and the Frenchman said—'Vich piece, vil you have ; ze piece wid ze tail on him or ze piece vat aint got no tail?'—'The piece with the tail!' shouted the Yankee instantly.—'Den by gar you can take him, and I take ze oder one,' said the Frenchman. Upon turning around, the Yankee found that the Frenchman had cut off all the tail and stuck it into the pig's mouth.

Offspring of a Chemical Wedding.—As a sample of the poetry of science, take the following :

Messrs. Water and Oil
 One day had a broil,
 As down in the glass they were dropping ;
 And would not unite,
 But continued to fight,
 Without any prospect of stopping.

Mr. Pearlash o'erheard,
 And quick as a word,
 He jump'd in the midst of the clashing ;
 When all three agreed,
 And united with speed,
 And Soap came out ready for washing.

Novel Courtship.—I courted her under singular circumstances. I won her through a rash vow. Thus: I saw her—I loved her—I proposed—she refused. 'You love another,' said I.—'Spare my blushes,' said she. 'I know him,' said I.—'You do!' said she. 'Very good,' I exclaimed; 'if he remain here I'll skin him.' I wrote him a note. I said it was a painful thing, and so it was. I said I had pledged my word as a gentleman to skin him; my character was at stake, I had no alternative. As an officer in her Majesty's service, I was bound to do it. I regretted the necessity, but it must be done. He was open to conviction. He saw that the rules of the service were imperative. He fled—I married her.—CAPT. TIGER.

Ghosts.—‘Do you believe in ghosts, Mrs. Partington?’ was asked of the old lady, somewhat timidly.—‘To be sure I do,’ replied she, ‘as much as I believe that bright fulminary there will rise in the yeast to-morrow morning, if we live and nothing happens. Two apprehensions have sartinly appeared in our family. Why, I saw my dear Paul, a fortnight before he died, with my own eyes, jest as plain as I see you now, and it turned out afterwards to be a rose-bush with a nightcap on it, I shall always think, to the day of my desolation, that it was a forerunner sent to me. ’Tother one came in the night when we were asleep, and carried away three candles and a pint of spirits, that we kept in the house for an embarkation. Believe in ghosts, indeed! I guess I do, and he must be a dreadful styptic as doesn’t.’

Two men were conversing about the ill-humour of their wives. “Ah!” said one, with a sorrowful expression, “mine is a Tartar!” “Well,” replied the other, “mine is worse than all that—mine is the *Cream of Tartar*!”

A WAGGISH fellow, somewhat troubled with an impediment in his speech while one day sitting at a public table had occasion to use a pepper-box. After shaking it with all due vehemence, and turning it in various ways, he found that the crushed peppercorns were in nowise inclined to come forth. ‘T-t-th-this p-pe-pepper-box,’ he exclaimed, with a facetious grin, ‘is so-some-something li-like myself.’—‘Why so?’ interrogated a neighbour. ‘P-poor delivery,’ was the reply.

A HUMOROUS old man fell in with an ignorant and rather impertinent young minister, who proceeded to inform the old gentleman in very positive terms that he would never reach heaven unless he was born again; and added, ‘I have experienced that change, and now feel no anxiety.’ ‘And have you been born again?’ said his companion, musingly. ‘Yes, I trust I have.’ ‘Well,’ said the gentleman, eyeing him attentively, ‘I don’t think it would hurt you, young man, to be born once more.’

It was the opinion of the ancients that Echo was a maiden who pined away for love, till nothing but her voice was left. It is characteristic that the last thing belonging to a woman which survives should be her tongue.

THE LASSES.—There is a whole alphabet of love in her bright sparkling eyes; her marble brow, swan-like neck, and round tapering limbs, combine to make an exquisite subject for the poet, painter, and sculptor; and then that mouth of hers!—when the winds of passion are at rest, how much it resembles a half-blown rose in a mild morning in June!—and when trans-shaped to a smile, how very like to the bow of the little naughty god Cupid! Ah, who could ever suspect its being an aperture for pork and beans and apple dumplings?—*Yankee Humour.*

THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

I met an Irishman, one Pat Lannigan, last week, who had just returned from the states; why, says I, Pat, what on earth brought you back? Bad luck to them, says Pat, if I warn't properly bit. What do you get a day in Nova Scotia? says Judge Beler to me. Four shillings, your Lordship, says I. There are no Lords here, says he, we are all free. Well, says he, I'll give you as much in one day as you can earn there in two; I'll give you eight shillings. Long life to your Lordship, says I. So next day to it I went with a party of men a-digging a piece of canal, and if it wasn't a hot day my name is not Pat Lannigan. Presently I looked up and straightened my back, says I to a comrade of mine, Mick, says I, I'm very dry; with that, says the overseer, we don't allow gentlemen to talk at their work in this country. Faith, I soon found out for my two days' pay in one, I had to do two day's work in one, and pay two weeks' board in one, and at the end of a month, I found myself no better off in pocket than in Nova Scotia, while the devil a bone in my body that didn't ache with pain, and as for my nose, it took to bleeding, and bled day and night entirely. Upon my soul, Mr. Slick, said he, the poor labourer does not last long in your country; what with new rum, hard labour, and hot weather, you'll see the graves of the Irish each side of the canals, for all the world like two rows of potatoes in a field that have forgot to come up.

A GENTLEMAN having asked, 'How many dog-days there were in a year?' received for an answer, that it was impossible to number them, 'as every dog has his day.'

'WHAT can a man do?' asked a green'un, when a sheriff's officer was seen coming up to him with a writ in his hand.—'Apply the remedy,' said another, gruffly.—'Apply the remedy! what kind of remedy?'—'Heel-ing remedy, you goosie run like a race-horse.'

AN OLD STORY.

There was Jim Munroe of Onion County, Connecticut, a desperate idle fellow, a great hand at singin songs, a skatin, drivin about with the gals, and so on. Well, if any body's windows were broken, it was Jim Munroe—and if there were any youngsters in want of a father, they were sure to be poor Jim's. Jist so it is with the lawyers here; they stand godfathers for every misfortune that happens in the county. When there is a mad dog a goin about, every dog that barks is said to be bit by the mad one, so he gets credit for all the mischief that every dog does for three months to come. So every feller that goes yelpin home from a court house, smartin from the law, swears he is bit by a lawyer. Now there may be something wrong in all these things, (and it cant be otherwise in natur,) in Council, Banks, House of Assembly, and Lawyers: but change them all, and its an even chance if you dont get worse ones in their room. It is in politics as it is in horses; when a man has a beast that's near about up to the notch, he'd better not swap him; if he does, he's een almost sure to get one not so good as his own. *My rule is, I'd rather keep a critter whose faults I do know, than change him for a beast whose faults I don't know.*

Too Late at Church.—I had a servant with a very deceptive name, Samuel Moral, who, as if merely to belie it, was in one respect the most *immoral*, for he was much given to intoxication. This of course brought on other careless habits; and as I wished to reclaim him, if possible, I long bore with him, and many a lecture I gave him. 'Oh, Samuel, Samuel!' said I to him very frequently—'what will become of you?' On one occasion I told him he was making himself a brute, and then only was he roused to reply angrily.—'Brute, sir—no brute at all, sir—was bred and born at T——.' But the incident which would inevitably have upset the equilibrium of your gravity, was this. I had given him many a lecture for being too late at church, but still I could not make him punctual. One Sunday, as I was reading the first lesson, which happened to be the third chapter, first book of Samuel, I saw him run in at the church-door, ducking down his head, that he should not be noticed. He made as much haste as he could up into the gallery, and he had no sooner appeared in the front, thinking of nothing but that he might escape observation, than I came to these words, 'Samuel, Samuel.' I never can forget his attitude, directly facing me. He stood up in an instant, leaned over the railing, with his mouth wide open, and if some one had not pulled him down instantly by the skirt of his coat, I have no doubt he would publicly have made his excuse.

SAM PATCH.—That ar man was a great diver, says the Clockmaker, and the last dive he took was off the falls of Niagara, and he was never heard of agin till tother day, when Captain Enoch Wentworth, of the Susy Ann Whaler, saw him in the South Sea. Why, says Captain Enoch to him, why Sam, says he, how on airth did you get here? I thought you was drowned at the Canadian lines. Why, says he, I didn't get *on* airth here at all, but I came right slap through it. In that are Niagara dive, I went so everlasting deep, I thought it was just as short to come up tother side, so out I came in those parts. If I dont take the shine off the Sea Serpent, when I get back to Boston, then my name's not Sam Patch.

HOW TO CURE A COUGH.

ONE Biddy Brown, a country dame,
As 'tis by many told,
Went to a doctor (Drench by name)
For she had caught a cold!

And sad indeed was Biddy's pain—
The truth must be confess'd—
Which she to ease found all in vain,
For it was at her chest.

The doctor heard her case—and then,
Determined to assist her,
Prescribed—oh, tenderest of men,
Upon her *chest* a blister!

Away went Biddy—and next day
She call'd on Drench again:
'Well, have you used the blister, pray?
And has it eased your pain?'

'Ay, zur,' the dame with curtsey cries,
'Indeed I never mocks;
But—bless ye— I'd no *chest* the size,
So I put it on a *box*!'

'But la! zur, it be little use,
It never *rose* a bit;
And you may see it if you choose,
For there it's sticking yet.'

A BARRISTER observed to a learned brother in court, the other day, that the wearing of whiskers was unprofessional. 'Right,' replied his friend, 'a lawyer cannot be too barefaced.'

Impressment.—During the time of the American war, when the impressment was very severe in London, the gang stopped a gentleman's carriage with two footmen behind it, and securing one of them, began to carry him off. The man remonstrated to the lieutenant on the hardship of taking him in preference to his fellow-servant. 'Avast there,' said the officer to his men, 'the fellow's right, they shall both pitch for their beef alike.' He then took a shilling, and then bade the other servant, who remained behind the carriage, call head or tail, as he tossed it up. 'Head,' says the servant. 'No, it's a tail,' exclaimed the lieutenant, 'so unship yourself, and let your messmate come aboard in your room;' which the poor fellow was compelled to do and was instantly marched off.

HOW TO PREVENT APPLE-STEALING.

Our old minister Joshua Hopewell had an orchard of most particular good fruit, for he was a great hand at buddin, graftin, and what not, and the orchard (it was on the south side of the house) stretched right up to the road. Well, there were some trees hung over the fence, I never seed such bearers, the apples hung in ropes, for all the world like strings of onions, and the fruit was beautiful. Nobody touched the minister's apples, and when other folks lost theirs from the boys, his'n always hung there like bait to a hook, but there never was so much as a nibble at em. So I said to him one day, Minister, said I, how on airth do you manage to keep your fruit that's so exposed, when no one else cant do it nohow. Why, says he, they are dreadful pretty fruit, ant they? I guess, said I, there ant the like on em in all Connecticut. Well, says he, I'll tell you the secret, but you needn't let on to no one about it. That are row next the fence, I grafted it myself, I took great pains to get the right kind, I sent clean up to Roxberry, and away down to Squaw-neck Creek (I was afeared he was agoin to give me day and date for every graft, being a terrible long-winded man in his stories,) so says I, I know that, minister, but how do you preserve them? Why I was a goin to tell you, said he, when you stopped me. That are outward row I grafted myself with the choicest kind I could find, and I succeeded. They are beautiful, but so eternal sour, no human soul can eat them. Well, the boys think the old minister's graftin has all succeeded about as well as that row, and they reach no farther. They snicker at my graftin, and I laugh in my sleeve, I guess, at their penetration.

WHAT is the difference between water and time?—Water finds its own level, while time levels everything else.

Odd Justice.—Two Quakers resident in Philadelphia, applied to their Society, as they do not go to law, to decide in the following difficulty. A is uneasy about a ship that ought to have arrived, meets B, an usurer, and states his wish to have the vessel insured—the matter is agreed upon—A returns home, and receives a letter informing him of the loss of his ship. What shall he do? He is afraid that the policy is not filled up, and should B hear of the matter soon it is all over with him—he therefore writes to B thus:—‘Friend B, if thee hasn’t filled up the policy thee needsn’t, for *I’ve heard of the ship.*’—‘Oh, oh!’ thinks B to himself—‘cunning fellow—he wants to do me out of the premium.’ So he writes thus to A:—‘Friend A, thee be’est too late by half an hour, the policy is filled.’ A rubs his hands with delight—yet B refuses to pay. Well what is the decision? The loss is divided between them. Perhaps this is even handed justice, though unquestionably an odd decision.

SLICK'S OPINION OF THE ENGLISH

The English are the boys for tradin with; they shell out their cash like a sheaf of wheat in frosty weather—it flies all over the thrashin floor; but then they are a cross-grained, ungainly, kicken breed of cattle, as I een a most ever seed. Whoever gave them the name of John Bull, knew what he was about, I tell you; for they are bull-neck, bull-headed folks, I tell you; sulky, ngly tempered, vicious critters, a pawin and a roarin the whole time, and plaguy onsafe unless well watched. They are as headstrong as mules, and as conceited as peacocks.

There's no richer sight that I know of, said he, than to see one on 'em when he first lands in one of our great cities. He swells out as big as a balloon, his skin is ready to burst with wind—a regular walking bag of gas; and he prances over the pavement like a bear over hot iron—a great awkward hulk of a feller, (for they aint to be compared to the French in manners,) a smirkin at you, as much as to say, look here, Jonathan, here's an Englishman; here's a boy that's got blood as pure as a Norman pirate, and lots of the blunt of both kinds, a pecket full of one, and a mouthful of tother: beant he lovely? and then he looks as fierce as a tiger, as much as to say, ‘say boo to a goose, if you dare.’

THE man who was driven to distraction has had to walk back.

Mrs. Partington says one is obliged to walk very circumscrump-tiously in these slippery times.

MERCANTILE QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

WHAT is double entry?—Charging the same thing twice.

What is single entry?—Charging a man with goods, but not crediting the cash for them.

What is book-keeping?—Forgetting to return borrowed volumes

What is a ledger?—A counting house companion upon which people often spend their fortune,

What is an inland draft?—An easterly wind.

What is a foreign draft?—A glass of cognac.

What is a promissory note?—Acceptance of an invitation.

What is a negotiable note?—Don't know—never could make one.

TOO LATE.

A COUNTRY servant once by untoward delay put a whole house into a terrible fright, and the silly fellow might have met with a serious injury himself. One day, his mistress sent him to a neighbour's, about two miles distant, with her compliments, to inquire for the lady of the house, who had very recently been confined. The sot, however, could not pass a hamlet that lay in his way without indulging his favourite propensity of paying his respects to the public-house. When a drunkard loses his senses he is sure to lose his time. The first he may recover, but never the last. When he came to himself, he bethought him of his errand; but, was, perhaps, totally unconscious of the time lost, and had not quite sufficient sense to make inquiry; and the stars he never contemplated; there was always so many more than he could count. But to my neighbour's gate he found his way. He knocked, he beat, he rang, and he halloed—for now he did not like to waste time—and it was two o'clock in the morning. The inmates were all in confusion. 'Thieves! fire!' was the general cry. Some ran about half clad—some looked out of the window—dogs barked, and women howled. The master took his blunderbuss, opened the window, and called out stoutly, 'Who's there! who's there!' Trinculo answered, but not very intelligibly. At last the master of the house dresses, unbolts and unbars his doors, and with one or two men-servants behind, boldly walks down the long-path to the gate. 'What's the matter—who are you?' Trinculo stammers out, 'My master and mistress' compliments, and be glad to know how Mrs. — and her baby is.'

SUSPENSE has been called the tooth-ache of the mind.

Prima Facie Evidence.—Several years ago, and soon after the 'anti-licence law' came into force in the Green Mountain State, a traveller called in and asked for a glass of brandy. 'Don't keep it,' said Rashe; 'forbidden by law to sell liquor of any kind.' 'The devil you are!' said the stranger incredulously. 'Such is the fact,' said Rashe; the house don't keep it. 'Then bring on *your own bottle!*' said the traveller, with decision. 'You needn't pretend to me that you keep that face of yours in repair on water!' Rashe laughed heartily, and brought on the 'critter.'

JOHN ALCOHOL.

John Alcohol, my joe, John,
When we were first acquaint,
I'd siller in my pockets, John,
Which noo, ye ken, I want.

I spent it all in treating, John,
Because I loved you so;
But, mark ye, how you've treated me,
John Alcohol, my joe,

John Alcohol, my joe, John,
We've been o'er lang thegither;
Sae ye maun tak' ae road, John,
And I will tak' anither;

For we maun tumble down, John,
If hand and hand we go;
And I shall ha'e the bill to pay,
John Alcohol, my joe.

John Alcohol, my joe, John,
Ye've blear'd out a' my een,
And lighted up my nose, John,
A fiery sign atween.

My hands wi' palsy shake, John;
My locks are like the snow;
Ye'll surely be the death o' me,
John Alcohol, my joe.

John Alcohol, my joe, John,
'Twas love of you, I ween,
That gar't me rise sae ear, John,
And sit sae late at e'en.

The best o' frien's maun part, John—
It grieves me sair, ye know;
But 'we'll gang mae nair to yon town,'
John Alcohol, my joe.

John Alcohol, my joe, John,
Ye've wrought me muckle skaith;
And yet to part wi' you, John,
I own I'm unco' laith;

But I'll join the Temperance ranks, John
Ye needna say me no—
It's better late than ne'er do weel,
John Alcohol, my joe,

A Miser.—An illiterate personage, who always volunteered to go round with the hat, but was suspected of sparing his own pocket, overhearing one day a hint to that effect made the following speech:—'Other gentlemen put down what they think proper, and so do I. Charity's a private concern, and what I give is *nothing to nobody.*'

'I HATE to hear people talk behind one's back,' as the robber said when the constable called, 'Stop thief!'

A New-Fashioned Bedstead.—‘The twopenny rope, sir,’ replied Mr. Weller, ‘is just a cheap lodgin’-house, vere the beds is twopence a night.’—‘What do they call a bed a rope for?’ said Pickwick.—‘Bless your innocence, sir, that an’t it,’ replied Sam. ‘Ven the lady and gen’lm’n as keeps the hot-el, first begun business, they used to make the beds on the floor; but this wouldn’t do at no price, ‘cos instead o’ takin a moderate two penn’ort o’ sleep, the lodgers used to lie there half the day. So now they has two ropes, ‘bout six feet apart, and three from the floor, which goes right down the room; and the beds are made of slips of coarse sacking, stretched across ‘em.’—‘Well,’ said Mr. Pickwick.—‘Well,’ said Mr. Weller, ‘the advantage o’ the plan’s hobvious. At six o’clock every mornin’, they lets go the ropes at one end, and down falls all the lodgers. Consequence is, that being thoroughly waked they get up very quietly, and walk away!’

A BARGAIN.

Now with regard to the matter on which I, with the concurrence of these gentlemen, sent for you, said Mr. Pickwick.—‘That’s the pint, sir,’ interposed Sam; ‘out with it, as the father said to the child, ven he swallowed a farden.’—‘We want to know in the first place,’ said Mr. Pickwick, ‘whether you have any reason to be discontented with your present situation.’—‘Afore I answers that ‘ere question, gen’lm’n,’ replied Mr. Weller, ‘I should like to know in the first place, whether you’re a goin’ to purvide me with a better.’ A sun-beam of benevolence played on Mr. Pickwick’s features as he said, ‘I have half made up my mind to engage you myself.’—‘Have you though?’ inquired Sam. Mr. Pickwick nodded in the affirmative.—‘Wages?’ said Sam.—‘Twelve pounds a year,’ replied Mr. Pickwick.—‘Clothes?’—‘Two suits,’—‘Work?’—‘To attend upon me; and to travel about with me and these gentlemen here.’—‘Take the bill down,’ said Sam, emphatically. ‘I’m let to a single gentleman and the terms is agreed upon.’—‘You accept the situation?’ inquired Mr. Pickwick.—‘Cert’nly,’ replied Sam. ‘If the clothes fits me half as well as the price, they’ll do.’

‘Miss, will you take my arm?’—‘La! yes, and you too.’—‘Can only spare the arm, Miss,’ hastily replied the bachelor. ‘Then’ said Miss, ‘I can’t take it, as my motto is to go the whole hog, or not at all.’

‘THOUGH lost to sight, to memory dear,’ as James said, when Brown ran off, and left Jones to pay his bill

Change.—A lady who was very modest and submissive before marriage, was observed by a friend to use her tongue pretty freely after.—‘There was a time when I almost imagined she had none.’—‘Yes,’ said the husband with a sigh, ‘but its *very long since*.’

A FEW years ago, a farmer stopped at a tavern on his way from Boston to Salem. The landlady had got the pot boiling for dinner, and the cat was washing her face in the corner. The traveller took off the pot-lid, and put grimalkin into the pot, with the potatoes, and then pursued his journey to Salem. The amazement of the landlady may well be conceived, when, on taking up her dinner, she discovered the addition that had been made to it. Knowing well the disposition of her customer, she had no difficulty in fixing on the aggressor, and she determined to be revenged. Aware that he would stop on his return for a cold bite, the cat was carefully dressed. The wag called, and pussy was put upon the table, but was so disguised that he did not know his old acquaintance. He made a hearty meal, and washed it down with a glass of gin. After paying his bill, he asked the landlady if she had a cat she could give him. She said she could not, for she had lost hers.—‘What?’ said he, ‘don’t you know where she is?’—‘O, yes,’ replied the landlady, ‘you have just eaten it!’

Genuine Laziness.—A young farmer, inspecting his father’s concerns in the time of hay-harvest, found a body of the mowers asleep, when they should have been at work. ‘What is this?’ cried the youth; ‘Why, bless me, you are so indolent, that I would give a crown to know which is the most lazy of you.’ ‘I am he,’ cried the one nearest to him, still stretching himself at his ease. ‘Here, then,’ said the youth, holding out the money. ‘Oh, Master George,’ said the fellow, folding his arms, ‘do pray take the trouble of putting it into my pocket for me.’

A MAN attempted to seize a favourable opportunity a few days since, but his hold slipped, and he fell to the ground, injuring himself considerably.

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